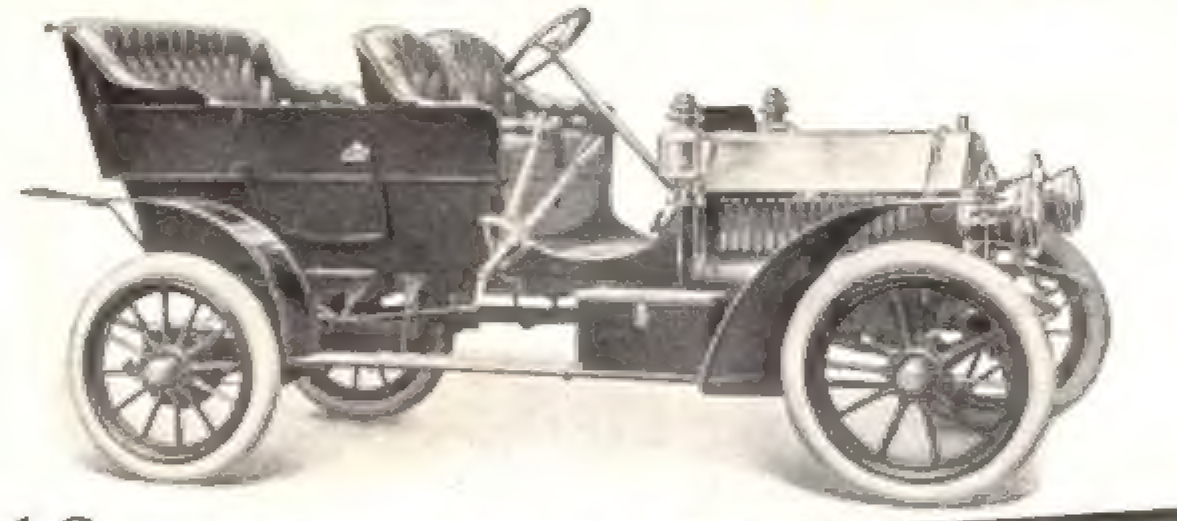
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated gazine
Founded Aº Dº ranklin

APRIL 13, 1907 5c. THE COPY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Performance and Price



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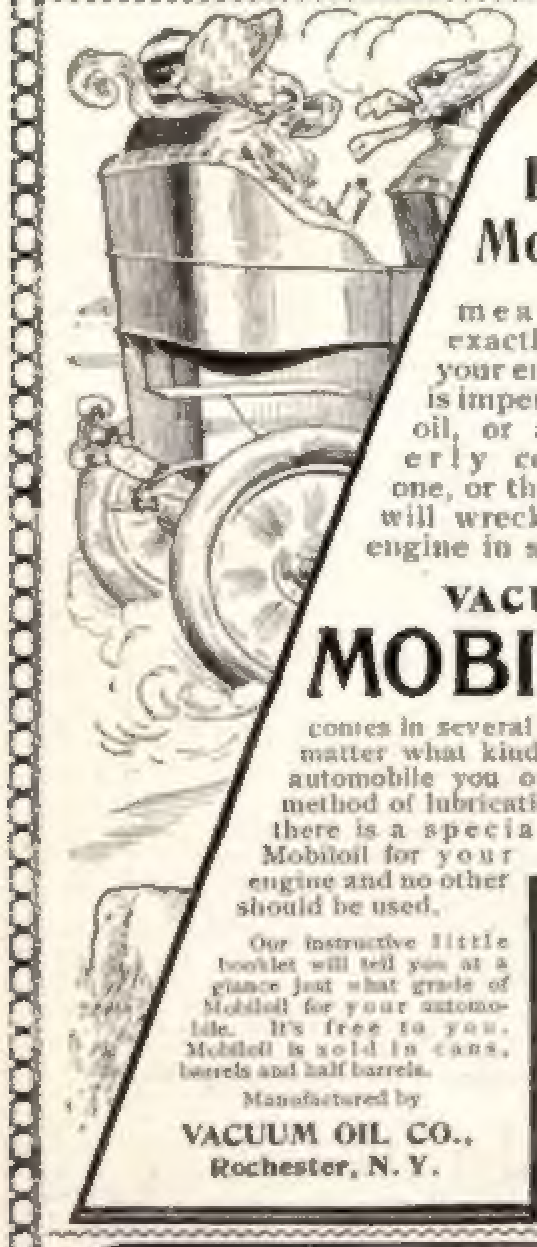

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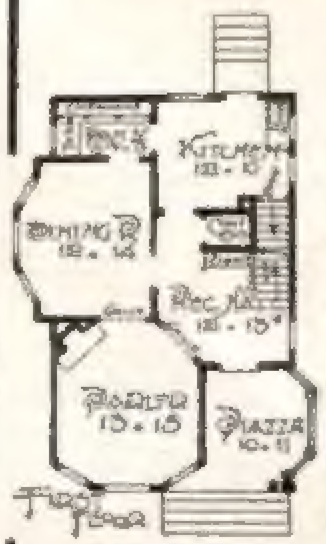

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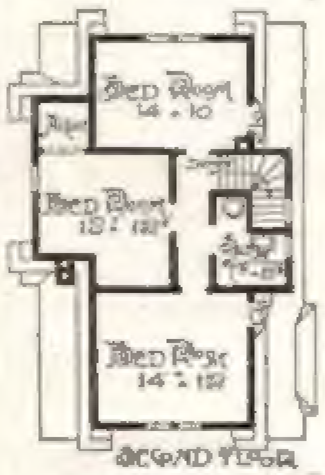

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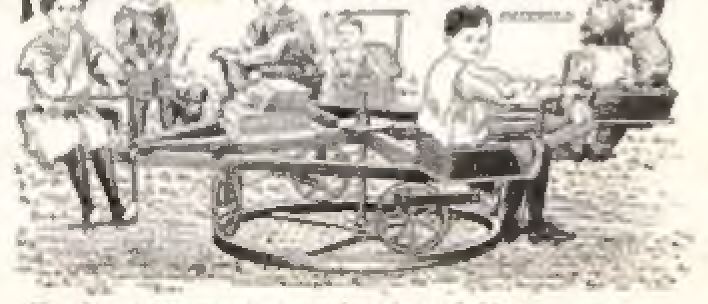

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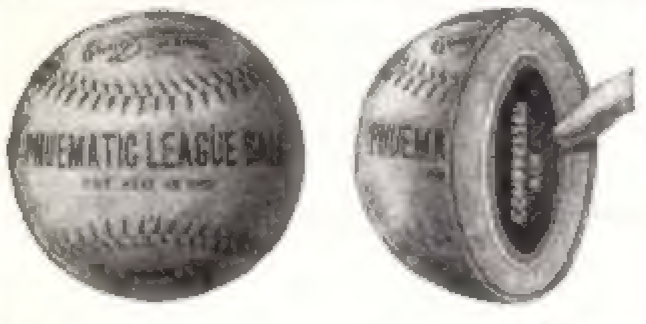

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week — save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile — when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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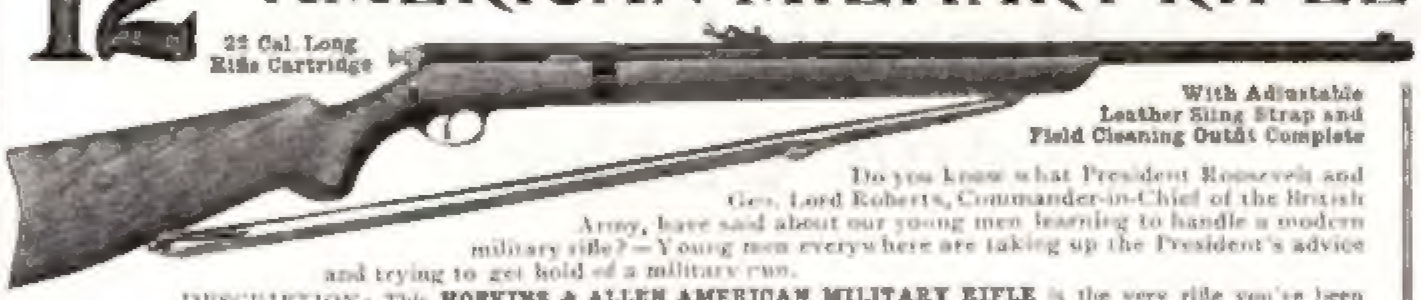

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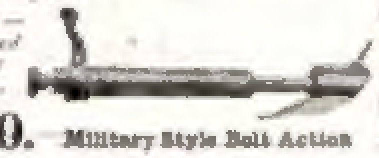

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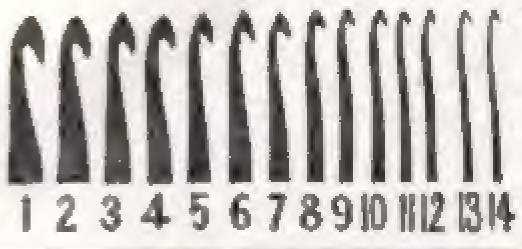

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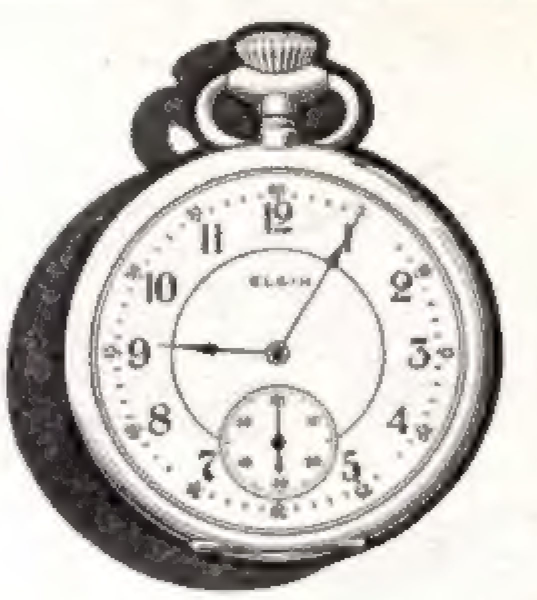

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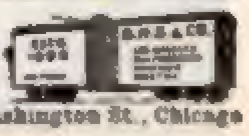

# Tools
for the
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are too often purchased without regard to quality. The housewife says to the storekeeper, "I want to buy a meat chopper or a can opener, a slaw cutter or a cleaver," and she takes what is offered to her, according to price. But there is a better way, a surer way. If she said to the storekeeper, "I want a Keen Kutter this, that or the other" she would be absolutely certain to get **the best made,** and would have an article that would last a life-time.

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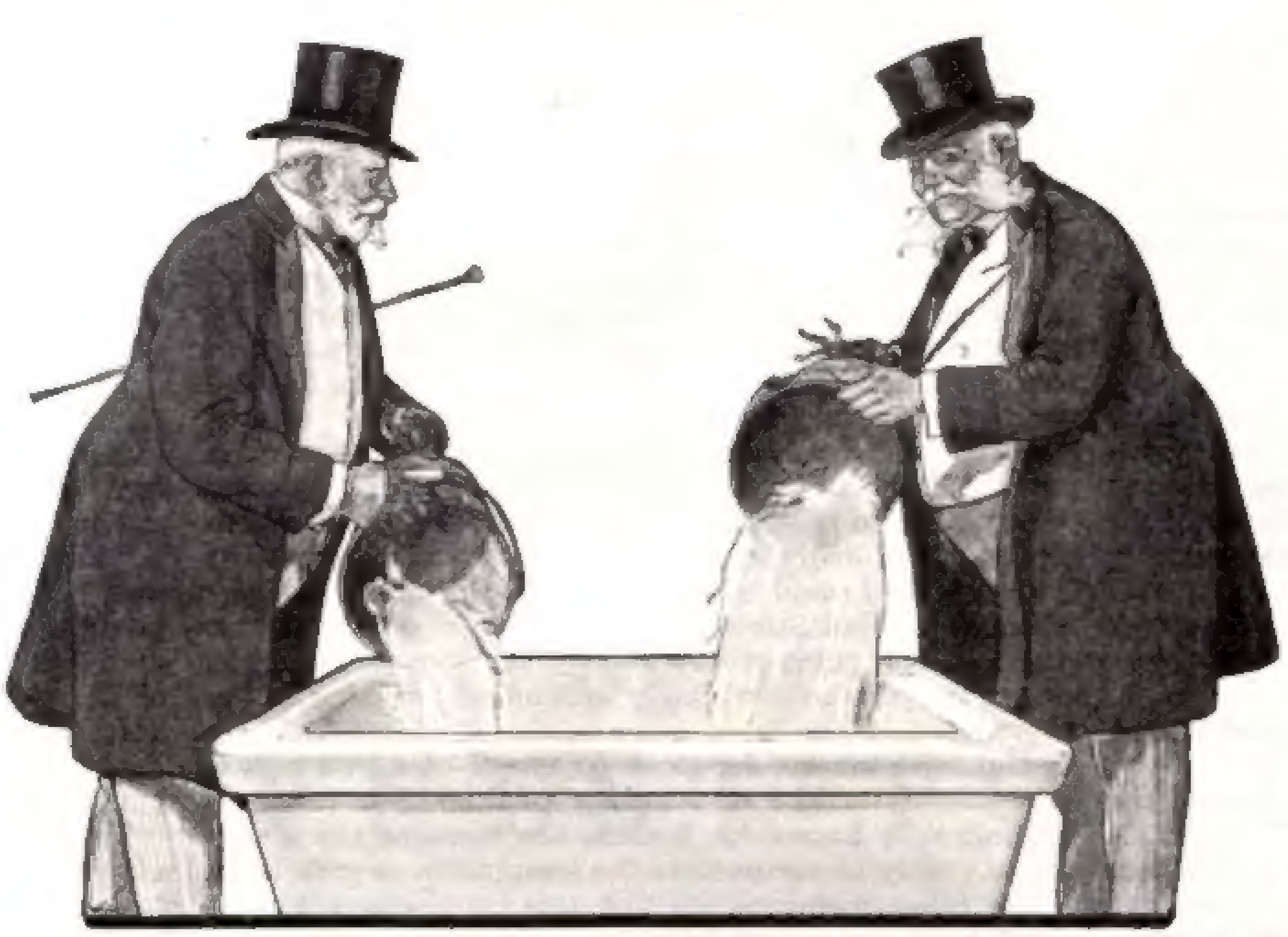
TRADING IN PROFITS

In Which is Disclosed the Gentle Art of Making Easy Money

BY WILL PAYNE

BUSINESS, in its primitive forms, is an exceedingly clumsy device. Its object, as all political economists point out, is profit. Men engage in it for the sake of the gains. But the profits, or gains, are only a small part of the whole. In manufacturing or merchandizing, for example, a profit of ten per cent. is considered satisfactory. In order to get a profit of ten thousand dollars a man must do a hundred thousand dollars' worth of business. The process, therefore, by which the profit is extracted is very slow and laborious.

The modern ideal is to get the profit without doing the business—simply to skim off the cream without having the bother of handling the milk. For this purpose speculation was invented, and flourishes amazingly. Through it men are able to skim off the profits arising from all sorts of businesses without touching, or having anything whatever to do with, the businesses themselves. In any business, as soon as a way is discovered of dealing directly and exclusively with the profits—that is, a way of speculating in that business—the more alert minds tend to desert the clumsy processes of the business itself and to confine themselves to the ideal process of manipulating the skimmer.



To illustrate, let me recall the instance of a business which was based on flaxseed. This business was extensive and important. The men engaged in it had mills, warehouses, cars and all the implements of their trade. These they operated with energy and hope. But their profits were necessarily dependent upon a certain margin between the price of their raw material, flaxseed, and the price of the finished product.

A small, but astute, clique on the Board of Trade gained control of the flaxseed market. By rushing up the price when the business men had to buy, then rushing it down after they had bought, this clique attached to that business, so to speak, an automatic skimmer of wonderful efficiency. The other men did the business; but the clique got all the profits. Their admirable implement, in fact, finally scooped the bottom out of the business.

This is the ideal—to get the profit without having the bother of doing the business. Every one knows more or less of how it is done on the Stock Exchange and the Board of Trade. But all sorts of business everywhere tend to more and more refined forms. Nowadays, there is scarcely any business that you cannot handle in a parlor, without soiling kid gloves, in the form of a crisp piece of printed paper. This refinement is favorable to the pure and exclusive quest of profits.

For example, the low and sandy lands of northern Florida and southern South Carolina bear an endless and monotonous growth of pine trees. Gangs of negroes blaze the trees with axes, gather the sap and reduce it to turpentine. A turpentine camp is not inviting. It looks very crude. Sensitive organs object to the smell. Clothes are besmeared. The fare is coarse. The social advantages are only primitive. Perhaps the most obvious symbol of higher civilization is the overseer watching the colored convicts whom the State rents to the industry. One would be needing a profit rather badly, the observer thinks, in order to extract it in so toilful and unlovely a manner.

But the profit may be extracted at home, without mussing one's clothes in the least. As the industry expanded, continued to "look up," persons owning "blazes," as the leases of the pine lands are called, were offered bonuses to assign the same. At once, speculation—the pure, exclusive quest of the profits—entered. I am informed that many alert persons have made a very good thing indeed by trading in "blazes" without going near a turpentine camp. The oily product mostly goes to Charleston, where there is an Exchange and a full-fledged trade in it.

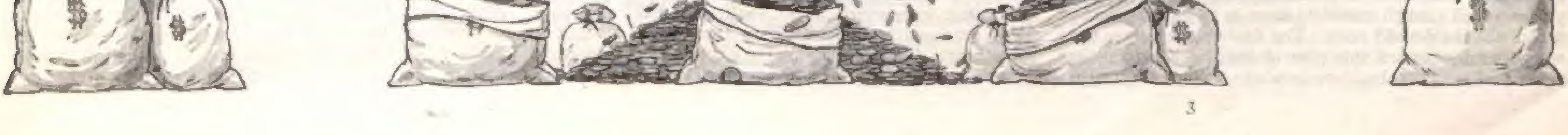
Far up the Atlantic coast, in rocky and picturesque Gloucester, you may smell the city's chief industry before you come to the wharves where the fish schooners are unloading and the fish are handled like hay, with pitchforks. But on the town's principal street there is a regular board of trade, where prices are made. I haven't heard of anybody running a corner in hake, or making a killing by going short of cod before a big catch came in. But no doubt that will develop in time.

Across the continent Los Angeles has been enjoying a gorgeous real-estate boom. One of its specialties is a trade in hundredths or thousandths of downtown lots and leaseholds, so that the smallest speculator may skim his due proportion of the profit from the advance in centrally-located and most expensive property. One need not approach reeking refinery or sooty furnace in order to seek profits in oil or pig-iron. He can sit at home and speculate in certificates representing the one or "warrants" representing the other.

In short, wherever a profit arises the tendency is to invent a method of seeking it without having to handle the business from which the profit grows, and by simply handling a slip of paper. No doubt this ideal form of dealing exclusively with the profit and handling only the paper symbols of business will be much further extended and refined. One may imagine it, in time, refined to the point where the paper symbol will no longer represent a single commodity, but an equal value in several commodities. That is, a blue slip with two red spots on it will stand for a hundred tons of pig-iron or two thousand barrels of oil or a foot front on upper Broadway or four hundred barrels of flour. And our great Captains of Industry, possessing the slips which represent all the business of the country, will use them simply to play cards with one another—four slips of the same kind taking the pot as against only three of a kind and a pair.

In that ideal state, financial supremacy would depend mostly upon skill in shifting the cut, palming, introducing the cold deck and similar arts. For my theory is that a moral evolution accompanies the physical one; that, wherever there is a leading tendency to cut away from the business itself and go single-mindedly after the profits arising from it, there is, in fairly corresponding degree, a tendency to disencumber one's self of the burdensome restrictions of common honesty. That speculation is immoral is a commonplace. It means trying to get money without earning it or giving any return. When it rages, do not look for moral uplifts. There is more business deviltry in Wall Street than anywhere else simply because there is more speculation—a larger, more energetic and comprehensive effort to grab profits from somebody else's activity. But it is not necessary to confine the view to Wall Street.

Nearly everybody who has lived in the West has had experience of one of those local speculative crazes known as real-estate booms. I remember one prairie town's boom especially. It was a good little farmers' metropolis of six or seven thousand inhabitants, with nothing in the world in sight to make it anything else than a good little country town. But Omaha and Kansas City and Wichita and Denver had boomed. Of a sudden this town caught the insidious fever. Well-meaning citizens began selling their lots to one another at rapidly-advancing prices. Smith sold to Brown at two thousand, Brown sold to Robinson at three thousand, Robinson sold to Johnson at four, and Johnson sold to the original and still locoed Smith at five. Peacefully grazing kine were disturbed by perspiring surveyors laying out pastures in "additions" with euphonious names. It was all done on options and first payments, so the town's little capital kept the game going very briskly. All the players, so to speak, anteed with the same handful of beans. The beans got rather warm and worn with so rapid handling, still they sufficed. Whoever, in that town, had no option or contract on a corner lot was of a pariah caste. Of course, everybody was getting rich. The tedious processes of industry were contemned.



Before the boom, the town had started an up-to-date sewer and water-works system, the cost to be met mostly by assessments against lot-owners. Charley K—— was superintendent of this improvement. Charley had been engaged in a number of unpretentious callings; but he was popular. At the height of the boom it came to the notice of authority that there was something wrong with the sewer extension fund. Charley was called upon for an explanation. He was candor itself. The seventeen thousand and odd dollars of city money in his hands he had carefully invested in a collection of the most promising options imaginable. To him that had seemed the most natural thing in the world to do with it. At the next advance he would dispose of the options, reimburse the city treasury and retire in affluence. Could anybody doubt that the advance was coming?

The authorities were normally honest and intelligent men, knowing good from evil. But this disclosure came upon them at an abnormal moment, when they were crazy about options, and so eagerly reaching out both hands for speculative profits that they simply couldn't get their attention concentrated upon anything else. Possibly they had a dim perception that an incident of this sort and an abrupt unloading of Charley's options would bring people back to their senses, and end the boom. They not only winked at the situation, but screwed both eyes shut to it, and juggled some other city funds to cover the defalcation. What Charley had done was so much the color of the town's entire atmosphere at the moment that he did not even lose his job—just then.

The secret leaked out. Indeed, there wasn't much effort to preserve it. I suppose two-thirds of the business men of the town knew what had happened. Being speculation-mad, they accepted it almost as a matter of course—at most, as a mere inadvertence. In time the boom died its appointed death. Options were not even valuable as souvenirs. Little boys pulled the corner-lot stakes out of the cow pastures and made bonfires of them. Then people saw Charley's operation differently. He was not prosecuted. They were too just for that. He was permitted to move West—finding himself not sought after for positions of a fiduciary nature at home. The authorities and other substantial persons made good the defalcation. The town blushed for itself, and returned to its grocery, dry-goods and hardware trade.

When Capital Comes in on the Ground Floor

THE essential difference is that, in Wall Street, the option industry persists—in fact, is itself the staple trade. Naturally the case of Charley and the city fathers is a pretty constant condition there. Not very long ago a certain legitimate enterprise, originating in Chicago, was completed. This enterprise was carried through by a set of men whose faith and credit had undergone more than one severe strain in the months when it was building. They believed a large profit would result—to reward their perseverance and ingenuity. The money actually put into the concern was represented by bonds. The builders must get their profit out of the stock, but some of the stock had been given as a bonus to purchasers of the bonds. The enterprise was so situated that several much bigger concerns could give it a good deal of business. The builders went to Wall Street and succeeded in interesting a group of puissant gentlemen who were in a position to influence the concerns from which business was expected. The gentlemen examined the enterprise and approved it.

"We will take it under our wing," they said to the builders; "but, as doubtless you are aware, it is our custom to go in on the ground floor. Aërial entrances make us dizzy."

So the builders agreed to sell the gentlemen about half the stock at the merely nominal figure of twelve dollars a share.

"At last," said the builders, "we are on Easy Street. We now have powerful allies, who are full of faith in this enterprise and who can finance it to any extent. Backed by their prestige, we will no longer need to shin anxiously from bank to bank to raise money, and no one will dare attack us. Our mighty allies will turn a lot of business our way. The future is rosy. It is time for us to realize some of our profits and take life comfortably."

They still held about fifty thousand shares of the stock, out of which their profits must be realized. Their idea was to "make a market" for the stock and dispose of twenty to twenty-five thousand shares at sixty to seventy dollars a share, thereby fattening their lean bank accounts to the extent of a million and a half, while the stock they would still own, with that held by their Eastern friends, would amount to a strong majority of the whole, and so keep control of the enterprise in their own hands.

Making a market consists mainly in the prudent distribution of bull tips, "washing" sales and selling the stock back and forth to one another at ever-advancing prices—until enough outsiders come in to buy the desired amount at the desired price. The Eastern gentlemen were very friendly toward this plan of the builders to realize some profits. The builders carefully worked the market for the stock up to sixty dollars a share or better. Above sixty dollars a share a good deal of stock was offered, which they bought, arguing that it consisted of the holdings of those who had received stock as a bonus with their bonds. Still more stock was offered. Inquiry disclosed that somebody was borrowing the certificates; which meant that somebody was selling short.

Encouraged by the Eastern gentlemen, the builders bought all that was offered, and looked forward to the agreeable and profitable diversion of driving in the shorts. In the course of time, large deliveries of stock were made to them, and, on checking it over, they were forced to the sad conclusion that this stock that they were buying around sixty-five dollars a share was the very same stock that they had sold to their Eastern friends at twelve dollars a share. The bull movement which they had so carefully nurtured flattened out like a toy balloon that is stepped on.

The builders had not unloaded twenty-five thousand shares at sixty to seventy, as they had fondly anticipated doing, thus realizing profits. On the contrary, they had been loaded up by their powerful allies with some twenty-five thousand shares at about sixty-five dollars a share. The allies, having bought the stock at twelve, had something over a million dollars clear cash profit in their pockets, besides nearly twenty thousand shares that stood on their books as a free gift from Fortune.

This transportation enterprise was a legitimate and promising one. But when those who had built it attempted to take the profits, the Easterners, who had never turned a hand to create the business, stepped in, and, being skimmers of wonderful expertness, deftly lifted off all the cream. Their operation was the ideal one.

And, in higher financial circles, the builders got just the same sympathy that experienced housewives would accord to one who let the cats into the pantry and then complained because the cream was gone. The Eastern gentlemen were practitioners of that idealized form of business which concerns itself as exclusively as possible with taking the profits. The builders foolishly opened a way to them to seize the profits—left their profits, so to speak, out of doors at night with the divertingly innocent idea that they could find them again in the morning. Why should the Wall Street gentlemen take upon themselves the toils and pains of developing an enterprise when the way was open to them simply to skim off the gains arising from it?

Making a market for stock by means of a bull pool is a standard method of realizing profits. But it is extraordinarily hazardous, because the moment the profits begin visibly to accumulate the temptation to grab them while other members are not looking operates almost irresistibly. In one famous pool every member except the two principals sold short, on an average, more than the amount of his pool holdings. The two principals couldn't sell short, because they were all there was to the bull side of the market. They had to stand and take it until the load broke them. This is playfully termed "holding the bag." When the pool operation collapsed, all the eighteen members decorously dropped a tear; but sixteen of them were observed to smile behind their hands. There is something very comical in the spectacle of a grown man stoutly "holding the bag"—which, obviously, hasn't a thing in it.

Poor Richard was thinking about business proper when he said that honesty is the best policy. In business it may be. But the rule does not hold good in that more refined form of financial activity which consists in exclusively seeking the profits.

How the Skimmers Were Skimmed

THE following story is still current, I believe, among veterans of the Board of Trade: Long ago there was a mysterious bull deal in wheat. Everybody knew that some one was buying a great line; but nobody, generally speaking, knew the purchaser or what his intentions might be. This was not long after James R. Keene had made a famous splurge in the market, and a good many thought that dashing Californian was the mysterious bull. There were a couple of scalpers, of small financial ability but boundless good-nature, who were chums. They had a third chum, who was a telegraph operator at Western Union headquarters. The telegraph operator, one day, brought the scalpers exciting news. The lair of the mysterious wheat deal was in a certain national bank in a city some three hundred miles from Chicago, and the president of the bank was handling the operation. This the telegrapher had discovered from the messages that passed through his hands.

The scalpers scented profits. The bank was a large concern, the president a man of wealth and eminence. With such solid backing the wheat deal was likely to assume overshadowing proportions. The scalpers had ideas that were much larger than their bank accounts. They proposed to make a killing that would amount to something. After canvassing the situation they went to a person of much capital and experience—let us say, Mr. A——. They proposed to put him in possession of the information that came to them through their friend, the telegrapher, if he, in return, would buy for their account two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of wheat. Mr. A—— agreed, received the information and faithfully bought the wheat for the account of the scalpers.

But his judgment of the situation was different from theirs. He did not think that a national bank made a good cornerstone for a wheat deal. So, for his own account, he sold short several million bushels. Also, when he deemed the moment propitious, he sent a trustworthy person, of proper connections, to Washington to tell the Comptroller of the Currency what the national bank was doing in the wheat line. The Comptroller wired a bank examiner to overhaul the institution, with the result that the wheat deal came to an abrupt and disastrous end. The scalpers made nothing whatever on the quarter of a million bushels that had been bought for their account—which, after all, was just what they deserved in view of the immorality of their course. But Mr. A——, covering his short line after the collapse of the deal, reaped an extensive profit. Possessing the best skimmer, he got the cream.

Went Short Up to His Neck

THERE was another large bull deal in which two well-known operators were the principals. The deal began going wrong. Too much stuff was offered, and there wasn't enough money to pay for it. The two principals were hard pressed. One of them had operated mainly through an exceptionally able broker. He and the broker made a careful review of the situation and outlook.

"You're up against it," said the broker. "The deal is going to pot. You're bound to be swamped. If I were you I'd turn around and go short up to my neck. Let M—— (the other principal) hold the bag."

"That," said the first principal, "would be contrary to my sense of honor. We went into this together. I know that M—— would not unload on me. I will not unload on him. We will stand together, and try to weather the storm."

"That is magnificent," said the broker, "but it is not war." And when the principal was gone the broker very promptly, for his own account, went short up to his neck—thereby adding the last straw which broke the camel-back of the deal. He reaped a handsome profit, while the quixotic principals who would not unload on each other held the bag together, honorably and brotherly, but in a painful emptiness.

These stories go by the bushel. Why is the atmosphere of every big centre of speculation so largely made of such tales as these?—unless in the pure and unalloyed quest of profit the mere business rule about honesty does not apply.

The art of profit-skimming was never operated in more exclusive perfection than at the dawn of the twentieth century, when the promotion of industrial consolidations enjoyed its greatest vogue. Practically all of the earlier promotions were immensely profitable to those who participated in them. The Street—which, in this sense, extends as far north as Minneapolis and as far west as San Francisco—was dazzled and intoxicated by the great fortunes which the Moores and their followers had won so easily and quickly, by the huge gains of the Steel syndicate, and similar golden legends. The big men couldn't do it all. Everybody who could make a presentable showing tried a hand. It was as much a craze as the prairie town's real-estate boom.

To get together the leading concerns in a given line—no matter what the line—capitalize them for three to ten times what they were worth, "float" the stocks, divide a beautiful profit, and still have possession of the concerns—such was the ideal. "Floating" the stock was the main trick. Persons who had, or alleged that they had, the ability to do it demanded staggering profits. I know of one case, the capital to be only six million dollars, where the promoters demanded a million of the stock for their services. Probably this was not exceptional at that time. Why should the plant-owners care? They would get several times the value of their plants in stock which would be marketable. But what cream for the promoters—what skimmings from business which, especially in the minor ventures, they scarcely, in fact, touched at all!

A young lawyer happened to have as a client a quite modest manufacturing concern that had been having no end of trouble from competition. The simple-minded manufacturers thought the way out of their trouble was to get the rivals together and enter into an illegal agreement in restraint of trade—which they did not doubt their learned counsel could draw up in a binding manner, as he was a graduate of one of the very best law schools in the country. The "industrials" boom was getting under way then. The lawyer had observed it. He thought it would be more legal and profitable to combine under a New Jersey charter, and he believed he could enlist a promoter.

Meantime, the Street was filling up with men who had made fine profits as subscribers, or so-called "underwriters," of other industrial promotions. When the lawyer started to look around he found that he didn't need any promoter. So many men were ready to take the "underwriting" that all he had to do was to pass it over the counter, like hot cakes to the famished. Also, the Street was filling up with men who had made profits by buying "industrial" stocks when first floated and selling out on the subsequent rise.

So when this stock was ready it was bought right and left, and went up a-whooping. The thing had fairly promoted itself. The young lawyer simply retained sufficient presence of mind to cling to the tail of his irresistibly buoyant kite. He soon found himself—a bit dazed—with a cash profit of seven hundred thousand dollars in his fist, and a prestige as a wizard of finance that would, perhaps, have dazed him still more if he had stopped to think about it.

Perhaps such examples were stimulating, but I suspect that they were even more corrupting. Somewhat later, when the boom was at its height, another manufacturer—also in a modest way, although his plant was the best one in its small specialty—went to consult his lawyer. He was thinking of putting his plant into a consolidation—a little affair of less than half a dozen millions. A cautious man, he wished to be sure of his ground legally, so called on his lawyer and explained the plan. A man of considerable reputation and success as a promoter was going to handle the deal—partly as a matter of good nature, for it was hardly up to his size.

"This ought to be a good thing," said the lawyer thoughtfully. "I'll tell you what to do. Just drop the other fellow, and I'll do the promoting myself."

The manufacturer objected that he felt bound to stand by his verbal agreement with the promoter, although no legally binding contract existed. In this resolution he was immovable. He and counsel parted amicably, and the next thing he knew counsel had gone out and taken options on the other plants that were going into the consolidation, offering them higher terms than the promoter had mentioned. The manufacturer expressed himself as shocked at these proceedings. The other plants formed a consolidation, and proceeded to fight the unreasonably obdurate one. In the course of time the manufacturer was, by grace of his lawyer, permitted to come into the consolidation which he originally thought he was getting up.

It would, perhaps, be possible, by a painstaking investigation, to form some approximate notion of the profits that were seized while the "industrial" promotion craze ran its course. Probably, it would be impossible to tell the deviltry that was done. The Shipbuilding scandal lifted the lid for a peep. The atmosphere would have assayed about as high in corruption as in unearned profits.

I knew X—— well. From a small beginning he had built up a business that led in its field. He was an honest and simple man. Like everybody else in business, he felt the trials of competition. He was so much a farmer in finance that the idea of a trust was disagreeable to him. After a while he fell in line with the all-embracing movement. But he was so much out of line with the new philosophy that he couldn't understand why a promoter who had never had anything to do with his business before, and would probably have nothing to do with it afterward, should be given a million or two of the stock founded upon it for simply consolidating the plants, when the plant-owners were ready to consolidate, anyway. His talk at this time was all about the economies that would result from consolidation and the benefits of a stable market for the product. That was the side he was looking at. He didn't care to sell out. In his simple-minded way he proposed to be his own promoter. Why shouldn't the plant-owners just get together and consolidate?

There were the inevitable disagreements here and there over plant valuations; the fellows that held off and must be bought out for cash. So, after all, it was necessary to raise some ready money—about a million and a half, as I recall it. That meant Wall Street; that, again, meant the promoter, and the promoters demanded staggering commissions. X—— shopped around, determined to get the job done cheap, and in his inexperience he fell into the hands of a shining representative of the class colloquially known as "pikers." Mr. Piker agreed to do the promoting on reasonable terms. X—— and the brother plant-owners who were laboring with him began getting the options. X—— himself was then an elderly man, with over forty years of hard work behind him; but he pitched in like a youngster.

Finally, all was ready, agreements drawn and signed, options duly taken on all the plants that were to be bought for cash—everything, in fact, in shape to launch the combination. With one exception. The day before the culminative meeting, Mr. Piker blandly informed X—— and committee that he was sorry to disappoint them, even in a minor particular, but the fact was he had not been able to raise the million and a half—had not, to be explicit, raised anything.

All, as the stories say, was confusion. The options must be exercised the following day. Commitments had been made. X—— and associates had been proceeding all along the line on the theory that Piker would step to the scratch bulging with cash, and here was Piker on their hands, as empty as a last year's birds' nest, and equally useful.

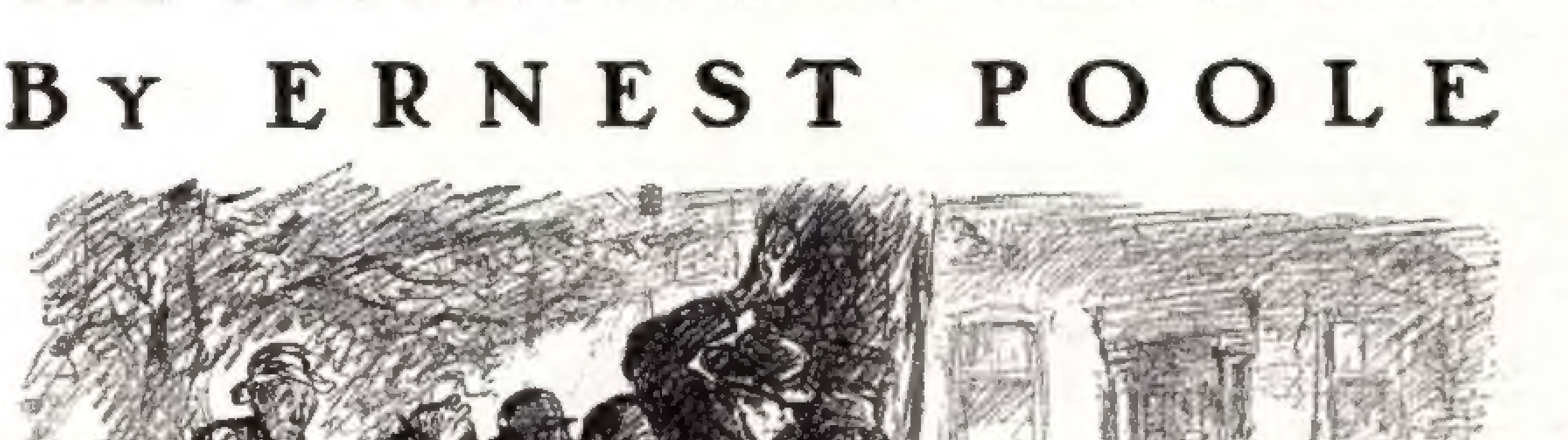
But not quite that. Void of cash, he was fruitful of ideas. He thought they ought to arrange for a bond issue, and go down the street to a house that had much real money in its vaults, and make a temporary loan. The house with real money did a bit of high-class pawnbroking. It took the whole enterprise in hock—options, stocks,

(Concluded on Page 66)

"FROM CRITTURS TO PEOPLE"

THE RECRUITING OF THE CITIES

BY ERNEST POOLE



And the Next Second I had Seven Bums Behind My Tree, All in a Line and Wriggling to Get Thin

THE roar rose shaking, very low, from miles away. To hear it come by, I lay waiting, up in the woods of Maine, in the night, with the trunks of the pines rising tall and thick and black around me. No wind was in their tops, and all the woods were kind of holding breath. But now, close by me, rose quick little noises: squirrel-chatterings; then stampings, snortings and whistling breaths from a young buck over there in the fallen timber—getting excited. The roar was rushing nearer. A big light came flashing through the tree-trunks. The squirrels screamed and the little buck plunged off, smashing dead branches. The ground shook. And the long, quivering roar went by. It sank away off into the night. And again it was solemn-quiet. Then those fool little squirrels came scratching down; at last even the young buck's steps came sneaking back, and my chums had already forgotten. But I had not. Because this was the night express rushing down to the sea and to cities. And I was a boy.

I had lived slow, deep years, with my silent brother and old Dad, in our cabin in a clearing, with the yellow stacks of corn; with the thick old woods, two lakes and a river jammed with logs; the break of the day, the dead hours of the night; moonlight, rumbling storms of thunder, lightning shatterings; and the eyes of critturs—bright eyes of gossiping squirrels, big eyes of a doe—soft and scared because of her fawn; the glittering, icy eyes of snakes; wise old crow eyes, sharp eyes of rusty foxes, greedy eyes of little, grunting, rooting bears; eyes of a brown old hawk—wounded and bleeding—but glaring up still white with hate—not scared! All I cared about was watching. Now I was twenty-one, six feet three, shoulders wide and heavy, but legs and arms too long, and all of me clumsy. I made my living guiding men from cities. I told them about critturs and they told me about people, and gave me books that slowly got me thinking. And, little by little, night after night, the roar of that express got hold of me.

"Dad," I said in the cabin one September night, "I guess I'll try New York."

Old Dad is short, with gray, bushy hair and bull shoulders. His leathery face was staring into the curling, twisting red and blue hickory flames. He looked round at me, then quickly back, and gave a harsh laugh and spit into the fire.

"I knew ye was!" he growled. "I *seen* ye thinkin'. Go ahead; have a look. Nice little men—at desks. And—women!"

The next night he stood looking up into my smoking-car window, trying to grin, but kind of anxious.

"Well, Bill," he growled, "*you'll* come back. *You* won't be sittin' at a desk—with a pen—till you die. Eh? *You* won't be gettin' hooked an' married by some fool city woman. Eh?" I laughed, for I hated women worse than he did. "Look here, Bill, if you get into a fight—go easy. You ain't weak as a baby." Just then the train jerked and began to move. "Say!" he called out, "ye'll find extry tobac in yer coat! Come back soon—Bill—don't be a durned fool—come back!"

I leaned out looking—till the face of old Dad was a white blur in the dark.

. . . . . .

So, from watching critturs, I came to New York and began watching people.

Have you ever seen pine-logs in a big spring river freshet, jerked into the rapids, sucked in, swerving, tipping, diving—faster, every minute faster?

Have you seen the New York end of a railroad? People come out—every minute a thousand—and you can see all kinds of faces here: faces glad or worried, strained or angry; faces old, tired, sick, and faces glowing with the life-blood; faces meeting faces—with what different kinds of feelings starting up in eyes; faces leaving faces—last looks and words, laughs, fool tears, grins and jokes. Feelings here by thousands flashing. But look closer. Whose faces have most power, good and bad, most eager hope and life-blood? The faces of the young men—coming into cities.

Have you ever seen a tall, white, iron ship at dock, breathing deep for the race across the ocean? Men in gangs of hundreds work all night to load her; the dock is cold and white in the shaking, sputtering glare of arc lights; teams, wagons and trucks are thundering in; teamsters are shouting, swearing and lashing—teams all tangling. Bringing the things America makes for Europe—steel beams and bars, wheat, corn, oranges, wine, gold, silver, copper, cotton, wool, tobacco, oil; in casks, bags, crates, barrels—rolling, tumbling, crashing—all gathered into giant nets and swung silently up by derricks. Watch your chance, run up a gangway and go down into the hold; I've seen bulls, cows, sheep—deck over deck—packed in—lowing, bleating, stamping. Come back, sit down and watch the gangs. On these New York docks work forty thousand men, heaving things from America to Europe; and here is the heaviest strain of the city. But look closer.

Whose muscles are not stiff and slow, but every minute alive and jump and quiver? Whose voices laugh and swear and ring? The voices and the muscles of the young men—who make half the forty thousand. They have come from farms in America, Poland, Italy, Scotland, Ireland. They won't be young men long. But watch them now!

Have you seen the greatest gateway in the world? It is Ellis Island. A million immigrants a year come through it. I have seen ten thousand a day; I have watched the twenty-two steel-fenced sluiceways through which they endlessly pour. The packs and boxes on their backs, the muscles on their chests, shoulders, legs and arms—are all they bring to start with in America. They come from Italy, Hungary, Greece; from Russia, Bohemia, Poland; from Germany, Ireland, Finland; from Scotland, Denmark and Sweden; Armenia, Austria, Turkey. They come to dig in mines, ditches, tunnels and on railroads; to plough the fields and to build the skyscrapers; to strain in mills, factories, sweatshops; to marry and make new breeds of American people; to *get* money, to rise, to live in homes and be glad—or to *miss* money, to sink in slums, and, slowly, to die. They come to crowd closer and closer in cities and towns; to make America's future—a million people a year. And over half are young men.

Have you seen the biggest city streets at their biggest hours when the human logs go by? Downtown rush of business-faces, uptown rush of shoppers, evening rush of pleasure-seekers; factory-faces—men and women, girls and boys. At six o'clock the waves of people sweep across Broadway and down dark streets between tall tenements. Lights sparkle round them, pushcart-pedlers call them, and the faces brighten and grow eager, laughing, wakening. Why? What life can you get with your wages here? Plenty! Coney Island, Rockaway, Bowery shows, cafés, saloons, dances in big halls with bands of music crashing, weddings, betrothals, child-births—all crowded in between factory hours.

But look closer. Whose faces now are not tired, whose faces laugh and look most eager for all the evening's fun—good or bad? The faces of the young men.

All this I only began to see slowly—little by little. I tried to think it out with my slow, raw mind of the woods, and what I saw was all mixed up with my thinking—till I began to get the stories.

. . . .

Kiddy was a bootblack, chubby, bareheaded and barefooted. He sat on the edge of Broadway, with his back to a saloon, his short feet stretched out and his head bent over a big newspaper. One thumb was in his mouth—being slowly chewed, and the other was moving down long columns of names. The crowd rushed by his feet, but he saw nothing. I looked down. It was all about a prize match for boys who had written the editor letters to ask for a pair of skates. Twenty had won, and then came *five columns* more, under the heading: "These are the boys who have won distinction!"

"Hello there, Kiddy!" I said. Up went his knees, and he looked up, with his face getting red and ashamed; but then he seemed to kind of like me, and he grinned.

"Aw, go on!" he said. "Me name ain't Kiddy. It's Kid."

"Well, Kid," I said, "I bet you wrote a bully letter. What was it?"

"Aw, wot's it to you?" His hands and eyes were on his toes. But at last I got him started with a pencil and some paper. He finished, and I read:

"Der sur—I want sum skats—I can't put on skats, but I want sum—I reman yours respecful—Sam de Cid."

"Dat's wot I wrote," he said proudly.

I read it carefully twice.

"Sam de Kid," I said sadly. "You ought to have told 'em why."

He looked at his bare feet.

"Aw, wot's it to 'em?" he growled.

I picked him up and walked away. Kiddy kicked and wriggled and growled, and would not believe what I told him—till we went into one store for stockings and into another for shoes. At last, all rigged out, he sat in the shoe-store staring.

"Look at de feet!" he chuckled. "Dey're mine; I can feel 'em!" He looked up with a glad grin. "Gee, but yer a good feller!"

"Now," I said, "young un, come on, let's find a back-water place to read that paper about skates." And we walked a few blocks over to Washington Square.

Kiddy said nothing, but I felt his chubby hand reach up and feel my upper arm—my proud point, so I contracted hard; his hand dropped, but soon came slowly up again. Queer how it made me feel.

In the Square we found a bench under a wide old tree, and went at the paper. My reading was about as slow as Kiddy's, but we went through the whole five columns, stopping at every Sam; but none had "de Cid" for a last name, and all had street addresses. Kiddy had none; he said he just slept around with himself. He kept searching that "distinguished" list.

"It ain't so much de skates," he remarked at last sadly. "It's gettin' a feller's name in." And that's what his eyes said. Kiddy's eyes could show more *hope* than any eyes I've seen before or since—the *hope of getting famous.* And it was just that hope I'd been seeing in eyes all over the whole blamed city.

He seemed to fit New York.

The next thing I knew he was shining my shoes; and I had to grin to see him work for a polish on those cowhides. They changed his whole opinion of me. He looked up, wise and old, as though he were my Dad.

"How long," he demanded, "have you been in de burg?"

"Eight days—sir."

"Aw, quit laughin' inside of yer eyes." I did, and he gave me a long, curious, squirrel-eyed look. "Eight whole days," he said slowly, "an' you ain't yet in de coop, an' you still got money left." At last he slung up his box. "Well," he said, "me an' me feet is off to Broadway. Me customers is waitin', de street is blocked, an' if I don't get a move dey'll have a riot." Then he looked back at me—wisely and kindly. "I'll keep me eye on you," he said. "An' say—maybe—jest maybe—I'll let you make a date—wid *her.*"

"Who? Hold on!" I cried.

But he was gone.

. . . .

I got to like this old Square. I took a room near it, sat on benches in it, made trips from it—the way I used to round a lake in the woods. Southeast was a whole square mile of Italians; southwest, a square mile of Jews; east, the Irish; north, the shops and the money-people. On its four sides stood rich little hotels, a big factory, noisy saloons, a church, handsome private houses, tumble-down old tenements. People came here from all over Europe, with all kinds of languages, morals, religions, ages, minds and feelings—the whole human business crowded together. And mostly *young* people—especially lovers. One night I heard a negro pair.

"I know I oughtn't to have ate four pieces of that pie," said the young woman, "but I jest can't help it." The young man got closer and said in a fool, soft voice:

"Neither can I."

I had to laugh.

Another night I sat here late till the people were gone, except fifty bums asleep on benches. All at once from a house came a woman's scream:

"Police! Thieves! Police!"

Up I jumped, up jumped the fifty, and we made for the house. Out one window slipped a quiet little man, out another jumped two more—raring, one in a swallowtail suit and one in a night-shirt. They almost had him. But he turned, and bang went his gun! Bang! Bang! And the next second I had seven bums behind my tree, all in a line and wriggling to get thin. Nobody spoke—only breathed.

"I'll kill the first guy that yells!" said the quiet little man, and he moved off slowly backward. The night-shirt man made a jump at him. And the next minute I left my tree, rushed boldly on the burglar and grabbed him. I had heard his gun click—three times—empty!

Poor little chap—he was tough, but little—and I held him easy. The bums all crowded round us—chuckling, till two policemen came. They took my name and address. And I walked along with them to the jail.

At the trial they had me on the stand, and the lawyer got me talking about my critturs.

"Say," said a young reporter afterward, "you ought to go on a paper!"

And that night his paper had my story just like I told it.

But for me the trial hadn't been any fun, because I kept watching the little chap. Every line and wrinkle of his quiet, freckled face was hard, and he wore an ugly look in his eyes. He was a year younger than me. He claimed he had come from New Hampshire to New York "to make a million." He got a year in Sing Sing.

They let me go to his cell. When I looked in and said, "Hello there," he laughed, but then he stared at me, kind of curious.

"It must be healthy livin' with wolves," he said. His voice was dry and thin, but inside of it was nerve, and I liked him. "Give me another yarn," he said; "I need it." And I told him one about a young gray wolf I was after all winter, and how in March I nabbed him with a bear-trap and some pork.

"I'd like to have made his acquaintance," said the young chap.

"Now, look here," I said, "tell me how *you* got into the wolf business."

He laughed. Then he put his face, suddenly solemn, close to the bars, and his voice was sad and slow:

"Farmer—once I saw a girl. And her eyes were very blue. I saw her again. Then many times. At last I took her hand, and asked her: 'Will you be my wife?' And she said . . . 'Yes.'"

I waited. Then I caught on, and laughed a little.

"You mean it was a woman."

"Well," he said, "I won't be too hard on her. My wife was only a sort of a *she* New York. I mean she wanted the money. So did I—you get to want it more here than in New Hampshire. Her brother ran a pool-room. This city is a mess of pool-rooms, race-tracks and a lot of other games you never heard of—from Wall Street down. So I got the habit, and it broke us. Why, farmer, gambling would even break you! A man ain't good for work after that. So I got into this. And she quit me. That's all. . . . Say, chum"—his voice had all changed—"I'm sorry I let you put up that fifty for my lawyer. When you offered, I knew that a fifty-dollar law-shark might make it one year instead of three. So I let you, and you've saved me two years. And I don't suppose I'll ever pay you back. Good-by, chum. Good luck." He grinned. "Hope the town don't bust you, too."

I've often thought of the little chap since.

He seemed to fit New York.

. . . .

Well, my money was all gone. Why hadn't I got a job before this? For the same reason I never worked Dad's farm. All I cared about was watching. So now I was out of cash, and my good old landlady wanted me to stay anyhow, but I didn't. I started for a job, but got none; and that night I spent in the Square on a bench. It was a better bed than a good many I've had in the woods; it was still the warm part of October, and I had some tobacco left; so I slept a little, talked a little, and learned more about the bums around me. Half weren't regular bums, but real men—only busted—*and half had come from farms and little towns.* I began walking slowly by myself, trying to figure out their stories. I smoked my old pipe till it bit. And at last the sky got gray and white, and the Square's big fountain got misty and blue. A big, long, blatting automobile rushed by, the three men singing, and two veiled women laughing. Two short, silent, young Dagoes came by with spades on shoulders, ready for work, and went walking up empty Fifth Avenue. A young woman came with a kid in her arms; but when she saw me watch she put down the kid and made him run, and looked back kind of scared.

I walked slowly round and round the Square. The men were still asleep, and their faces were like dead things.

I took a paper and my pencil, sat down on a bench and wrote to Dad—all about Kiddy's jokes.

"I've learned one thing, Dad," I said at the end. "This city sounds to country people twice as good as it is—*because the fellows that fail don't write home—or, if they do, they lie.* But most don't fail. I'm getting fixed in great shape."

While I wrote I had been bending over, for I was a clumsy writer then. I finished and looked up. The sun was coming over the factory. I looked to my left, at the white, unearthly face of a bum asleep, with the cold, rough light eating into his skin. I looked to my right—and saw the bright, squirrel eyes of Kiddy!

"Yep," said Kiddy, grinning, "I'm in de crowd! Only I woke up long ago. Say—I got me name in de paper!"

I grabbed him high in the air:

"Bully for you, Kiddy—bully!"

"You bet it's bully for me!" he said, grinning. "Come on—let's have some coffee." I put him down. He looked at me in a queer way. "Say, I'm treatin' dis time. Know why? Because I wants you to help me. I'm doin' anudder letter now for anudder paper. An' dis is a long one—de only official account of me life. I'll get a prize, if I breaks me arm writin'! Come on!"

We went to a two-cent coffee-place and worked all morning on his story. Kiddy had lived on a Connecticut farm on a hill. Once an automobile was going by—and broke. Kiddy helped and got a ride; then came other rides in other machines—till at last he ran away, to find "de town where de automobiles come from." And here he had been two years. He was twelve years old. He had slept on streets, in holes, in boxes; he had had strange adventures and strange friends, men and women; and all kinds of people liked him—because Kiddy could *hope* harder than any human I've ever seen. Skates were only a beginning; he was to end in an automobile of his own, and go back home with the back seat full of money.

"Look here!" Now Kiddy leaped up, with his eyes twinkling, popping and flashing. "Dis ain't no letter! *You've* turned it into a reglar story! You're a—a reglar human Shakespeare! Now, let's fix dis up! Dere's money in it! Heigh! Waiter! Two more coffees an' two doughnuts! Now, come on!"

We worked till dark, Kiddy pouring into my ears stories and jokes—"glad" ones and "sad" ones. And while I wrote I forgot the bums, old Dad, and the critturs. The story got into my blood. You don't know what hope is till you meet "Sam de Cid."

I took it to that young reporter. He read it, and even got excited. And the next night I saw the editor—who tossed me a check.

"That's a great story," he said.

I looked at the check. Ten dollars! . . . All at once I remembered old Dad's growl: "*You* won't be sittin' at a desk—with a pen—till you die." And I had to laugh. And so did the editor.

"Yes," he said, "you're a writer."

The editor had gray, restless eyes that made me think of a young eagle I had caught that summer. His face was lean and smooth, except for dozens of very fine lines; he had thin lips and a narrow, hardset jaw. I kept staring at him till I saw a twinkle rise in his eyes and stay. I grinned back; it was like talking.

"So you'd better go," he said. "But come again, the quicker the better. Do that other story—the one you told on the stand—about the burglar and the dauntless bums—and don't forget to put in your old chums the wolves." Now he was clipping with scissors, and his voice sounded as if he had fired it 'way off. "Don't say 'the wolf howled'; tell how he howled. Not how *many* howls, but—what *kind* of howls. Good-night."

I divided up with Kiddy. I took my room again, and began that story. I wrote five hours, twenty-three pages, and at dark I noticed I had only just begun. I threw it away, and tried again, eighteen pages, bad as ever. Now it was near midnight and my head felt screwed up tight. So I went down on a dock and talked it out into the river—over and over. And the next day I wrote it right.

When I gave it to the editor he only took one quick look at each page—and tossed it on the desk.

"You're mistaken," he said; "I did read it. It's good stuff. Now, take off your hat; I'll finish some work; and then if you say so we'll go out for supper." I sat down and watched the big office—a dozen reporters at three benches. At last we went out.

"It must be a rest," he said, in the café, smiling across the table, "to think as slowly as you do. No—I'm not joking, I wish I could think slower. I'd get more. . . . I suppose that when you get in bed you sleep inside of three hours." I laughed. "Soon as you touch the pillow—eh? Well, you'll lose that. Hungry, too, as a hunter. So let's eat for a while."

"Well," he said at last, "you can write. And you'll be surprised. You'll find writing *can* be a man's work, even more than rowing a boat or throwing rocks at a bear. You can steer boats and kill bears—just by writing—if you do it hard. I knew a man in Paris who wrote short stories and sketches called '*feuilletons*'; he wrote one every night in a certain café, and the next morning three hundred thousand men read it. Last summer he took a vacation; in two days the circulation dropped one hundred thousand; that's fame. I knew a man in Russia who wrote a story in a magazine, and three weeks later that magazine was selling for twelve dollars a copy. And now he's trying to put a five-hundred-year-old Bear out of business—just by writing. In New York, so far, the dailies pay next to nothing for stories; the magazines pay—way up, but they're just beginning to learn to print stories of things as they *really happen*. And so stories are beginning to do things, because *men* are beginning to read 'em. Now, I want you to begin by writing me six *real* stories about young men who have come to New York—to try to be millionaires. Don't fake anything; find the men and write only what you get out of 'em. You'll find people a good deal the same as your critturs—wolves, bears, pigs, some beautiful snakes, a few very lonely lions, lots of squirrels, and most of all—a kind you never saw—parrots. These critturs will all like your stuff, because *you're* the kind that sees eagles in crows and lions in hogs. So go ahead. A third of America has already moved into cities and towns; in ten years we'll have over half. So write The Rush of Young Men to Cities."

After this I saw him often, and the more I saw the better I liked him. *He* seemed to fit New York.

I began those young men stories. I got talking with bums, longshoremen, smart young clerks, reporters, policemen, firemen, sailors, newsboys and bartenders, sweatshop workers, café waiters, cab-drivers and teamsters. They were here from all parts of the world. Some wished they hadn't come; but most—even the busted ones—were glad they had. I asked why, and I got hundreds of answers. They had come for money, fun, "something doing," lights, theatres, streets, and——

"The best thing in New York," said a fat, happy, short man, "is a woman—an' I got her!"

I had to laugh.

. . . .

Kiddy had a secret. He had been with me a lot, feeling my arm and telling me everything inside of him; only I felt one thing he wanted to tell, but couldn't—till one night in the Square he tried hard, and burst out like this:

"You can have her!"

I jumped from the bench. "Have who?"

"It ain't fair," said the Kid. "You gimme everything I want. You ought to have her." He swallowed his voice, and then he tried to tell about some woman friend of his.

"Look here, young 'un," I said, gently squeezing the breath out of his young chest. "Don't waste wind. I don't want any *her*, and I didn't think you——" Then I grinned, and this made him angry. "Sam de Kid," I said sadly, "I can see now all that's coming to *you*. That's why I feel so bad."

"Well," he cried, "what is comin'?"

"Oh—giggles, sobbings, kisses, snugglings, cooings, hair-pullings, hats and dresses, hot milk, babies, all your good chums lost——"

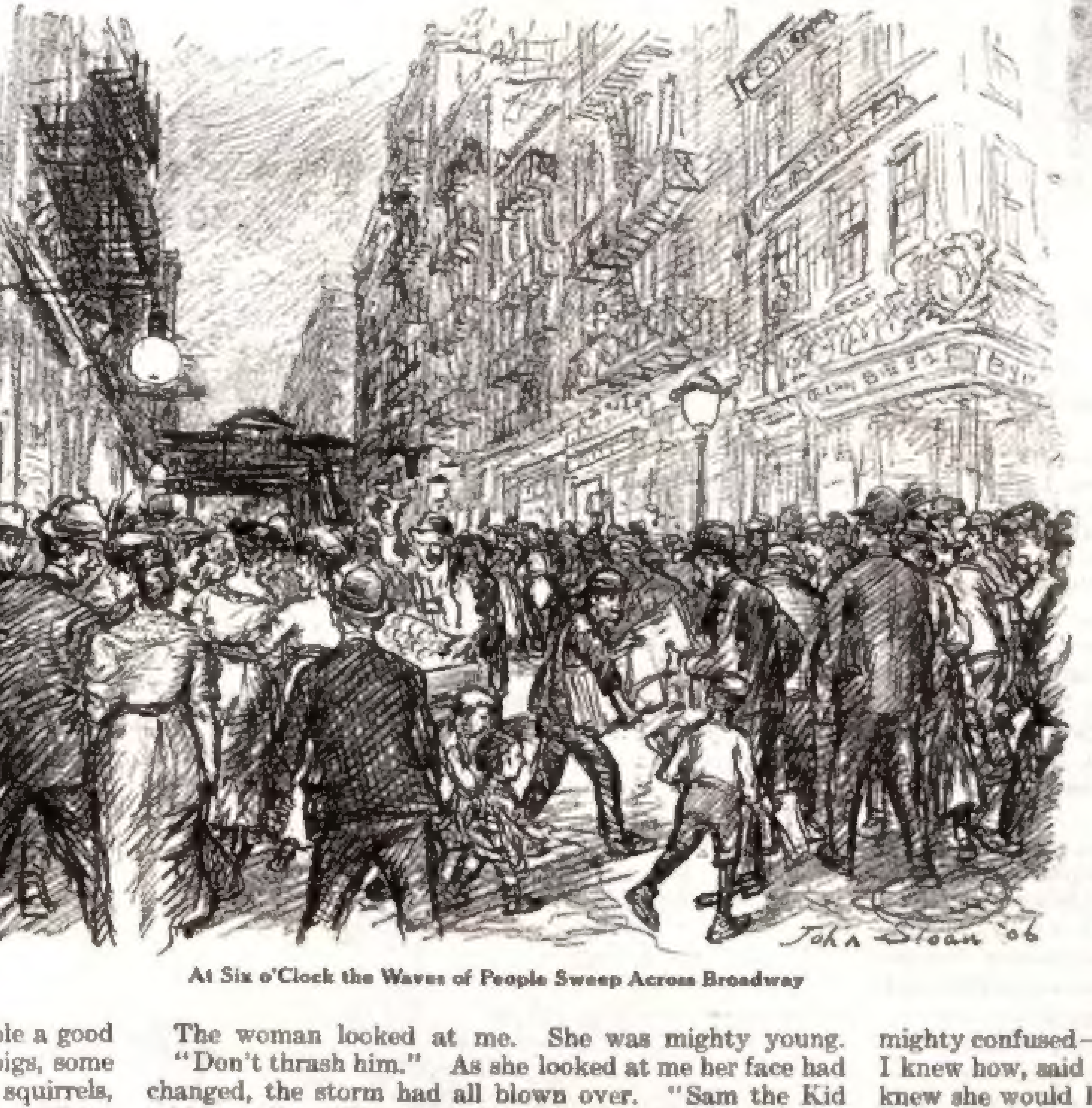
"Ha—ha! Ha—ha—ha!" shouted Kiddy. And the next second he was gone. I laughed and lit my pipe, and got thinking over the stories I'd been hearing—fool stories men had told me. It's the most common habit of humans, this getting married, but I had never seen anything in it but trouble.

So when the Kid came back *with her* I guess I showed how much I liked it. I stood up. She had on a dark-blue, soft dress.

"Why, Sam"—her voice was about as quiet and deep as one of our lakes when a big storm is coming. "You told me—some one—was very sick."

"He is," chuckled Kiddy. "Look at him! He's clean crazy!"

"No," I said to her, taking off my hat, "only angry. I'm sorry about this. Don't be—disturbed. It's Kiddy's joke, for which he'll get a thrashing. Good-night."



At Six o'Clock the Waves of People Sweep Across Broadway

The woman looked at me. She was mighty young.

"Don't thrash him." As she looked at me her face had changed, the storm had all blown over. "Sam the Kid told me a lie. Yes, you did, Sammy, and I won't thrash you, but I won't speak to you again to-night. I'm glad to meet *you*—anyway," she said, turning to me, "because I'm Sam the Kid's school-teacher, and he has told me all about you, and what you——" I missed the rest of what she said. Everything about her dress and hair was soft, and the same with her narrow face; and yet her wide, firm mouth showed a good deal of sense. Her lips kept twitching, and her eyes were chock-full of fun.

She had told me to sit down, and I think she had been telling what Kiddy had told her about me, thanking me for sending him back to school. And now she was standing up.

"Good-night," she said.

"Who are you?" I asked.

She laughed, very hard for such a low voice. And now I think she said something about coming from Virginia two years ago, and working in New York. Again she took the Kid's arm and started to go.

"Good-night," she said.

"Where do you live?" I asked. She began to laugh, but stopped and looked at me in a half-suspicious way.

"Are you—real?" she asked.

"Well," I said slowly, "I don't see any sense in that question. I asked you where you live. If you don't want to tell me—don't."

"Oh!" said the woman—and then she told me.

I went the next night with the Kid. She had asked me to bring some of my writing, so I did. And after she had read it, she kept looking at it, and when she looked up—the whole feel of her eyes was different.

"That man in jail was right," she said at last. "It must be healthy living with wolves." Then she said a good deal more that I didn't hear. "And the strange thing is," she ended, "that—*you* like New York!"

"Don't you?"

"I thought I liked it more than any one who lives here. But you like it—deeper."

I had to laugh.

"You know a new part of the town," I said—"a part I haven't seen. I wish you'd show it to me."

And she did. She showed me kids; kids in schoolrooms—laughing, chuckling, scowling, jumping, whispering, stretching, yawning; kids in playgrounds—digging, swinging, wrestling, climbing. And this she called music. I made her show me more. We watched the river at night—not the gangs of men rushing work on the docks, but the lights in the waves—red and green and all colors, the clouds above with the stars between, a moon over a factory; boat-tootings and bells and whistles and clangs—but all sounding far off and low; and right below us the tide waves were spanking the piles. All this she called music. She took me one frosty twilight to the park and made me watch automobiles, carriages, horses, women, dresses, jewels—laughing and jingling. She took me to cafés where Italians were singing, and violins and flutes and pianos were throbbing. And this she called music. About two weeks went by in jumps, and then one night when I left her she asked if she hadn't shown me all I wanted. I said no. And she laughed. And *this* was music.

And *she* seemed to fit New York.

But I began thinking about what I was and what she was. I decided to keep away from her. And this wasn't easy, but I did it.

. . . .

In about two weeks I got a letter from old Dad. It was harsh and short, like his voice. He laughed at my writing and told me to buy a "Dicky," a diamond ring, two nice-smelling, little kid gloves and some pretty eyeglasses.

"Bill, you blamed idiot," he growled, "come back to the cabin. Stop writing and be a man." But at the bottom he asked: "Why didn't you tackle that thief *before* his gun was empty?"

Where had he read about that night? I went to the editor, and I found that Dad had written to the paper to get the whole string of my stories!

. . . .

I was writing hard; the editor kept liking my stuff, and I was making good money. So I rented two rooms and took in the Kid to live. This was seven weeks after the end of that music.

When Kiddy brought her over one night to help us fix up, I felt mighty confused—hot and cold. But I braced up the best I knew how, said I was glad to see her, and she smiled. I knew she would laugh at the way I had tried to fix the rooms—and she did, and this kind of made things easy.

"You seem, by your own opinion," I said, "to be the smartest young woman that ever laughed. Now, suppose you show us why the room is so funny to your eye, and how it ought to be fixed."

And she liked this, and just stood there, kind of laughing up at me.

We had plenty of fun that evening, and the next evening, and the next—she bossing the Kid and me.

I wrote Dad about the way she had fixed things, and I told him I had found one thing a woman was good for. Of course, she put in a lot of fool things—pillow-cases, towel on washstand, and blue ribbons round curtains—but the Kid and I soon got rid of them. And the main thing she did was good. She put music into the place.

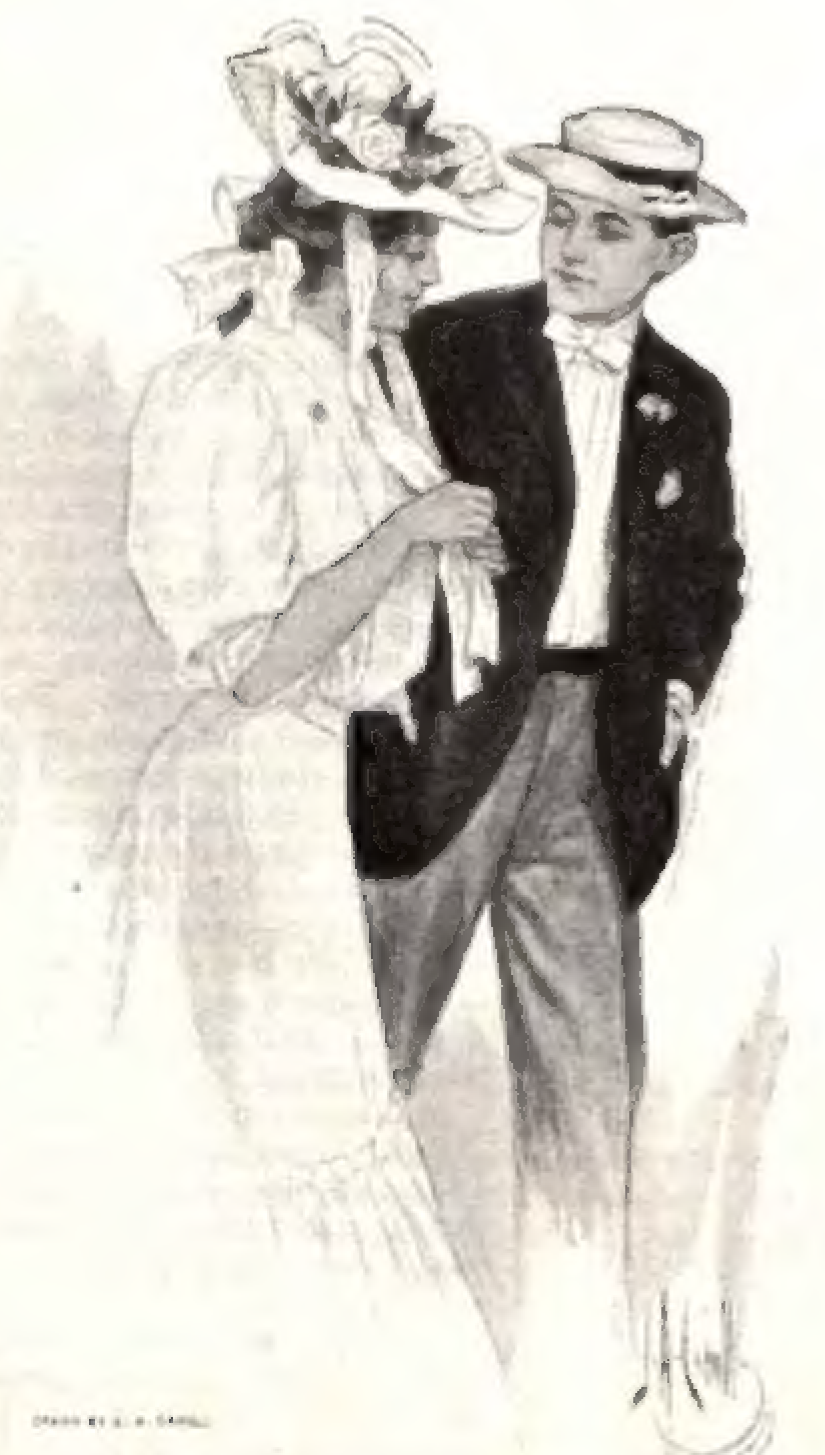
Again I saw her often. I was writing most of every day, and at night she helped me. She laughed a good deal at the funny parts of my stories; the quieter fun I tried, the harder she laughed. And then again she had those silent spells, like when she first read my stuff. And at such times, without saying much, she made me think my stuff was a lot bigger than it seemed the next morning.

But here is a thing much more important. At such times I began to *feel* her thoughts and sympathies come right close into mine! These times came oftener. I began to argue less with myself about her and me. And when

(Continued on Page 27)

PUPPY LOVE

BY EDWIN L. SABIN



Here They Came — She and that Chicago Fellow

We loved. My pin she wore; and I
Her little 'kerchief cherished.
Three weeks we were as thick as pie —
When passion promptly perished.
But we don't either of us care.
Girls, bah!

A FELLOW and a girl may be engaged, you know; solemnly pledged to each other, and really intending to wait until they are far enough along in life and prospects to be married; a fellow may carry her handkerchief around with him in his pocket, and she may be wearing his prep. school pin, so that the bargain is clinched; and, after all, something may happen and spoil things. Actually!

It is a pleasant sensation to be engaged, and have a girl upon whom you can depend, and who is your confidant, and who likes you better than any other fellow; but she mustn't feel her oats. No! If Dorothy Howland thought that a man was going to stand whatever she wished him to stand, if she considered that his devotion nullified his self-respect and his independence entirely, if she deemed that she could flaunt a man as she could a stylish silk skirt just to hear him rustle — why, then she was fooled. In plain words, Dorothy, with your clear gray eyes and your fluffy light hair, and your girlish ways, you "got left."

It was quite gratifying to Harold to reflect thus, that Dorothy "got left." But somehow the affair rankled.

Dorothy's nose had tilted a little.

"*I* don't care," she had declared defiantly.

Perhaps not. Perhaps not. Perhaps she *didn't* care whether he came that night. Perhaps she didn't care whether he *ever* came again. Very well. When a girl does this — swings her foot or flirts her head or shrugs her shoulders, and says, "*I* don't care," in that tone of voice, she should be taken at her word and taught a lesson.

. . . .

Oh, desperately thick had they been, during three whole weeks succeeding that evening in the hammock when they discovered how dear they were to each other. He had her handkerchief and she his prep. school pin — which he regained from Beulah Emerson, on a pretext, and transferred. If such tokens did not bind, pray, what could?

The disturbing element was that smart lad from Chicago visiting the Edmondtons. Altogether too smart was that lad, who, apparently out of maliciousness, fastened himself upon Dorothy. It struck Harold that Dorothy would attend to the case herself, so he did not, for a time, assert his rights. Let Mr. Chicago come to the end of his rope. Magnanimity was due the stranger within the gates. He should be leniently treated, should be afforded entertainment — and then he should know enough to withdraw. But having waited, and been decent, for a courteous space of time, and perceiving no signs that the intruder was at all appreciative or even sensible of privileges, Harold waxed restive. The hammock was being occupied; day and evening were being occupied; Dorothy was being occupied! Because Chicago had been permitted to take her to one place, evidently he thought that he could take her to all. Impertinence! Effrontery! Nerve!

Could it be possible that Dorothy was dazzled? Mr. Chicago performed upon the mandolin, and had several little tricks and graces calculated to make a showing more or less superficial. He, Harold, possessed only sturdy worth. He wished, though, that he had learned the mandolin. He couldn't even sing.

But he was not jealous; not he. Only, he had rights established, and a position to maintain, and no girl was going to play fast and loose with him, you bet! No, sir! He would give her her choice, and if she chose willfully he would make her sorry.

She wouldn't go walking to-night? Why?

Ralph Dupay was coming. (That Chicago fellow!)

"Let's skip out and leave him."

No, she wouldn't.

"Please, Dorothy; just for fun."

"Uh, uh; that wouldn't be fair."

Fair! As though there was any fairness in femininity, anyway! Very well.

"All right. If you'd rather have him around than me, you can."

This should serve to warn her, and cause her to draw back from the brink.

"But I told him he might come. He's teaching me the mandolin." She pouted prettily.

"If I don't come to-night, I won't come any more at all," he threatened.

Dorothy followed a crack in the walk with the toe of her small Oxford.

"*I* don't care," she proclaimed recklessly. "You needn't if you don't want to."

He pressed remorselessly.

"Here's your handkerchief, then."

"And here's your old pin."

With flushing face she hastily detached the ornament and handed it over.

"You can wear his," sneered Harold.

How gladly she accepted the opportunity.

"I'm going to," she chirped. "He's been wanting me to for ever so long."

Huh! So! Leave her to her fate — poor, dazzled damsel. Leave her until she had reached the dregs — and might that be soon. She might anticipate that he would hang about, ready to "make up"; but never, never, never. She had forfeited any claim upon him. Yes ——

"I think you're perfectly horrid," informed Dorothy. "I wouldn't be as jealous as you are for anything."

"What would *I* be jealous about?" he demanded — and he laughed scornfully. 'Twas a joke. "Of that Chicago guy? Rats!"

"But you are; you know you are. You're perfectly green-eyed." She ran within. On the step she paused. "You can go back to Beulah Emerson," she added spitefully. "Give her your old pin again!" And, ere vanishing over the threshold, Dorothy, winsome Dorothy, once *his* Dorothy, stuck out her tongue!

"Maybe I will," he retorted.

Very stiffly lifting his hat, he marched away. And so this was their parting, was it? — a quick return of tokens, a gibe, the lifting of a hat and the slamming of a door! So this was the end. Thus was a life compact shattered — shattered as easily as — as — as a bubble. 'Twas a bit awesome to contemplate, but ——

All was over.

Striding along with affected jauntiness, he perceived the day when Mistress Dorothy would be sorry; when, tired of this inferior Chicago smarty, she would yearn for him, Harold, back again. Let her yearn; 'twould be a savage satisfaction to know that she was yearning — to feel that she was eying beseechingly, remembering tenderly, throwing herself in his way, self-accusing, regretful, eager. But she had made her bed; let her lie upon it. Let her have Mr. Chicago to her heart's content; let him strum his mandolin, and hold her hand (as he did) while pretending to guide her fingers. Some day she would be sorry. Some day she would perceive that she had lost a chance at wealth and honors, just to gratify herself momentarily with a caprice. It would be worth his labors if from a pinnacle he could gaze down and behold her wretchedly gazing up. He would strive for that pinnacle.

He supposed that now friends and enemies would say he had been cut out. Cut out — pooh! Not he, not he. Were the truth only known, 'twas the two others, Dorothy and Mr. Chicago, who had been cut out — somehow. Conscious of his own part in the matter, he could present to all shafts an impervious exterior. He didn't care.

No, he didn't care. There were girls, other than Dorothy. There were girls who would be mighty glad to have him — to wear his pin and to go to picnics and dances with him, and to be proud of his companionship. Drat Dorothy! Beulah was twice as pretty. Dorothy had suggested that he go to Beulah; and so he would. He would go to Beulah that very evening, to walk her past Howlands', that Dorothy might witness, and be chagrined. Possibly, thereupon, Mr. Chicago would have a bad quarter of an hour. Mistress Dorothy was going to be shown a few things, literally and metaphorically.

. . . .

It was rather mortifying and embarrassing to have Beulah a little surprised when he entered that evening. He was not unaware of the veiled inquiry of her eyes and arched brows, and of the tentative reception accorded him. He had been neglecting Beulah, which was a shame.

Didn't Beulah want to go walking?

Mrs. Emerson came out on the porch to shake hands with him.

"Well, Harold, we thought you had entirely forgotten us."

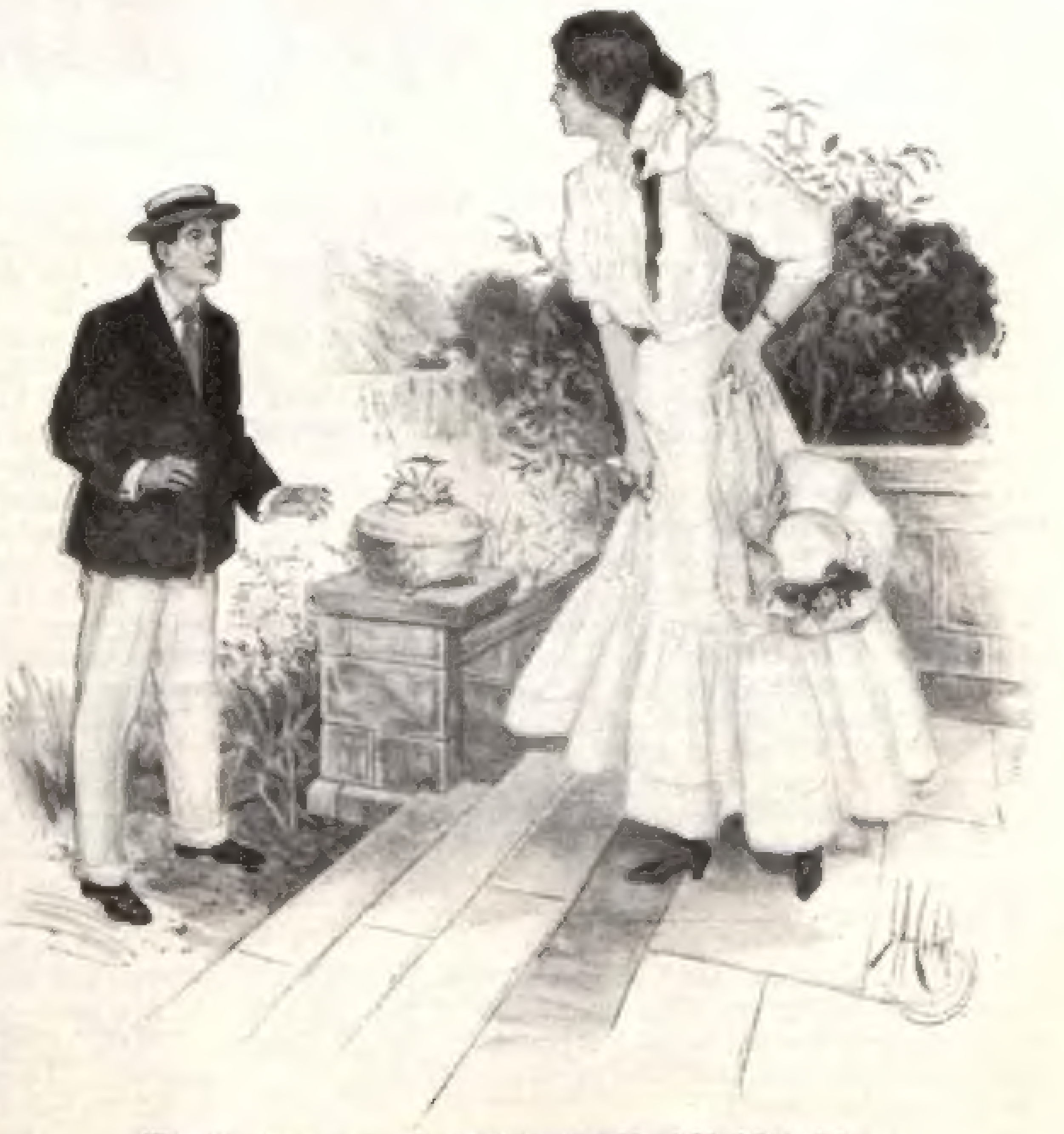
Grandpa Emerson grunted at him — a grunt of recognition beyond ordinary.

Helen, Beulah's sister (engaged to his brother), accosted in pretended astonishment:

"Why, *you* here, Harold!"

He blushed — and knew that he blushed. Helen's tone was in a degree accusing, and in a degree quizzical. He answered evasively — although he could not deny that he *was* there.

"I came to see if Beulah didn't want to go walking."



"You Can Go Back to Beulah Emerson," She Added Spitefully

The sisters exchanged a glance.

"So early, Harold?" said Beulah. "Let's wait a while."

He acquiesced. Very sweet looked Beulah to-night (the chronicler is well alive to the fact that he has applied this compliment before, and also elsewhere, and under environments similar); sweet and womanly, and singularly winsome. Her eyes were still the violet of yore; her hair was dark and massy; eyes and hair, in a way, superior to Dorothy's—and a different combination.

They went out to the hammock. The hammock, beneath the apple-tree, was homelike. He found himself preferring an apple-tree to a cherry-tree. It thrilled him with a familiar thrill to be sitting there with Beulah again.

"I should think you'd be at Dorothy Howland's," vouchsafed Beulah innocently.

"We've had a fight," he admitted gruffly.

"Oh," responded Beulah. "I notice you're wearing your pin. She had it, didn't she?"

Yes, she had. But Beulah might have it now—would she only make the move. He wished that she *would* make the move; but she didn't. She merely glanced across it carelessly. To let her wear it would be another step in his program of retaliation and revenge; and besides, it was necessary that *some* girl have his pin. Realization of this was stealing through him. In its present position, the pin was being wasted.

But Beulah evinced no desire, afforded him no opening. Humph!

However, it was time to parade her. Doubtless little she suspected his designs, and he felt that it was rather mean in him to take advantage of her, to further his purposes. Nevertheless Dorothy must be shown. He fidgeted.

"Shall we go walking now?" he suggested.

"But it's too early, Harold. Let's wait," she objected.

He could wait a little longer; but it would not do to wait until the dusk was much deeper. Yet it was pleasant, sitting with Beulah. Almost could he forego the satisfaction of the walk. His heart was softening, and the sensation was reminiscent of other sensations. Indeed, it might have been a repetition—a recurrence. Sweet was Beulah. Nice Beulah. Let Dorothy flout him; he didn't care. She could have Mr. Chicago. Beulah was the girl for *him*, after all. Ford was engaged to Helen; he, the younger brother, would take Beulah. Sweet Beulah—the prettiest girl in town; nice, at least—far nicer than Dorothy. He should say she *was!* He fidgeted. In his heart was a warmth, and in his heart was a bitter. The two were arrayed, and fighting: the warmth for the hammock, the bitter for the walk. Perhaps ——

"Wait only ten minutes, and then we'll go," pleaded Beulah anxiously.

"Well."

He was not so determined as in the beginning. Dorothy was of the past, and so was revenge. Pish! Why lower himself with petty measures? It would be wicked, positively wicked, to use the unsuspecting Beulah—nice, sweet, kind Beulah. She was worth ten Dorothys. She should wear his pin, and soon he would tell her all about Dorothy, and Dorothy would comprehend in time how he had been but toying with *her*. Yes, merely toying.

He wondered if Beulah's hand was not going to slide down, out of sight, where he might accidentally find it. He watched it from the corner of his eye. Dear Beulah. 'Twas very unsociable, sitting this way, Beulah. Did she not recollect—as did he—that former time when he found her little hand down there, and had held it because he was almost her brother by marriage? It had been fun, that evening. Perhaps he could coax the hand into ambuscade; perhaps it was willing to be coaxed. He fidgeted and fumbled.

"What's there?" queried Beulah.

"Funny kind of knot," he invited foolishly.

Beulah was not interested. Instead, she slipped from the hammock, directing his attention to somebody entering the gate.

"It's Rob Davis," she explained demurely. "He said he might come to-night."

He was shocked; he was hurt. So that was why she would not go walking, was it? Why couldn't she have informed him? He had not been treated square. Rob Davis! A poacher, was Rob Davis. *He* was appropriating Beulah, was he? Well, he could have her. He, Harold, was now done with feminine creation forever. He had gone the pace, and he had been deceived twice, even thrice, and he knew when he had enough. Bah! Bah with hammocks and girls and the like. Bah!

Rob Davis walked across the lawn as if he owned it; he proffered a "Hello" to Beulah as if he was expected to. He must have been proffering such a "Hello" for some time. With Harold he swapped salutation more experimental.

"I'll get a chair," asserted Beulah.

No; Harold was going.

"Why, Harold?"

Beulah was remonstrative, solicitous.

"Yes; don't hurry off. Stay a while," supplemented Davis with generous tolerance.

No, he would go. He had merely dropped in; he had not intended to stay, anyway.

"Well, so long." Davis sank into the hammock.

"Good-by, Harold." Beulah settled beside him.

And Harold stalked away, trusting that his back presented nonchalant dignity. This terminated his career as a lady's man; henceforth his course should be regardless, undeviating for dalliance. He could be lured aside by no smiles, no—soft—hands, no B-Beulahs nor D-Dorothys; no! NO!! Girls might angle for him in vain. He had been the moth, and singed.

Still, maybe—maybe Chicago had failed Mistress Dorothy to-night. Maybe she was sitting alone, disconsolate, wishing that he were back again. Maybe she had *fired* Mr. Chicago! It—it would do no harm for him to pass the yard, to show that he could not be tempted within. His feet bended that way. Suppose Dorothy *was* waiting. Suppose—but no! Here they came—she and that Chicago fellow. Upon Dorothy's bosom gleamed Chicago's high school frat. pin. When they had passed him they both laughed, louder than was necessary.

Let them go. Let Beulah have her Davis, too. *He* didn't care. For him 'twas cigarettes—and pool—and college. Girls, bah!

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT

The Problem of Domestic Service from the Viewpoint of the Domestic

BY META RICHARDS HOYT

MARIA was a jewel. She was also a "general housework girl." I knew she was the latter, because I had frequently observed her at the houses I visited, and was sure she was the former, because my friend, her employer, never failed to say so. It was, therefore, with some surprise that I learned she had given up her occupation when my friend gave up her house.

"And you are not going back to service?" I repeated.

Maria shook her head.

"Not if I starve first," said Maria.

There was a heartfelt emphasis in her tone that touched my curiosity.

"Why not?" I asked.

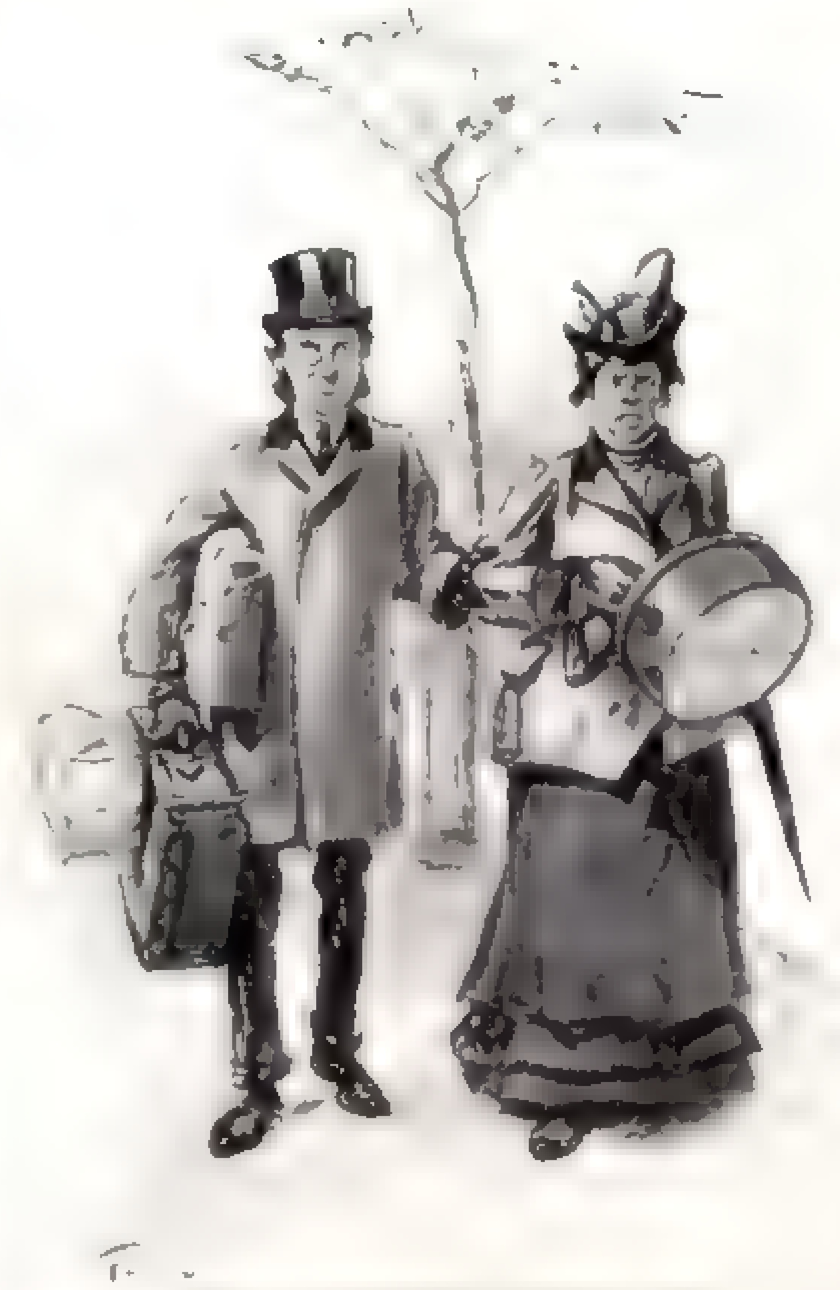
But Maria grew cryptic. "Well, ma'am," she said, her eyes becoming mysterious, "if mistresses could just see the other side of the servant problem they wouldn't wonder why there were so few servants; they'd rather be wondering how it was that there were any servants at all."

Then and there I determined to test it. In these days, I argued, we hear so much of the problem of domestic service that it seems to hang like a cloud of disaster over the entire country. For many a year servants have been the chief topic of their employers' conversation, and yet, after a decade of palaver and with the feeble exception of one ineffectual organization to correct the evil, most women can reach but a single conclusion concerning it:

"I hate looking for servants, and I hate servants—but I'll die some time, and then it won't matter."

Obviously, there must be something in Maria's theory. It seemed, at least, to promise some return for research—and I found that it kept its promise to the letter.

I began in Philadelphia, because I had been told that conditions were there about as bad as they could be, a statement fully borne out by the facts. I found, to start with, that there are a hundred and thirty-two licensed employment bureaus in this city of about a million and a half inhabitants, and that there are nearly three times that number unlicensed. Now, the dangers to any large community of unsupervised employment bureaus are too patent to require cataloguing, yet Philadelphia not only disregards those perils, but adds to them the dangers of an improper supervision, even, of such places as it does license. At the City Hall the license-clerk informed me that, attached to his office, there was one poorly-paid detective, who wandered about the town in a random search for unauthorized agencies. But, in reply to my inquiries, he also naively added:



Prizes are Personally-Conducted Home

"I'm compelled by law to issue every license that's applied and paid for."

"But suppose there is something wrong with the place?"

"Oh," said the clerk, "I guess, if there's any trouble, the police will attend to that."

"Yet, if a license is abused, you can revoke it?"

"I cannot—no matter how it's abused. Here's a copy of the law covering this situation. You see, about all it says is that, if caught, any person or persons conducting an unlicensed agency must pay a fine 'not exceeding one hundred dollars.'"

And, I found, this fearful threat against an almost impossible detection—together with a clause compelling each agency to display its license on request—constitutes the whole law governing and controlling employment offices in the State of Pennsylvania!

On starting out to discover how this studied leniency affected the servant problem in the community that fostered it, I determined to apply for employment at some agency removed from the heart of the city, and so crossed the Schuylkill into West Philadelphia. There I received my first disillusionment. The "office" to which I was directed was a squalid, four-room house in a wretched quarter, and, although the hour was ten in the morning, the young man in the old sweater who opened the door for me informed me that "Mother wasn't in"—whereupon, there being no other listed and authorized agency in that section, I was fain to hie me back to the centres of business life.

It was with many qualms of misgiving that, arrived there, I turned into a little street, ascended the steps of a little house, opened a little door and, in a little room, came face to face with a little, old woman seated in the nearest corner.

"Well—what can I do for you?"

I turned suddenly. The voice came, not from the old woman, but from a singularly robust, though very gloomy, person seated at a desk upon my right.

"Are—are you the proprietress?" I quavered.

She nodded sharply.

"I would like," I began, "to get a position for general housework; I ——"

"Come here and sit down by me. I would like to talk to you."

This time the old lady was the speaker, and, as I obeyed her summons, I observed that it was the word "housework" which had awakened the interest of this patron of the establishment.

"Have you any references?" she pursued.

I told her I had none—that I had never been in service.

"Where are you from?"

"Harrisburg."

"Why are you going into service? Do your parents know about it?"

"Yes, they know—they lost their money."

"What can you do?"

"I can try to do anything."

"Can you wash?"

"I think so."

"Have you ever done it?"

"Only for myself."

My gentle inquisitor turned to the proprietress.

"She looks nice and kind," she said; "I think perhaps she will do."

Then she told me that she had an invalid daughter, that she must have a servant as either chambermaid or waitress, and that I had better assume the duties of the former post as less difficult for a novice.

"You must," she continued, "take up my daughter's meals, and you must be kind to her. I'll give you four dollars a week, and if you are satisfactory I'll raise you to five. Will you come right away?"

Here was indeed a difficulty! Acceptance was something I had not at all counted upon. The dear, old woman was so unsuspicious and kindly that I honestly hated to disappoint her; but I did not want to see employment—I wanted to see employment agencies; so, like the traditional maiden refusing a suitor, I said I couldn't take the place "so suddenly." Surprised, but patient, she asked me so gently why I would not "help her out" that I was sorely tempted, and had to mumble that it was general housework that I had hoped to do, and that I wanted to work alone. The fact that I had previously said that I could neither wash nor iron was overlooked for prospective employers, I now found, do not expect consistent replies—but the plea was still being pressed hard when, to my relief, two new applicants entered the room and diverted attention.

This pair was an English girl and an American, fresh from service in a suburban hospital, and looking for a household that could accommodate both. They were accompanied by a man who bore their pocketbooks and whom the English woman first addressed as "Jess" and then, with a blush and stammer, as "Dear"—a little inadvertence which both the agent and her patron studiously overlooked. At last, after much persuasion, and without references, these girls promised to go to my little lady's on trial for a month at five dollars a week, the agent having lured them by a promise to land them, eventually, "hin han hinstitution."

It was then that the American girl turned to me.

"What's your job?" she demanded with a sort of easy familiarity which, as I was to find, takes the place of fellowship among our servants.

I answered that "my job" was general housework.

"What?" was her answer. "You look so weak. I'd think it'd kill you."

But the Anglican maiden surveyed me calmly.

"I don't know," said she. "That kind of a frail-lookin' gal his sometimes stronger nor a fat 'un like me."

Whereat they marched forth, and the agent, now first paying any real attention to my case, beckoned me to her and said that she would find me a place in Coatesville, with a family of two, at five dollars a week. "The ticket's here all ready for you," she added, "if you'll only take it."

I replied that I had not wanted to work out of town, but that I would think it over and let her know that afternoon. And then, seeing that I must seek a more popular resort, I made a hurried exit.

Already I had discovered several things, the oddest of which was the fact that a prospective employer seemed to pay little heed to what the servant considered her own special qualifications; that recommendations were not really necessary; and that the demand was, apparently, so great that little attention was paid to the inaccuracies of statement on the part of applicants. All these things were directly contrary to the principles of any good business, but here was I, better dressed than my fellow-servitors, patently green and ill at ease, with a manner which would have excited suspicion in any other instance, yet received with such eagerness that I am convinced that I would have been welcomed as a cook had I so declared myself, even if I had carried a sable muff and driven to the agency in a cab.

Determining to look more closely into that matter of references, I proceeded to the next office armed with a letter from a friend—a letter which said I was industrious, honest and sober, but, unfortunately, quick-tempered.

In the huge room which I now entered, fifteen people—mistresses, maids and men—were scattered without order. There were two Irish servants, as many cooks of the same nationality, five colored women, two colored men, and several employers, all women. The last visit I had made here was in the last-named character, and so I felt somewhat conscious, but I managed to creep in stealthily and find a chair, where, presently, the proprietress approached me.

"What do *you* want?" she demanded—and I was relieved to find that she did not at all remember me.

"General housework," I faltered.

She looked at me hard. "Do you really want a place?" she asked.

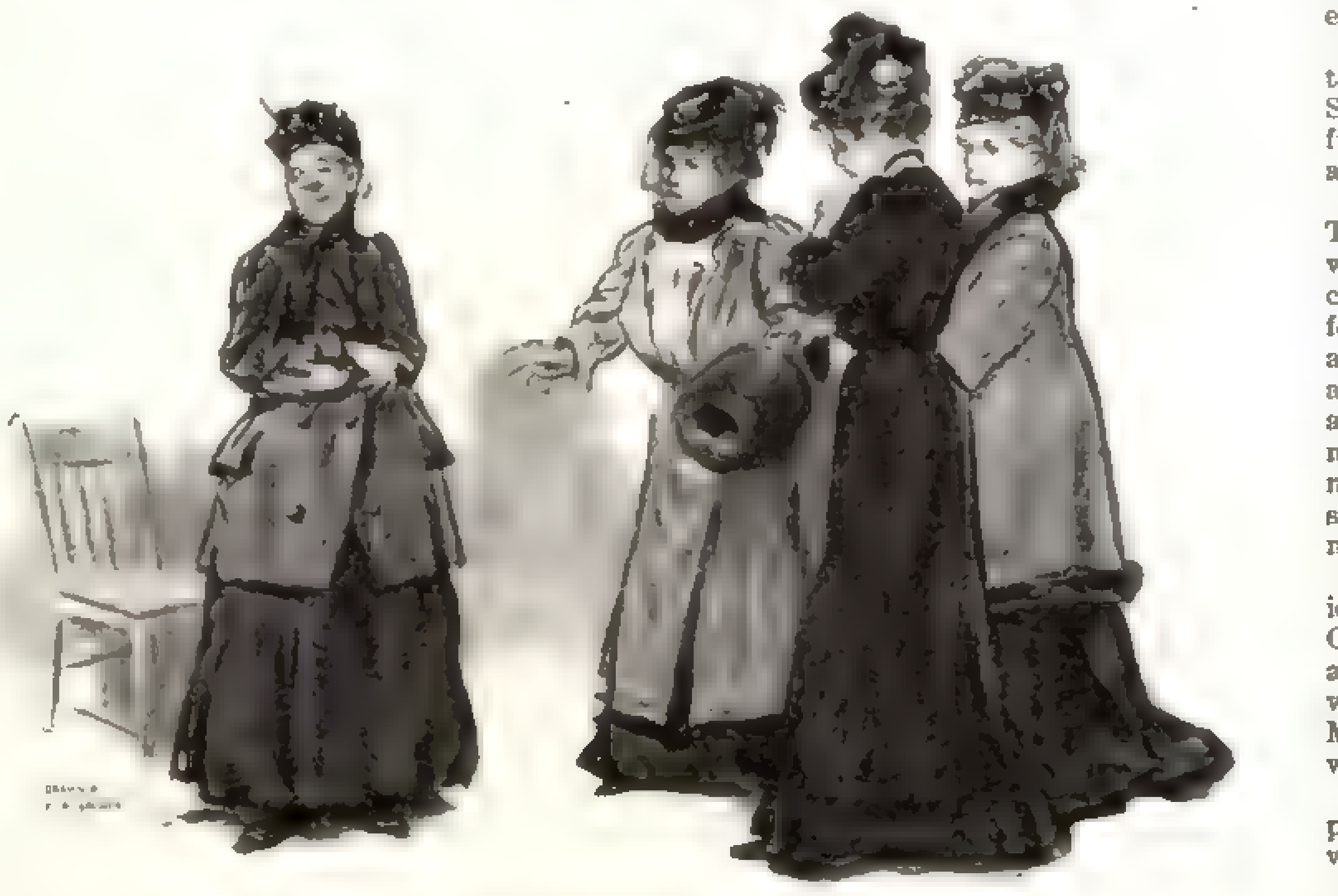
Y-y-es, I really did.

Then the questions came more rapidly. Where had I been living? How long had I been there? "You don't look strong enough for general housework," she concluded. "Weren't you really doing waiting and chambermaid's work?"

I nodded.

"Well, there's a lady comin' that wants a girl of your sort. Or, how would you like to live in Overbrook?"

Before I could give my opinion of the suburb she had led me to a woman from that place, who began looking me over with all the consideration which she would have shown toward the feelings of a puppy just offered her for sale.



The Supply Never Equals the Demand

"How long were you at your last place?" asked the matron.

"Eight months."

"Why did you leave?"

"The work was too hard—and I fought with the maid."

"Hum. Would you go to the country and do waiting and chamber work for three? You'll have no washing, but you must get breakfast on Mondays, when the cook's washing."

I said I wanted four dollars and fifty cents, and preferred to live in the city—all of which was a signal to start her upon a long encomium on the merits of Overbrook, its trolley and train service, and how "citified" it was. I listened as best I could, and listening, noted close by me a young woman at one side of a servant, expatiating upon the virtues of Chestnut Hill, and, on the other side, another prospective employer telling the same servant some of the sights of Germantown. Just as my Overbrook lady gave me up in disgust, I saw the Germantowner carrying off the prize in triumph to catch "the very next train out."

The next woman I was called to interview wanted a girl for waiting, chamberwork and washing. This time I asked five dollars a week, but refused to wash, especially as the sheets were done at home; she had only a side-yard to hang them in, and her house was in the centre of the residential part of the city, where the side-yards are four feet wide and thirty-eight feet long. Then there appeared the woman whom the agent had first mentioned, and her I interviewed with the proprietress standing beside me. She wanted me as waitress and chambermaid at five dollars a week, only she wanted me to wash my own clothes, and I, who had asked for general housework, said that I could not possibly take a position of that sort—the proprietress meanwhile treating me as though I were sane!

That, I concluded, about exhausted my usefulness at this particular agency. I had gone there, chiefly, with an eye to the matter of references, yet my own written reference had remained unsought in my pocket; no one had even so much as inquired my name! The best that could be concluded was that, except with a very doubtful-looking candidate, the average employer is willing to trust her own experience and discrimination.

At the next three places I visited it was as a lady's maid or nursery governess that I introduced my application, but the demand for such places, it seemed, was as small as the intelligence of the intelligence offices. In number one the proprietress was asking a patron "who she had now."

"Why, now," was the answer, "I have a friend of Hannah's. Her name's Annie, and she's an orphan."

"That's good," assented the agent; "any one Hannah knows is all right—but why is she an orphan?"

The patron was puzzled. "Why, I never thought to ask," she admitted. "I wonder!"

The lack of anything like business system was noticeable in every office I visited save one, which was managed by a firm of men—who, by the way, charged fees far in excess of their feminine competitors. But system of another sort is monopolized by the latter: they alone have learned the art of bribing a girl to give up one "place" for another.

Into the office most famous for this sort of work there once rushed an agitated lady, who shoved two ten-dollar bills into the eager hands of the agent.

"Here," she said; "I want you to get me Bridget Cassidy and Nellie Smith. They're employed by my friend, Mrs. B——, on Walnut Street, and I want them by next week."

And by next week she had them. The girls had left for an increase in wages. The agent had received a commission from each of the servants for getting them better situations and another commission from the agitated lady for getting her the servants she wanted. Then the robbed mistress sought the same office for maids to fill the places of the deserters, and so the agent took in four more commissions!

Sometimes, of course, an economical housewife is her own agent. One whom I know recently called at a friend's house and, of the servant who answered the bell, asked if Ellen Murphy (the friend's prize maid) was at home.

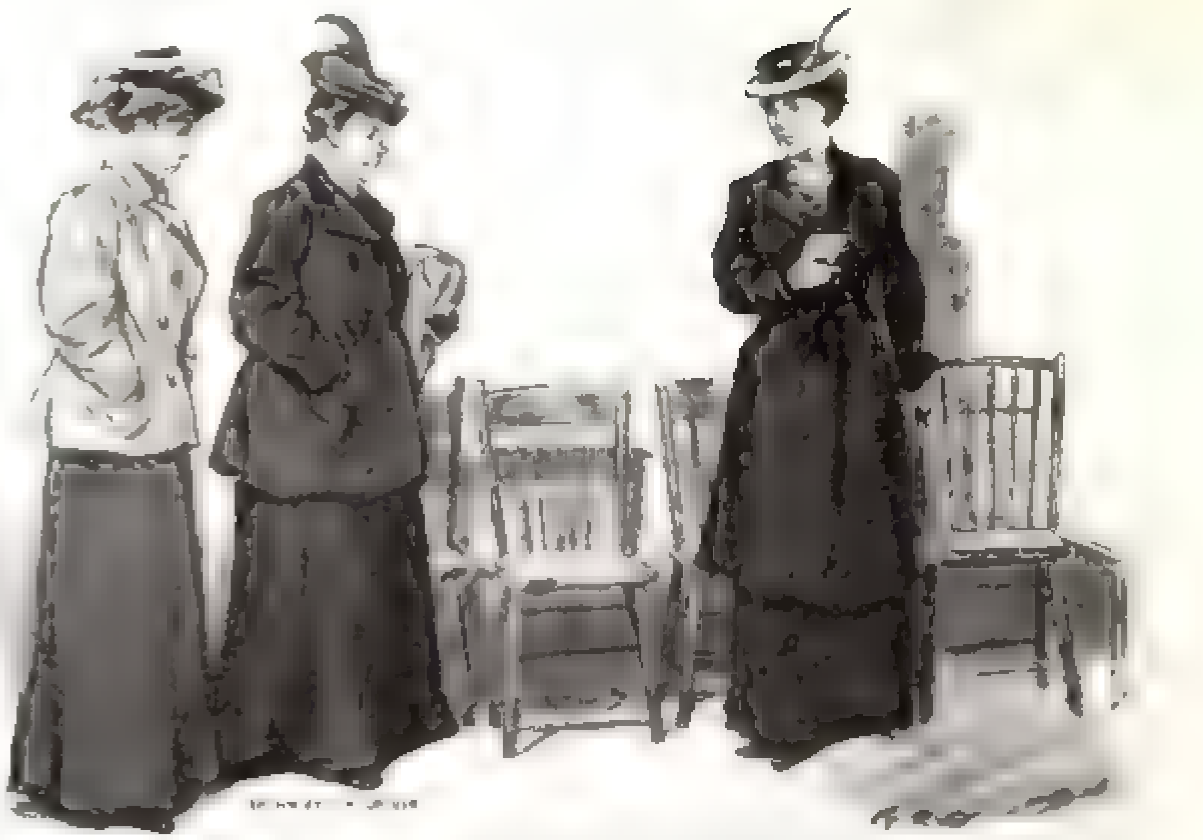
"Madam," said the trusty employee, "the servants' company always goes to the back door."

That ended it, so far as the caller was concerned; but the mistress, who had been listening at the top of the front stairs, promptly raised the wages of her loyal servitor, and was thereafter careful to invite her "friend" to dinner only upon Ellen's "day out."

Stories such as these are the very atmosphere of the intelligence office. In fact, the intimate domestic secrets of any city are the common gossip of its employment bureaus, which the servants use very much as men use their clubs. Many of them lounge there on their free days without any thought of seeking a new place, and at one office I found twelve girls who had come there daily for three months.

Amazed as many employers would be to hear the tales which their servants tell of them, the criticism of the offended ones is often richly deserved. One girl, for instance, told me a story which illustrates the attitude of some housewives. This maid—her name was Sarah—said that she had been doing general housework for a "lady," who was very hard on her, at four dollars and fifty cents a week. One day she had a bad headache, and, from four to five in the afternoon, sat in the kitchen with her head in her hands. She could not go upstairs because she had to be at hand to answer the door-bell. While she was sitting there her mistress came down and told her that she would have no lazy girls around her house, and that fifty cents would be cut from her wages.

That an incident like this could happen is owing to the lack of business sense in women. They never regard the relation between themselves and their servants from a businesslike standpoint. They think that a servant who has the privilege of sleeping in their houses and eating their food is being sufficiently paid for her services, no matter what this service may be. Her only excuse for receiving wages is that she may buy dresses suitable to work in and a coat and hat for church on Sunday. If you asked the average woman how much pleasure she contributes to her servants' lives, either by a word of praise for work well done, an unexpected day off, or a gift that had not already been worn threadbare, she would look



But the Anglican Maiden Surveyed Me Calmly

amazed and say: "Why, I pay her wages promptly, and I am sure she has a very nice room on the fourth floor with the cook." She neglects to mention that one basin and pitcher must suffice for the ablutions of both, and that the room is not heated.

Most women, I also found, are insufferably rude to their servants. One, who finds great difficulty in keeping a maid, came into the only systematic office in Philadelphia not long ago and asked for a cook. The manager brought one to talk to her and, in the customary word of introduction, said:

"She is a very nice girl, industrious, honest and sober, but not very neat."

The "lady" looked unpleasant.

"I should think not," she answered. "Why, she is not clean."

And then the cook, with a few well-chosen remarks about the "lady's" breeding, retired—and the mistress could not see wherein she had offended!

Although the applicants for service are treated in New York with the same disregard of their common humanity which I had noted in Philadelphia, yet the larger city is, I found, far better systematized in the matter of the intelligence offices. There, I discovered, no servant may apply for employment unless furnished with a written reference, and no attention will be paid to any case until the directress has communicated, either orally or in writing, with the last employer. The majority of offices are in office-buildings and occupy at least two rooms, an anteroom and the office of the directress; no servants are allowed to sit and wait for prospective employers, and many clerks are employed to see that the servants waiting for introduction to the manager hold no communications with ladies on the same errand bent.

Most offices charge only the employer the fee, which, by law, does not exceed four dollars. In cases where the office charges the applicant for employment a fee, the law fixes a maximum of ten per cent. of the first month's wages. Every employment agency in New York, and there are 750 in all, is not only licensed, but bonded as well, and is closely watched by the agents of the Commissioner of Licenses.

It is required that every office shall have posted in some conspicuous place a copy of the law passed in 1904 for the direction and control of employment bureaus, which commands that applicants for employment shall furnish references written within a reasonable time, and that the reference shall be verified by the directress before the servant shall be placed. It is further required that the directress shall ask all reasonable questions concerning the place to be filled, and it is against the law to furnish help to places where intoxicating liquors are sold to be consumed on the premises.

It is also against the law to find employment for any child young enough to come under the Education law; in fact, there is a law covering every possible contingency, and it is enforced.

Every Friday morning, at the License Bureau, the Commissioner or his deputy holds a hearing, when any complaint is heard, be it a dispute over fees not returned, which the law also provides for, or a complaint against any office. These cases must be heard within one week of complaint.

The agencies on the East Side are those supplying foreign help, and they are continually watched by the Commissioner, because in this locality there is more opportunity for abuse, but all of these offices are now under control. Every office is, to a certain extent, under police surveillance, but the License Bureau chiefly depends on its own agents, who make bi-monthly visits. Of course, there is always a chance that these agents may be "reached" by a bribe, but the salaries paid them are large, and no employment bureau can well afford to offer them enough to repay them for the possible loss of their livelihood and standing.

In New York, as elsewhere, it may be stated as an axiom that the supply of servants never equals the demand. Thus in one agency I found four hundred applicants for employment against twelve hundred applicants for help. All nationalities are, of course, employed, and it is said that the Germans, who, not so long ago, were so satisfactory for general housework, are now specializing, as the French have always done. The wages in New York are larger than those in Philadelphia, as the living expenses are greater, and a first-class cook in a big establishment will get eighty dollars a month.

One employment bureau visited in New York occupied a large and airy suite of rooms. In the front room the directress, herself an ex-cook, sat at her desk, while eight young girls went from room to room introducing servants to the manager, answering innumerable telephone calls, and listening to the desires of prospective employers. One maid came in while I was there and presented five written references. The autocrat read them over, asked minute questions concerning the habits of each household where the girl had been employed, and finally handed the letters back, saying that they were all too short. The proprietress then telephoned to the girl's last employer and mailed a reference blank to be filled out. If a servant goes to an office without references and is employed by some one, the employer must waive, in writing, the investigation of references required.

The enormous number of paid "housekeepers" in New York creates a phase of the servant problem not felt in other cities, especially in Philadelphia. A "housekeeper" should have power to dismiss and engage servants under her direction, and most servants are glad to work under one distinct head of the household affairs, excepting always the cooks. These necessary adjuncts to domestic comfort prefer doing the marketing, for which they get a large commission.

The "housekeeper's" position, however, is naturally one of distinction in the household staff, but she must be a buffer for both mistress and servants. The worries of all are placed on her shoulders, and with the direction of the servants, the ordering of the elaborate meals, the financial responsibility, and the numerous little trials of personal dislike, she holds a not altogether enviable position. She must keep the town house, the country house, and all the other habitations of her employers in order; she must settle the disputes, lull the jealousy, and sympathize with, but not encourage, the servants. She stands in the household friendless and alone, the family her superiors, the servants her inferiors. If she is considered unjust, or is simply unpopular, either with or without cause, there are many carefully planned pitfalls into which she may stumble. The servants organize against her, and she is powerless to explain or seek the cause. But, on the other hand, if she is, by chance, popular, one sullen servant will turn the rest of the staff into her devoted slaves and allies.

In Philadelphia, where the great majority of women prefer to hold the reins themselves, the unfortunate "housekeeper" is more of an anomaly. She is allowed to engage servants, but not to dismiss them, which makes her a nonentity. She is allowed to market, but is liable to correction in the presence of the cook, which makes her a laughing-stock. In short, she is merely a device for her mistress to use in bad weather, or when she has something else that she prefers doing.

On the same principle, Philadelphia women will not employ lady's maids. They really seem to prefer working for themselves. Perhaps it is an economical trait inherited from a line of Quaker ancestors, or perhaps it is only every-day parsimony. Even in New York I was surprised to find that only one maid in twenty is trained to dress hair, whereas in France a maid unskilled in this art would be drummed out of town. In these things American women demand very little and get much less. They have not yet learned to be luxurious. In proof of this, I know of one woman who pays her waitress five dollars a week extra to bring her a cup of coffee at five o'clock every morning. A peculiar and very uncomfortable hour, it is true; but, as the maid is expected to go back to bed and sleep until a very reasonable hour for rising, it is not so preposterous. Yet, even at ten dollars a week, this woman found a servant hard to procure.

"Why," I asked nearly every servant with whom I got into conversation in the offices I visited—"Why is it that most girls prefer a mill or a laundry to housework?" And always the answers were the same: In regular business establishments the tasks are systematized and the hours regular; the worker is not interrupted by a suspicious or minutely-particular mistress, or "rattled" by a grown daughter. The mill girl has every evening to herself, whereas the cook is serving dinner until 8:30 every evening; the waitress is busy with the dishes an hour longer, and the maid must sit up to help departing guests with their wraps.

But there is yet another reason. If the servant problem prevents some young men from marrying, the marriage problem keeps many working-girls from domestic service. At one of the employment bureaus I visited a householder was wailing to a friend, in full hearing of a line of prospective domestics:

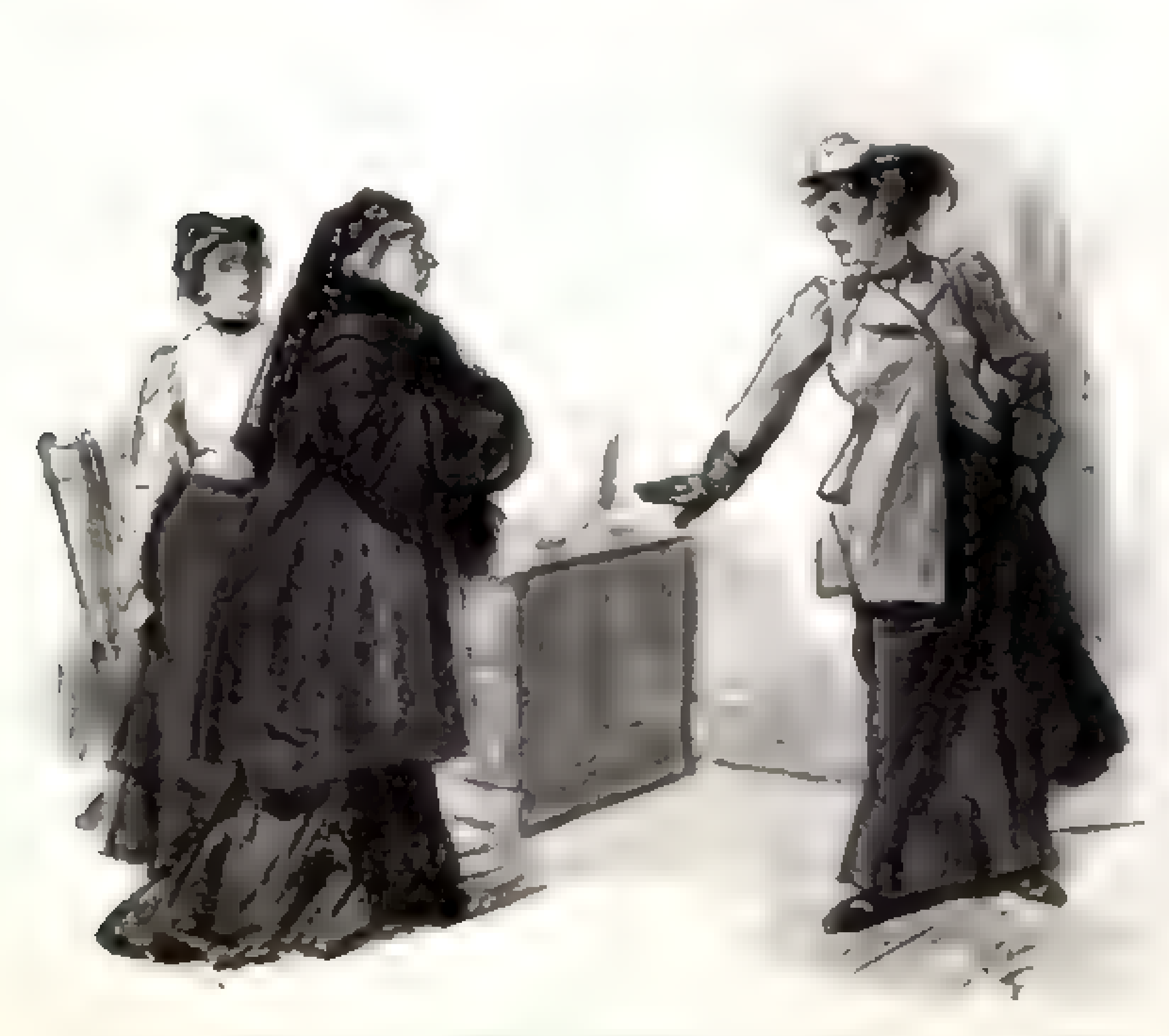
"My waitress has a beau, a nice-looking young man, who calls every evening. Of course, I discourage him all I can; she is such a valuable girl that it would never do to have her leave."

That represents the typical attitude of the employer, and the effect of this attitude is more than strengthened by the possible husbands of the working-girl. The free-born American, knowing that the girls are held so lightly by their mistresses, does not care to marry a domestic servant. He considers it beneath his dignity to sit in some one's kitchen, where, at any rate, the path of courtship cannot be paved with roses, since the suitor must talk to all the other maids assembled there, accept their teasing, and withstand their flirtatious glances. Many a girl has lost her "company" through the wiles of one of her fellow-servants. It is a choice of evils. Because of this caging process, she must either see him once a week at a friend's house, take her chance with fate, or resort to the dangerous rendezvous, whereby, every night, except Mondays and Tuesdays, these unfortunate servants can be found sitting in the principal railroad stations, waiting for their "friends."

Small wonder, then, that a girl prefers to work in a mill or factory and live in freedom at a friend's house—even at the added expense of board, lodging and laundry—rather than exist as a mere automaton in service! One now begins to understand why statistics show that the demand for housework servants is four hundred per cent. greater than the supply, for cooks two hundred per cent., for waitresses seventy per cent., for butlers twenty per cent. For chambermaids, without washing, the supply is, however, fifty per cent. greater than the demand, and there are more companions and seamstresses than can possibly be placed, but trained child and infant nurses are very scarce. On the other hand, however, the supply of laundresses is decreasing, because most skilled women are working in laundries where they have all modern conveniences.

Many people say that the solution of the servant problem is negro service. They say the negroes work for less money, they are natural servants, and they "know their place." This is all true, but, as a rule, negroes show less system in their housework than whites, they must, in general, be closely watched, and, although their wages in actual money are lower, the popular opinion is that the

(Concluded on Page 20)



And Then the Cook, with a Few Well-Chosen Remarks About the "Lady's" Breeding, Retired—and the Mistress Could Not See Wherein She had Offended!

AN APOSTLE TO THE CHILDREN

"Inasmuch as Ye Have Done it Unto One of the Least of These"

By ALICE MacGOWAN

V Continued

PAP JOHN stood in the doorway and watched the stream of weary women and fagged children go past. The house was one of a long row of unpainted, flimsy wooden boxes. Hogs and dogs foregathered under the shanties, which were set so close, with no fences between, that every detail of the hard, unlovely existence was laid bare to sight and rendered painfully audible. Plain, poor man that he was, dweller in a mountain cabin, it came home to him as he looked that the decencies of life had no chance with such herding together of discouraged, half-desperate humanity.

"Oh, thar's my pappy!" shrilled little Jane Ann, catching sight of the tall figure in the doorway; and shedding her lassitude and weariness as a garment, she began to run. Her enthusiasm roused some interest. She swarmed up to the tall, old man, clung about his neck to hug and kiss him in wild delight, and Pap John was just about to turn into the shanty with her when a faded woman, watching the little drama, paused at the front fence which shut in the row, and leaned upon the upper board.

"I hearn that Vady was sick," she hazarded. "Is it anything ketchin'?"

The old man shook his head. "The chap's got a bad cold," he replied gently, "and bein' up nights has nigh about killed her."

The woman looked sombrely down, and picked at the unplaned board, wrenching a splinter from it as she spoke. "Hit's a pity it don't kill 'em out an' out when they git that thar cough," she said, almost vehemently. "Ef you start to cough, an' have to work in a factory whar they's lint a-flyin', you're shore to die—an' die hard—befo' so very long." She laughed mirthlessly. "I had seb'm," she said, "when the dip'thery broke out three year ago at Kesterson's, over in Bynum County."

She raised eyes like smouldering coals and looked along the row. "What do you reckon a ketchin' disease'll do in a string of houses like this hyer—two an' three famblies to the house, at that? When the thing was over, they was my man—he's sorter crippled with rheumatiz most of his time—an' me an' the two gals left. Five chaps I buried over at Kesterson's—five chaps inside o' one week."

Pap John had seen the children seated at the table, and come down the steps to talk to this woman. The stream of workers from the mill continued to hurry past, but she regarded them not at all. "Did you think you could do better over here at the Glorianer?" the old man inquired solicitously. "Air you doin' better?"

Again she laughed that reckless, unmirthful laugh. "Better!" she echoed. "We hain't got nothin' to do with sech a word as that. After the chaps was dead an' gone, we was in debt pretty heavy. I'm a good weaver, an' so air both my gals. Scalf come down to Kesterson's, buyin' up hands. How, buyin' 'em up?" she interpreted the old man's puzzled look. "W'y, seekin' out them 'at was good hands, an' was in debt an' difficulties, payin' whatever they owed, an' movin' 'em here. He paid our debts an' brung us over here that-a-way; an' now the Glorianer owns us finger an' bone. We'll never no mo' git that debt paid to 'em than we'll take wings an' fly. I don't know as I'd mind so much for myse'f, but when I look at my gals ——"

She broke off and stood a moment, swallowing hard.

A boy of fourteen was passing. She caught him by the arm and whirled him around to face Pap John. "That's what workin' in the openin' room does to a chap," she said, pointing to the clay-white countenance of the little fellow. "This here boy had as nice a color as you got, time he come here from White Oak Mountain to go into the Glorianer. Yes, an' that thar opener'll kill him, if he works thar much longer. Go 'long, Seth; tell yo' mammy that Mary Fentress said you looked like death, an' she'd better git herself up an' git back to her looms ef she wants to keep ary child alive."

The boy went on, and John Overholt asked, "Openin' room—what's that? How does it hurt 'em?"

"You hain't never worked in a mill—but I seed ye goin' through last fall. Don't ye mind the room whar they open out the bales o' cotton, an' a boy stands pullin' it up light, an' throwin' it into a big kind o' hopper? Ye see, he never has nothin' to breathe but the lint an' dirt off o' that cotton. Hit ain't more'n twelve inches away from his face all day long—or all night long, as the case may be. They say they's a fixing that could be worn over a body's nose an' mouth to cl'ar the air out but the cotton mills don't furnish sech, an' like enough the boy wouldn't take up with it ef it was give to him. He knows that work is apt to kill 'im, an he don't git no mo' for it than some o the others that's in better places. But, Lord! his mammy's a widder, an' she thinks she's sickly. Reckon she'll find out when she's got this chap killed off."

The old man drew nearer, his face full of sympathy. "Cain't you and yo' girls save up a little money and git back into the mountings whar ye come from?" he asked.

She shook her head. "My man draws the wages," she said finally, "an' they ain't never mo' than enough to scrabble along on. I told ye the Glorianer had bought us. I hain't no idee of ever payin' out so we could go away. I ain't as spry as I used to be; I cain't tend but five looms. Ary one o' my gals can beat me. Silvy tends six, an' Melissy seb'm. We work by the piece, you know, an' sence the chaps is died off, we have to pay out right smart for help that they done. With them, we used to make—all on us—as high as fifteen an' eighteen dollars a week. But look like Sam couldn't get ahead on that. He was puny, an' it took a heap for medicine, an' that's the fact. He took as many as ten an' fifteen bottles o' one kind o' stuff; an' then he'd swap to another that seemed to do him mo' good. That was over at Kesterson's. Hyer, we cain't make mo'n twelve dollars cl'ar, do what we may. Yit, ef I had the handlin' of that I mought save out something."

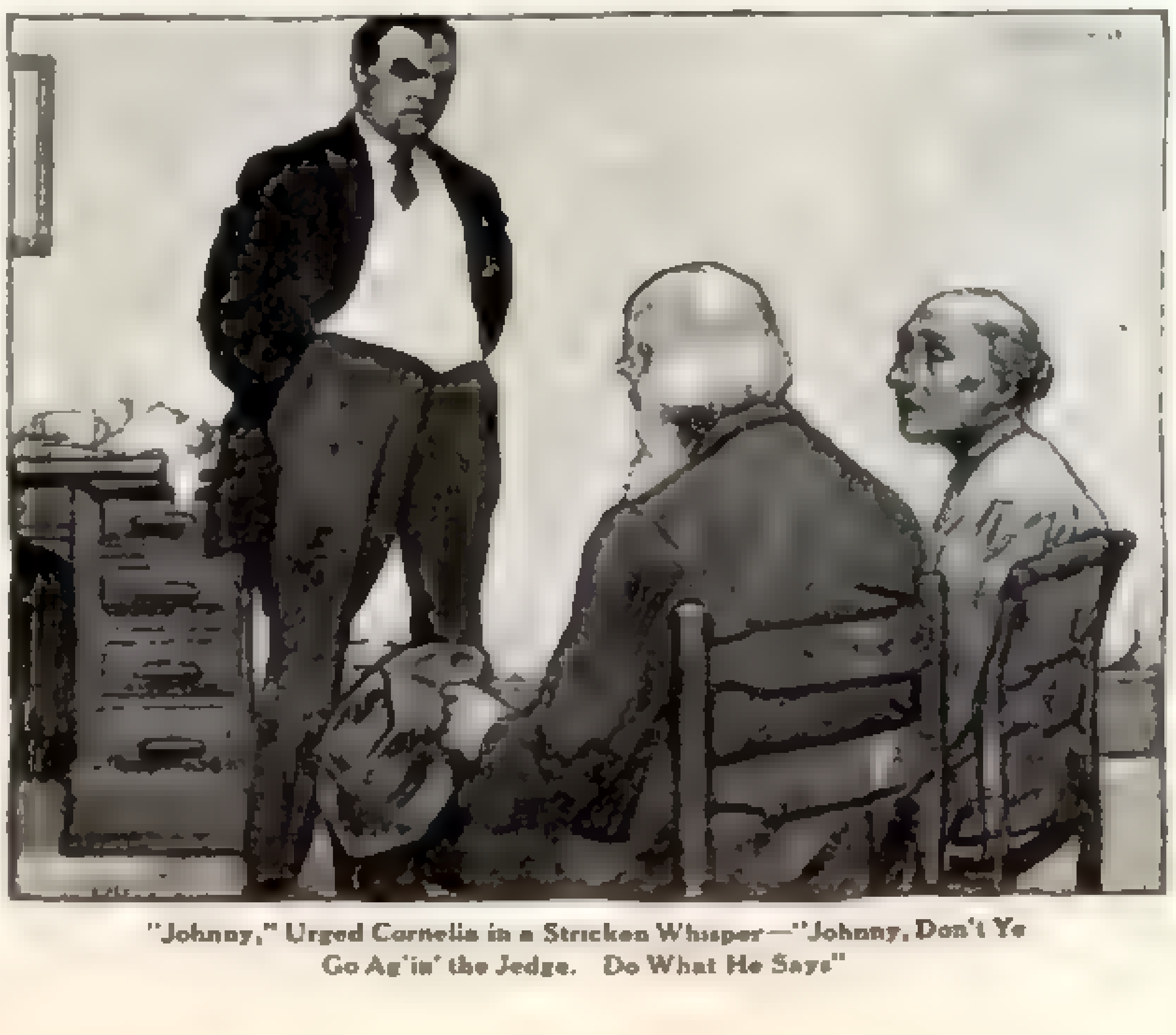
Pap John looked reflectively down at his hands.

"Well, I'm glad I stopped an' had speech with ye," the woman sighed and said. "Hit's done me good for to talk with some one from the mountings. They's two famblies lives in our house—you find 'em bunched up that way hyer, so's not to leave the house alone whilst the women an' chil'en is gone to the mill. I never did leave my house with a baby locked up in it as some do; I've knowed too many to ketch afire an' the child be burned up befo' they could git the mother out o' the mill to tell 'em they was a chap shut up in thar."

"Lord!" cried Pap John, aghast.

"Yes," said the woman bitterly, "sech is all in the day's work, when ye're owned by a cotton mill. Well, I must be gittin' along. We ain't got but forty minutes for noon hour to-day beca'se they's extra work. An' my man went out squirrel-huntin' this mornin'; he's apt to be home, an' hungry. I stopped to talk to ye beca'se I could see ye was jest down from the mountings, an' only to look at ye made me homesick."

When the children had finished their meal, Pap put them into the big wagon, where he had made a bed of quilts for Vadia, and drove back to the mountain cabin with them. Cornelia sobbed as she climbed on the big wheel to lift down her poor, little,



"Johnny," Urged Cornelia in a Stricken Whisper—"Johnny, Don't Ye Go Ag'in' the Jedge. Do What He Says" cough-racked, wasted shred of a girl, the child who, five months ago, had gone down to the mill stout and rosy; when she saw what had been sturdy Mart Luth carried in, his frost-bitten feet bandaged into shapeless, dangling bundles.

"We-all'll be skeered to go to sleep to-night—fear that old factory whistle'll wake us up in the mornin'," said little Jane Ann, as she cuddled down by the fire. But a peace and quiet that were heavenly, strange, almost ominous—brooded over the happy, reunited household. It was an unusually severe winter, but the wild weather was welcome to them, since it seemed to shut them in upon themselves, with the hostile world of the settlement rather effectually barred out.

Finally there came a day of milder air, when the sun shone and no snow was to be seen. Mart Luth, Janey and the little ones were out about the barn, shouting and frolicking around Pap John at his chores. Cornelia was just dishing up her dinner and had gone to the back door to call Pap and the children in, when Vadia's frightened, thin tones came to her from the room beyond.

"Mammy—they's somebody turnin' in at our gate. I'm skeered. Come, shet the door!"

She wheeled and ran in to the front room, where she found the child striving to push to the heavy, sagging portal which had been set wide with a brick against it to hold it open.

"What skeered ye, honey?" whispered Cornelia—but she knew too well. The mules hitched to the wagon at the big gate below were unfamiliar to her, whose eye instantly recognized every driving animal in the neighborhood; the man who climbed down to open the gate was a stranger but the one who sat upon the wagon seat, his head bent, his hat pulled low over his face, was certainly Pyriton Croucher!

"Whar's John?" quavered the wife—it was a cry, a prayer, a confession, not a question; and as she uttered it, Cornelia dropped the bar in place across the door she had hastily slammed, and fled to the barn, the children, who had met her at the back door, following in a wailing brood, like frightened little partridges after the mother hen. Half-way there Overholt met them, caught Cornelia's arm and let the children swarm upon and cling to them both.

"I'm hyer, Cornely, honey! Don't ye be worried," he cried heartily. "Hit ain't nobody but Py Croucher. What's to be skeered on?"

"Yes, sir," said the stranger, approaching them more closely, while Croucher sat in the wagon holding the mules, "hit's somebody besides Mr. Croucher. I'm the deputy sheriff of Talulah County"—the big, solemn rumble of his great voice was barely sufficient to maintain the overwhelming dignity and importance of his office—"an' I've got a warrant for the arrest of John Overholt."

VI

CORNELIA screamed and clutched John Overholt's arm more tightly. She looked with incredulous eyes into his face, then back over her shoulder at the sheriff.

"What for?" she asked. "What kin you 'a' trumped up against a good man to arrest him for?"

It crossed her mind that Pyriton in desperation had brought a charge of illicit distilling against the old man. That and murder are the crimes best known in the mountains, and, the Government punishing the former much more certainly and with greater severity, Cornelia had seen her neighbors dragged away on this charge, and knew the long widowhood, the cruel orphanage, of women and children whose husbands and fathers were in the penitentiary expiating this offense.

The county sheriff, great with a little brief authority, looked past, over—entirely through—the woman and addressed himself to the man. "This hyer's John Overholt? Very well, sir, I got hyer a bench-warrant issued by Judge Doak for yo' arrest on the charge of kidnapin' the three chil'en of Pyriton Croucher, and a order for you to bring into court the bodies of them said chil'en—Vady Sarah Croucher, Martin Luther Croucher an' Jane Ann Croucher. I reckon them's the chaps," and he dropped suddenly from his official tone to examining the piteous small group about Overholt's knees. "Croucher," he called, turning back over his shoulder (it had seemed to awaken no idea in his brain that the poor little quarry turned eyes of terror, apprehension and loathing upon the father who came after them with a warrant, and clung frantically to the man charged with the crime of kidnaping them), "come an' git yo' young-uns."

But at the words Vadia had grasped Luthy's hand, whispered to Janey, and the three fled swiftly in the direction of the cabin. Pap John faced the sheriff, and since mention of the children his countenance was ashen.

"Who does this here order come from?" he inquired hoarsely. "Who brings the charge?"

"The grand jury sot yesterday," uttered the deputy sheriff solemnly, employing all the sonority of his big voice; "and they've found a true bill against you. Co'se Mr. Croucher brung the—the crime befo' 'em."

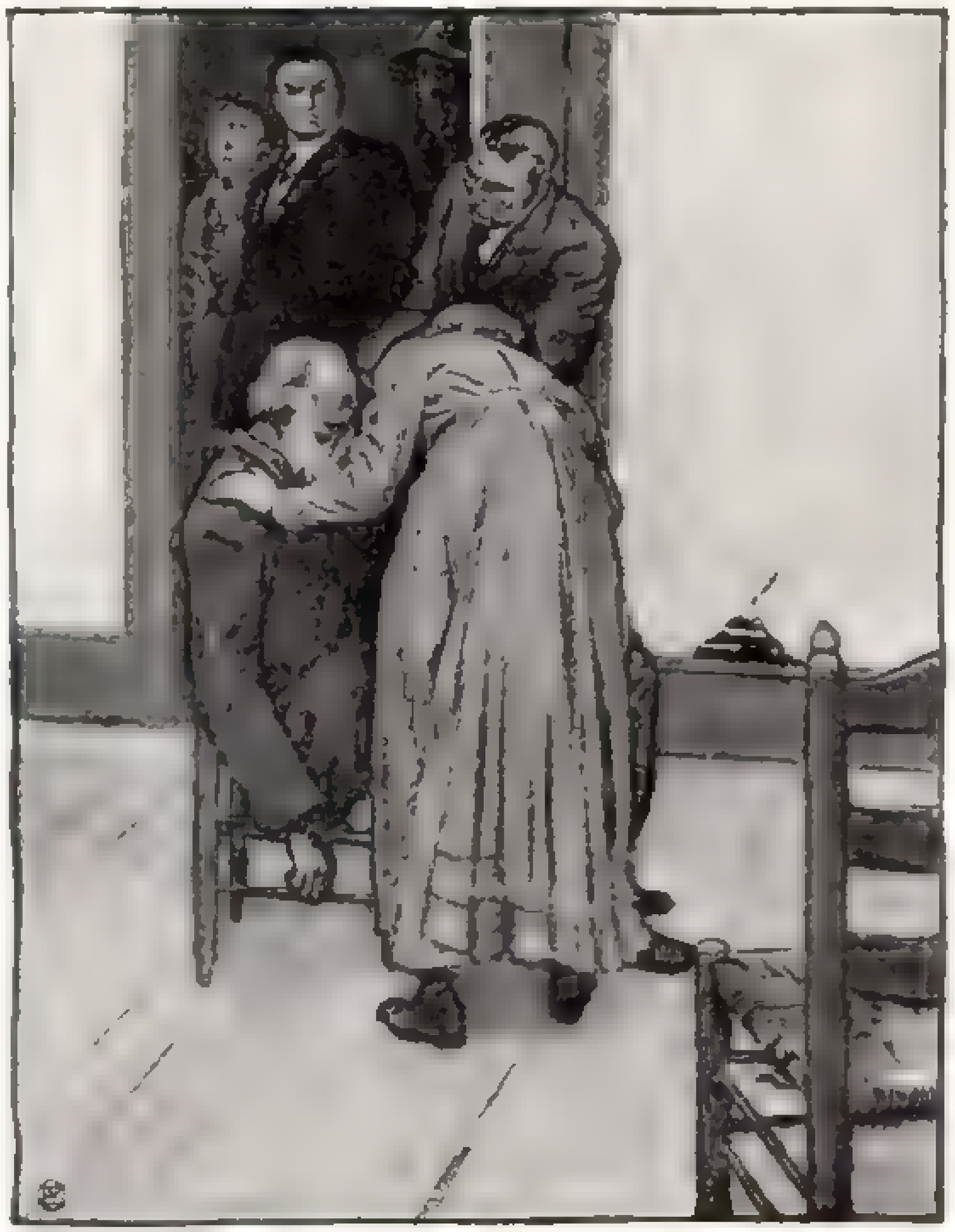
Then Cornelia and John realized what the delay had meant. Croucher had waited only long enough for the grand jury to sit.

"Can ye take the chil'en—now?" half-whispered Pap John.

"We sartinly kin," replied the deputy. "Mr. Croucher he's here to indentify 'em. He's standin' the expense of the mule team over and above what the law would allow me for a ridin' hawse. Kidnapin' is ser'ous business."

For the first and last time in her life Cornelia Overholt failed her husband at a critical juncture. Forgetting the children, not seeing that Croucher had pursued the fleeing trio toward the cabin, she sank, half-fainting, upon the old man's breast and cried out that he must not leave her—that it would kill him—he would die if they took him from her down to the dreadful jail at Garyville. Perhaps, it was as well. God sends strength to the unsupported. Some color came back into Pap John's face as he comforted his old wife.

"W'y, Cornely—Cornely, honey! Ye mustn't take on this-a-way. They cain't *hang* me. Disgrace? I thank the dear Lord for sech disgrace. Hit's only losin' the chaps that hurts me. *Whar air the chil'en?*"



Barr Ran Forward, Caught at the Neckband and, with a Quick, Dexterous Twist, Unbuttoned It

He turned, as well as he could with the babies who still hung and whimpered about his feet, and Cornelia drooping in his arms.

The front of the broad, old log house, at this end, was some few feet off the ground, backed up as it was against the side of Big Turkey Track. No sign of the three children anywhere appeared, but before this low, dark, straggling opening Pyriton Croucher stooped and hallooed, half-doubtfully, prodding vaguely into its depths with a light pole which he had picked up at the chip-pile.

"Hey, you-all chaps thar! You Mart Luth——. You an' them gals come out o' thar when I tell ye—hyer? I ain't gwine to hurt ye. Come out." He emphasized his words with a few random sweeps of the pole-end and a final more energetic prod. A shrill scream followed this last movement, and the watchers ran to the cabin, forgetting everything in that moment of common anxiety for the result of Croucher's blow. The deputy sheriff came up to his client, who had dropped the pole and now stood rather sheepishly explaining:

"I didn't aim to hurt none on 'em. They ort to 'a' come out when I told 'em to. Ef a man cain't—cain't—er, ain't I their pap? That thar's a light saplin'; hit ain't apt to injure nobody."

"Hit's my clo'es pole. Hit's got two nails stickin' out in the eend to hold the clo'es rope!" gasped Cornelia. It was she who caught up the bit of wood and drew it forth—the men all shrank from the simple act. As the nail-armed end came into view the whitish wood was seen to be blood-stained.

Pap John cried out at sight of it. There was a little stir, a rustling sound under the cabin, as though a brood of frightened chickens were hiding there. The deputy sheriff set his hands on his knees and bent down to peer into the gloom.

"I'm the shurf," he called, with most felicitous encouragement. "You-all chaps is obleeged to come outen thar."

No answer.

"Ax which one is killed, Cornely," whispered Pap John who had shuddered and turned away, gathering up the baby to hide his face against its little dress. But mild Cornelia was on her own ground now. Sheriff or no sheriff, this was her cabin.

"You men git back," she said turning to Croucher and the man from Gloriana. "They ain't comin' out whilst they can see you. Now, sir," appealing to the officer, "did you have a warrant for to git these hyer chaps—an' does it allow you—or Py Croucher—to cripple 'em up or to kill 'em a-tryin' to drag 'em off? I thort ye said my man was the one 'at ye come to arrest."

"Yes'm," said the deputy civilly. "We've got the law. I don't hold with this man runnin' a scantlin' under the house to get them chaps out. If he's killed or injured any of 'em, well, hit was a accident; an' he is their daddy; an' they wouldn't mind. Yit, I reckon, he mought have to answer for hit if any of 'em is killed. But they've got to come on this hyer warrant or it'll go worse with John Overholt. Jedge Doak he says that sech is a new offense that every day 'at he detains 'em unlawfully is—an' the grand jury can find again. Hit'll make it mighty bad for him if you cain't git them chaps outen thar.'"

"I'll git the pore little souls," said Cornelia quietly. Then she advanced and called, in a pathetic voice, "Come, Vady—mammy's big gal—fetch out little brother an' sister, beca'se if ye don't they' gwine to put pappy in jail for stealin' you-all."

There was perfect silence for a moment; then the three scared small creatures came creeping forth, little Jane with a torn and bleeding cheek, where the nail-shod pole had barely missed an eye, and the breast of her light-colored frock soaked with blood.

"Name o' God, man! Why didn't you aim lower?" growled the deputy sheriff, even his face reddening with reluctant shame.

"I did 'low to," drawled Croucher. "That-un must 'a' been scroochin' down. But," taking refuge in dogged anger, "what is it to you, Cave Render? Ain't you paid to do your duty? Ain't they my chaps? Ain't a man got a right to make his own chil'en mind—or to lick 'em ef they won't? You shet your mouth."

This advice—to the surprise of the listeners the "deputy shurf of Talulah County" at once accepted and put into application.

They drove away, Pap John sitting in the back of the wagon with his three children about him, Croucher and the sheriff on the front seat. To the children this arrangement was a blessed alleviation of their sufferings; for the childish mind can scarcely get beyond the present moment—it ever counts reprieve as pardon—and they still had pappy with them.

"An' ye don't want to turn off an' go through Hepzibah to see about gittin' bond?" the deputy sheriff asked when they had left the mountain far behind.

Overholt shook his head, without further reply.

"Eb Frazee's in Baltimo', buyin' his spring stock," suggested Croucher. And then, as nobody made any comment, he added, "I know in reason Frazee's the man he'd go to fer bond. Eb's got a-plenty, an' he'd stand fer Overholt I reckon."

"Py," began Pap John mildly, "I ain't a-gwine to miscall you befo' these chaps, beca'se ye claim kin with 'em; but you let my bond an' my name alone. I could git bond if I wanted it. I'd ruther go to jail."

When the time came that they were actually drawing into the squalid factory-town of Gloriana, terror of the imminent fact came home to the three children; they clutched Pap John hard and looked at him mutely, with piteous eyes.

"Don't ye cry, honeys. Pappy's gwine to fix it somehow," the old man reassured them.

They stopped in front of one of those rows of slant-roofed boxes which the Southern factory provides for its employees. It was that row in which Py Croucher had one room of a two-room house. Pap John murmured kindly encouragement to his little brood, declaring, "Pappy gwine to git bond and come back to see to you-all to-morrow or next day." Croucher let the children climb down and follow him into the house. Neither he nor the sheriff knew that they could not properly be removed from Overholt's custody to his without an order of the court. They were acting, as they supposed, within their legal rights. Then the last good-by was said, the sheriff gathered up his lines and drove on.

Ebless Frazee, the only moneyed friend Overholt had in the valley, was indeed away in Baltimore, buying goods; Cannon made no reply to the message sent him, and Pap John, in the Garyville jail, finally decided, with his usual childlike directness, to appeal to Alexander Barr. And promptly, in answer to that appeal, Barr came.

"You know I'm only the paid superintendent of the Gloriana, Mr. Overholt," he said. "If I lay a complaint before the stockholders, when something similar to your case comes up, they usually answer by telling me that they have done all the law calls for—and more—to render the Gloriana safe and wholesome for its operatives, and that my business is to see that the mill makes money."

Pap John sat on the edge of his jail cot, tortured with the sudden rheumatism to which his feeble circulation made him always liable, and which a night in the damp, ill-ventilated place had brought on. Yet he smiled as he answered:

"Well, I thort you ort to be told the right of this case."

"But why? Why tell me? I do my best. I give orders to the room-bosses that no children under a certain age are to be hired. But, very commonly, if they attempt to reject, out of five or six that are offered, some that are too young, the parents get angry and say they'll go down to the Orient where they can hire out anything that can walk and talk. Do you see? That takes away the older ones that we must have, if we try to pick and choose and get rid of the babies they ought to be ashamed to offer us. Sometimes, when a woman's a good weaver and we're needing her badly, her husband will take her out unless we promise to hire several of his children that are too small to be worked in any mill. That's the proposition we're up against, Mr. Overholt."

The Canadian sat long, looking frowningly at the floor. Ever since that first interview the figure of John Overholt had haunted him, the tear-bright eyes under thick, white lashes, the very inflections of the moving voice, brought back an old man who had been sleeping these many years beside far Northern waters, and the dead Scotchman's hand reached out now to defend the Southern mountaineer in his hour of need. With a sharp sigh Barr suddenly raised his head.

"Mr. Overholt, you look very much like my father," he said. "It makes me want to explain to you where the mill stands—and where I've got to stand—on the child-labor question. You mustn't get Croucher and the mill mixed up. It's this fellow Croucher that is taking the children away from you."

"Hit appears that way to you, does it, Mr. Barr?" said the elder gently. "Well, here's how it looks to me: they's some mean men everywhar—some folks too low-down to take keer of their own chil'en, but a mill like the Glorianar, whar little ones can be hired an' money made outen their flesh and bones—that's what sets them mean folks to hangin' on to any chaps they've got a claim ag'in', and not lettin' the pore little souls have no chanst."

"You make us accessory to the crime, Mr. Overholt, I see," returned Barr, a little bitterly. "What about your laws and law-makers here in the South?"

"I cain't see no way to git at one of ye without hittin' t'other," maintained Pap John with native dignity. "I reckon if you folks wanted a law ag'in' child labor ye could git it—ye git 'most everything ye do want."

"No, Mr. Overholt, my stockholders don't want any law against child labor—unless it could be a national one—a uniform one—that would place all the States on an equal footing in the matter. That's what brought the Gloriana to Georgia. You can scarcely expect them to stand for a law that would compel them to hire all adult labor while in other States which had no such law, the mills used child labor and undersold us—could you? But any man who has to wrestle with this matter as I do will certainly come to want some sort of regulation, and want it bad—if he's got a heart in him."

"If I git outen here," said the old man musingly, "my fust job is to get my own chaps back—or die a-tryin'. And if I do live through it, my next one'll be to work for that thar law you say yo' stockholders don't want. I'll be honest with you, Mr. Barr—I'll never quit whilst breath's in me. I'm a old man without much l'arnin', and very little money; but if you don't want to turn me a-loose for to fight this thing mebbe ye better not he'p me now."

"I don't care what you do when you get out," said the Canadian quietly. "I'm not helping you for the good of the company, but for the good of my own soul. Your case comes up before Doak, and he's a politician; any one that's got the votes can have him. He's a very solid man with the stockholders of the Gloriana. It's been convenient to me, in building up and conducting the mill, that -er—that this was so. But I don't know what he'll do for me individually, as against what he thinks to be the interests of the company—nothing, I'm afraid. Nevertheless, I'll go and see him, Mr. Overholt, and get your case called immediately—to-morrow, if possible. That will be better than for me to go on your bond—I could hardly do that, situated as I am."

The two men had risen now, and faced each other, while Barr put out his hand. "I'll send a message—one that will reach him, too—over to the man you've got in charge of your case. I wish you had a better lawyer than Cannon. He's a discouraged sort of old guy—seems to be always expecting the worst. However, I'll be in court to-morrow and I'll see the judge before the court opens, and we'll try to turn you loose to fight child labor and the Gloriana Mills, if that's what you want."

VII

GOD'S light came in ashamed through the grimed windows of the courthouse at Garyville. An old-fashioned brick structure which antedated the Civil War, its great-columned porch was classic in suggestion, and its big rooms should have been airy, if not imposing. But Talulah County was one of the most illiterate in the State, and the machinery of its law was in hands unclean with ignorance. The building had come down to an estate below decayed gentility; as though an ancient gentleman should embrace, not the well-brushed relics of his former standing, but the rags of a filthy beggar.

Circuit court was in session above-stairs, and along the straggling village street were little knots and groups discussing the most interesting case upon its docket, while the courtroom itself was full. Hepzibah and the Turkey Track neighborhoods had sent their contingents, and the loafers of Gloriana were out to a man.

The sentiment was almost entirely hostile to Pap John. The Overholts were scarcely known, the rights of the case in hand not at all; and, among shopkeepers, all sorts and classes of the rural tradesmen, and even the farmers who had produce to sell, the cotton mills were looked upon as providing, in their hundreds of employees, the only good market for wares.

In one of the smaller rooms below-stairs, office of the Ordinary of Roads, Squire Cannon sat and labored with his untoward client. "Why, for the Lord's sake, Overholt! I never heard about the thing till yesterday," fastening those melancholy black eyes on Pap. "In a fix like you are delay is the only chance. Doak's trying to get the nomination for Congress away from Carter Beaumont, and he's apt to, unless Beaumont can break his hold on these mill people that are backing him now. Then we'll have a new judge next term. They cain't elect a man I wouldn't rather try this case before than Doak. We ain't ready for trial, nohow."

"I hate to contrairy ye," replied the old man; "but I ain't a-gwine back to the mountings without my chil'en."

"Lord, Lord!" murmured Cannon; then, louder, "You're not goin' to ask me to make a plea to Doak—*to Doak!*—to give you custody of them children, are you?"

"Hit's what I want the trial for," explained Pap John wearily and simply.

Cornelia, who had come down, sat with the baby in her lap and the two other children drawn close against her skirts, not to interrupt the important discussion of the men. The door was open and squads of loungers paused to look in at the prisoner, his family and lawyer; they spat into the apartment reflectively and passed on, giving place to more sightseers.

"Well," Cannon sighed as he rose, hearing the court-crier announce the case of the State *versus* John Overholt—"Well, we may as well go up there and be slaughtered."

Cornelia, the baby on her arm, reached for her basket, gave the other hand to Lorena and whispered to little Penny, "Hold to mammy's dress, honey. I reckon the jedge and the lawyers wouldn't like it ef pappy went in leadin' ye."

"No witnesses—no nothin'," growled Cannon, collecting hat, stick and some bits of random memoranda he had made.

"Cornely, she can sw'ar to what Vady Croucher said afore she died, and to Croucher bein' gone plumb out of the mountings six months afore this youngest chap was bawn. That ort to do some good," appealed Pap.

"A wife cain't swear to nothin'—neither for nor against her husband—in a criminal case," jerked out Cannon. "We're beat right now. She better, enough sight, be out seein' can she git bond for ye—unless ye want to lay in jail."

As the remarks closed, the sheriff, who had stood at the door, ran across the hall and up the stairs, taking two steps at a jump. There he called to hasty council the prosecutor and Pyriton Croucher. Returning, a little out of breath, with a paper in his hand, he met the prisoner's party at the stairs' foot.

"Is yo' name Cornely Overholt?" he demanded of the woman.

She winced and drew away, shrinking instinctively toward Pap John's broad shoulder.

"I got a warrant here for yo' arrest," the sheriff pursued, pushing the paper upon her.

"What fer?" demanded John Overholt.

"The warrant'll show that."

Even Cannon was a little roused, the ruse was so shameless. "Did you-all just now have that thar paper written up?" he drawled.

"I been s'archin' for this woman all mawnin'," the sheriff asserted impudently.

"Look like the ink might 'a' had time to dry on the paper while you was a-lookin'," sneered the lawyer. "Well, sir, yo' paper is sarved. Let us pass on."

Half-dead with terror and despair, Cornelia stumbled up the filthy stairs. If she were arrested who was to help John? Who would take care of the little children? She sank into the chair to which Cannon guided her, and her thin shoulders shook with the difficult sobs of age.

"Don't ye take on so, Cornely, honey," murmured the old husband, bending close. "'Squire says they but arrested you to keep ye from he'pin' me. They won't harm ye."

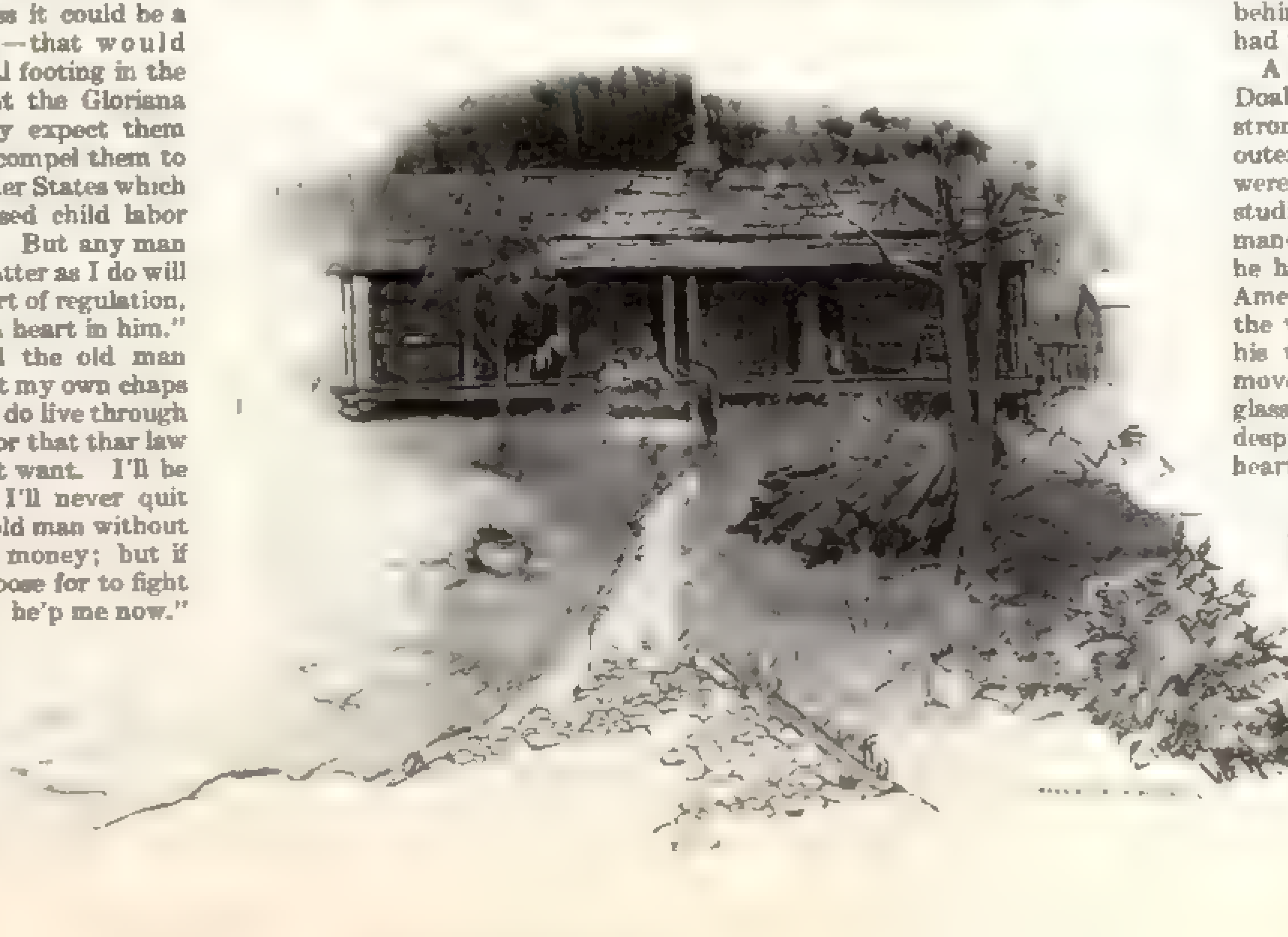
"Oh, Johnny—could ye think I was studyin' about myse'f? Hit's you I'm a-fearin' for. Ef I'm shut up somewhere, what'll become o' you?"

With an effort Cornelia raised her head and dried her eyes. She looked about the unfamiliar place into which she had come. The painted, plastered walls were a livid lead color, blotched with stains of damp, broken and showing the laths, and loaded with the dust of years, while as high as hand could reach they were scribbled like the walls of a schoolroom. Underfoot were the degraded, dishonored remains of a hemp carpet. The tall, pewlike seats were crowded with whispering, staring, tobacco-spitting spectators. In the middle of the high platform, which was reached by a flight of wooden steps at each end, and behind a table, sat the man whom she knew she had to dread.

A short, heavy, powerful figure was Fletcher Doak. The neck was thick, the face broad, the strong, black eyebrows lifted singularly at the outer corners above dark eyes whose whites were yellowish. With less and less hope Cornelia studied this man. There was an air of command about him, a dignity purely physical, and he had the outward marks of what we call, in America, a gentleman; but when he rose, lifted the water-pitcher and glass which stood upon his table, poured, drank and, with a single movement, pitched the remaining fluid from his glass down in front of him upon the poor, despised carpet at Cornelia's feet, her woman's heart sank.

Cannon now called her attention to the jury, sitting in seats which corresponded to the amen corner of a church. As one gazed upon these twelve good men and true who were soon to pass upon the liberty (and, as Cornelia knew, upon the life) of John Overholt, and to decide the future of three helpless children, one might have thought he was looking at the prisoners' dock of some city police-court.

(Continued on Page 29)



WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Meyer and a Son-in-Law

IN THE first place, George von Lengerke Meyer has money—rafts of it—and political ambition. In the second place, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, has a son-in-law, familiarly known—if anything connected in any way with the sacrosanct Lodge can be familiarly known as anything—as "Gussie," the last name being Gardner. In the third place, President McKinley listened to Lodge and was compassionate; and there you have the reasons for the newest Postmaster-General.

Conceding, of course, that Massachusetts has been standing for many years as the leader in thought and in action and in reform, and in everything else high-browed, it is curious that so many of her leading statesmen and patriots are rich. Mere money cuts no figure in Massachusetts, for it is known of all men that brains and culture count most. Still, accidentally, for it could happen in no other way, most Massachusetts statesmen of the present day would pay large dividends if smelted down for their stocks and bonds and other auriferous assets.

A Medium-Sized Ambition

SO WHEN our hero, George von Lengerke Meyer, essayed his first steps in politics he had thoughtfully provided himself with a rich father and a rich father-in-law. Thus equipped to fight his battle with the tough old world, he entered the common council of Boston and progressed—if it is progression—to the board of aldermen, and thence—downward or upward, as the case may be—to the State Legislature, and finally became Speaker thereof. About this time Mr. Meyer cast about. He was qualified to represent the Old Bay State in some other and greater capacity, and he selected the lower house of Congress. His was a medium-sized ambition. He did not, at that time, aspire to the Senate, nor had he thoughts of being President. Those might come later, but, for the present, he would be content to go to Congress.

There was panic in the house of Lodge. Son-in-law Gardner also had ambitions, and Papa-in-law looked on with indulgent eye. It was realized by Mr. Lodge that if Mr. Meyer remained in the country and went into the contest against Gardner that Gardner might have some trouble in getting to Washington, inasmuch as Mr. Meyer has fully as much wealth as the Lodges and a good, convenient acquaintance in the district and State. There was but one thing to do—that was to get something else for Meyer.

There were tentative conversations. Would Meyer curb his desire to be a statesman if he might become a diplomatist? Meyer would. In fact, Meyer had an idea he would be a gorgeous and golden success as a diplomatist, but he would have Mr. Lodge know that he was too wise to be shipped off to the middle of some South American country, or to be cast adrift on some bleak Northern shore. He wanted to enter diplomacy on a broad and liberal scale. That was the only way he would enter.

Lodge went up to the White House to find the lay of the land. There came a vacancy in the Ambassadorship to Italy. He asked President McKinley for it. President McKinley said Lodge could have it for Meyer, but Meyer must understand he was not to think Italy his life-billet. It was the opinion of President McKinley that about one year of Meyer as Ambassador to Italy would be a genteel sufficiency. Lodge consented. Meyer was appointed and went to Rome.

Then President McKinley was shot, and President Roosevelt succeeded him. Lodge was the particular and tenacious bosom friend of the new President, and, when the end of the allotted year for Meyer came about, he intimated to Secretary Hay that perhaps Meyer might be recalled. There were two immediate results. The first was that Mr. Meyer thought he would return home and try out that district for Congress when the opportunity offered. The second was that Mr. Meyer couldn't remember when or where he had been party to any agreement to quit at the end of a year.

"Believe Me, Yours on the Job"

SECRETARY HAY tried to convince Mr. Meyer he had reaped a large sheaf of honors, and it was distinctly time to hand over the sickle to somebody else. It was all very polite and nice, but the gist of it was that Mr. Meyer might hand in his resignation as Ambassador to Italy whenever he found it convenient. "Dear Mr. Secretary," wrote Meyer in reply: "I find the climate here agreeable and the duties most interesting. In short, I am charmed with the place, and, while thanking you for your kindly interest in my behalf, I beg to assure you that I have no intention of resigning. Far be it from me to leave my country's affairs in this foreign land in inexperienced hands in this crisis. Kind regards to Mrs. Hay, and, believe me, yours on the job," or words to that effect.

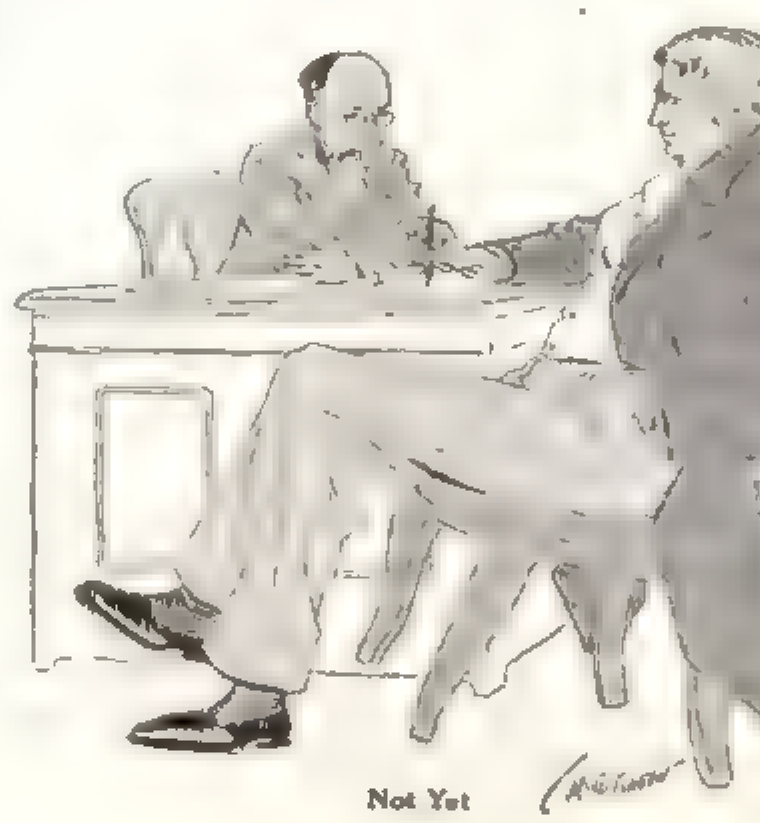
George von L. Meyer, Postmaster-General

Mr. Hay tried again and again. Meyer replied each time that it was great to be Ambassador to Rome, that the place suited his complexion and he really couldn't think of changing. Mr. Hay was averse to anything unpleasant. Lodge was camping on Meyer's trail, but Hay passed the affair over to Francis B. Loomis, then First Assistant Secretary of State, and Loomis began a series of "Please quit" letters, in the way of hints, covered with gelatine, but there, just the same. Meyer failed to understand, but one day, when it was raining or his breakfast didn't agree with him or something of the kind, he asked Loomis what in thunder he was driving at, anyhow, and Loomis, being himself in the mood for rectangular language, told Meyer that his time was up and his room was better than his company.

"Resign?" asked Meyer in reply. "Massachusetts never resigns! Massachusetts does not desert the flag! I am here and, what is more, I never made any agreement to quit, and, if you desire some other information that may be of value to you, I was appointed to this place by the President of the United States, and I won't think of resigning until he asks me to. All Cabinet Ministers and Assistant Cabinet Ministers please take notice, and I would be obliged to you if you would post this up in a conspicuous spot."

A Hint to Mr. Gussie Gardner

JUST at this critical period in our hero's history the President reached into Congress and took William H. Moody out to be Secretary of the Navy. This left the opening for the Lodge son-in-law, Gussie. And just about this time also word percolated into the Lodge headquarters that if Lodge didn't quit fussing about resignations of Ambassadors to Italy, naming no names, but being reasonably specific as to whom was meant, a certain Ambassador to Italy would resign, take the first boat home and give Mr. Gussie Gardner such a run for that nomination to Congress to succeed Moody that the whole Lodge family would have the time of its life in getting Gussie the place. And, the message went on to say, life as Ambassador to Italy had a broadening effect on a man's political views. It was not at all impossible, if Mr. Lodge should decide to insist on a compact that wasn't recognized, that a certain Ambassador to Italy might take a shy at a United States Senatorship reposing in the archives of the Lodges, and see what he could do toward getting a toga for the Meyers.



Not Yet

The dilemma seemed to be sprouting horns every minute. This Meyer was a determined person. Moreover, the Senator from Massachusetts discovered that Meyer had made a good deal of a hit with President Roosevelt by the plucky way he held on to his place, and Lodge capitulated. He retired from the ring. He sent word to Meyer that far be it from him to urge Meyer to get out or to urge anybody to get him out. He was personally of the opinion that Meyer was, perhaps, the greatest Ambassador to Italy this country ever had, and wouldn't he please consider the incident closed so far as Lodge was concerned?

Meantime, Meyer was making a good Ambassador. The President liked him, admired his facility for sitting tight, and found he was a valuable man. So, when there came a vacancy at St. Petersburg, he sent Meyer there, and when, last fall, he shook up a few names in a hat for his regular quarterly Cabinet shift he drew out Meyer's for Postmaster-General, and Meyer is there now, in the Cabinet, filled with honors and, undoubtedly, compelled to chuckle, not to say chortle, every now and then.

Sons-in-Law as Household Appendages

AND thus does the eventful life of George von Lengerke Meyer teach us, dear children, the value of sons-in-law as household appendages, for it is extremely improbable that our hero could have risen from his humble estate as an alderman of the city of Boston to the proud eminence of the Postmaster-Generalship had it not been that the Honorable Augustus Peabody Gardner is the son-in-law of the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge. It teaches us that a son-in-law in another family, where there are political ambitions, is worth two in your own. It teaches us that other people's relatives may be our friends, and that the way to hang on to a place is not to let go.

An Eleventh-Hour Prayer

CLARENCE J. SHEARN, who was a candidate for Attorney-General on W. R. Hearst's Independence League ticket in New York last fall, and who was the principal speaker in the Hearst campaign aside from Mr. Hearst himself, has a small son who is an ardent admirer of Hearst. The boy was much cast down by his hero's defeat.

On the night after election he told his mother he wanted to pray for Mr. Hearst when he said his prayers; and, after he had finished his "Now I lay me" and had asked God to bless papa and mamma, he put in a fervent petition for Mr. Hearst.

A day or two later Shearn told Hearst about it.

Hearst smiled sadly and said: "I wish he had begun a month earlier."

The Hall of Fame

¶ There are two former newsboys in the United States Senate—Smith, of Michigan, and Curtis, of Kansas.

¶ Senator Kittredge, of South Dakota, gets up at half-past five every morning, and is always at the Capitol at seven o'clock.

¶ Carter Harrison, former Mayor of Chicago and aspirant for the place again, would rather go fishing than anything, except go hunting.

¶ Senator Dupont, of Delaware, graduated at the head of his class at West Point in 1861, and served with great distinction during the Civil War.

¶ The story that Delphin Delmas, the California lawyer who defended Thaw, uses a curling-iron on the lock that hangs down over his forehead is not true.

¶ William Travers Jerome, District Attorney of New York, really does make clocks at his country home at Lakeville, Connecticut. He has a private machine-shop there.

¶ Paul D. Cravath, the great New York lawyer, is a giant physically as well as mentally. His friends and the friends of Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Insurance Company, have been trying for years to arrange a wrestling match between the two men.

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Gambling on a Slump

WE READ that the current valuation of the country's leading industries, as shown by the market price of their stocks, shrank a billion dollars within a couple of days recently, while the industries themselves were more prosperous and profitable than ever before. Also, that such and such persons made great gains by anticipating the shrinkage, while others, less astute or lucky, suffered heavy losses.

As time passes it appears more clearly that the public policy in respect to the great business interests for which the President stands is not destructive, but truly conservative; is, in the main, for the highest good of business itself. Leading exponents of business, thinking and speaking as business men, begin rather generally to acknowledge this.

So we should be getting on famously if it were not that the Stock Exchange so sadly complicates the situation. It is not at all concerned with the ultimate effect upon business of a certain policy, but only with the immediate effect that can be extracted from it in the way of jiggling prices up or down.

Says Big Business: "This policy may be quite beneficial, but I'll bet a hundred million dollars it will scare somebody stiff." As a matter of fact, it is not nearly so much the policy as the bet itself—the selling of stocks—that does scare somebody stiff. A slump follows. Then we hear excited arguments as to what the policy did to business.

That Big Business cannot form any opinion about itself without promptly betting a goodly fraction of the national debt that it is right is a very complicating and injurious circumstance.

Still the Same Old Hub

THEY still have something of the Brahmin profile beneath the gilded dome of the Boston Statehouse. Emerson and Lowell and Longfellow may have passed on and become "classics"; but in their place there are Lawson and Whitney and Moran. The memorable Atlantic Monthly still does business on the same respectable lines in the shadow of the Park Street Church. They have "the" Subway, "the" Symphony Orchestra and "the" Park System. It is still the Hub—to itself—and something of conscious satisfaction thereat gleams on the classic countenances of the modern Puritans. There is the United States of America, and there is Boston, and for eternity Boston will be aware of the distinction.

It is not a bad thing to be content with one's self, although it may irritate the neighbors. Self-conscious merit gives a lift to the nose, a steely glare to the eye, a curl to the lip that is half the battle of life. Boston presents a starched front to the lesser civilizations of the world. And the miles of neat little detached houses throughout the ring of suburbs suggests a solid basis for all this self-satisfaction. Boston, as the real-estate agents say, is "a city of homes."

Congratulations to Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA, in passing to Statehood, has prepared a Constitution. The framing of this organic act engaged the best political thought of the Territory, in convention assembled, for one hundred and fifteen days. It is the only State Constitution to be framed under strictly modern conditions, with the public mind more fully alive than formerly to possible dangers of corporate usurpations. The vastly important work seems to have been well done. We hasten to congratulate Oklahoma upon the result.

There is not any too much time for congratulations, because the new Constitution goes into effect in a few months, and then Oklahoma's troubles with it will begin. Philosophers invented Constitutions—not for the good of mankind, but because to frame one is the most joyous of all philosophic exercises. Philosophy is the art of imagining that you are saying the last word.

Philosophic systems which have no sanction, beyond that which arises from their own merit, go to pot under the eroding action of time in from ten to fifty years. Erected into the organic law of a State, they last longer—to the great vexation of the people of the State.

Not that we would have Oklahoma do anything so shocking as join her sister States without the stays, the hoops, the crinoline, the chignon and the stomacher of a Constitution. We would merely have her add to that wise document one small section, as follows:

"This Constitution may be amended at any time, in any particular, by a simple act of the legislature."

Trial by Emotion and Prejudice

MOYER *et al.* are again up for trial in Idaho, charged with the murder of a former Governor of that State. This is a union labor case, and local public opinion is almost as much excited as it was in Colorado when, on the one hand, labor unions were believed to have resorted to anarchy, and, on the other hand, business interests connived at a suspension of the Constitution and applauded military despotism.

Fair-minded outsiders agree in expressing a hope that Idaho will rise superior to all mere prejudice and give the accused an absolutely impartial trial according to the law and the evidence. Other outsiders piously hope that Idaho will hang the accused, anyhow, as a desirable warning to reckless labor unions.

Why demand the millennium of Idaho? Twenty years ago Illinois hanged some anarchists, largely because an overwhelming public opinion decreed that they should die. The Empire State has just been spending a fortune in the trial of a murderer, not at all by cold abstractions of law and evidence, but by every appeal to emotion and prejudice. In New England recently a young man was condemned to death for the murder of his sweetheart, not that there was conclusive evidence that he had killed her, but because he had treated her with heartlessness.

Generally a man gets a trial by his peers, with all their prejudices, illogical prepossessions and unreasoned emotions—not by archangels.

Shaking the Railroad Plum Tree

THE following item appeared in the daily press shortly before the recent deplorable slump in stocks: "Mr. —— sold out the bulk of his holdings of Reading common between 150 and 155 last fall. The stock was never transferred from his name, so that he was virtually short of it, and borrowed certificates for delivery on his sales-contracts. Had the price gone against him—that is, advanced—he no doubt would have delivered his investment stock. But at no time was this course necessary."

Mr. —— is a director of Reading, influential in its affairs, and believed to be one of the largest individual holders of its shares. We have no knowledge as to the truth of this item. Everybody knows, however, that the transaction which it alleges is by no means uncommon among high financiers. Whoever had gone short of Reading common last fall could have covered during the slump at a profit of about fifty dollars a share.

When stocks decline it does not by any means necessarily follow that the gentlemen who have most to do with them are losing money. They may, on the contrary, be finding the decline very profitable. It is important to bear this in mind when it is alleged that this or that public policy is injuring business as measured by stock-market quotations.

Saving Neighbor Jones

THE Arizona Legislature has passed an act prohibiting steer-tying exhibitions, long the most popular amusement of that region.

This, we have no doubt, was a humane, moral and proper thing for the legislature to do. Just across the Mexican border are bull-rings, which derive their support largely from virtuous Northern tourists, who like to slip over and see for themselves what this bloody diversion, so dear to the Mexican populace, is really like. It is quite surprising to hear how knowledgeously some good people from Bangor and Des Moines can speak about the game after there have been several fights.

There isn't any moral. Only we often wonder how much—or how little—of our legislative virtue is for our own good, and how much for the good of our neighbors. Our own virtue is so well grounded that we can see even a bull-fight without harm—and derive important educational benefit from contemplating the custom of a strange people. But it would be a terrible thing for Jones. We will save him from it.

This cannot be a moral, because it is obviously quite immoral. It is prompted by an indefensible sympathy for Jones. Suppose, as he is being so multifariously saved, he should arise and demand, of those who vote "Aye," that all who have been in Mexico lift the right hand.

Wonders of a Day's News

ON ALMOST the same day many enterprising newspapers, at points widely separated in the United States, paid telegraph tolls for articles alleging that eminent scientists had discovered a method of weighing the human soul; that recalcitrant disciples of Dowie were visibly withering away by the score under the curse of the dead prophet; and that Vice-President Fairbanks' press-agents were astounded by the extent and vehemence of a spontaneous indorsement, at Chicago, of his Presidential boom—which they had carefully prearranged and kept on ice until they were ready to use it.

No wonder Europeans say we have no art, because we are lacking in the prime element of imagination. Any elevator-boy, we should think, if inspired by promise of a dime, could have evolved news items quite as striking and considerably more probable than any of these. Yet the press paid a lot of money for having them sent over the wire. After all, lying is a rarer accomplishment than most people give it credit for being.

The Squedunk Commuters

IN PENNSYLVANIA the railroads have been hard at the old game of throwing a scare into the ranks of commuters and trade organizations by letting it be known that, if a uniform two-cents-a-mile passenger rate was enforced, as proposed by a bill just passed, it would be impracticable to continue the reduced fares now offered to purchasers of monthly tickets and the like and to visiting members of large conventions. Protests from the people against the passage of this bill, we are told, were poured in upon the people's representatives.

'Twas ever thus. Railroad Napoleons rise and are written down in the book of fame for their genius and daring in blowing financial soap-bubbles and linking trackage to trackage; but, with all their inventiveness, not one of them, when threatened with a legislative strait-jacket, has yet found anything quite so effective as that time-honored Appeal to Reason. If only the railroads can make Jones feel that his proposition to lessen charges to the traveling public at large is going to double the cost to him of his daily ride in from Squedunk, Jones goes up in the air and writes a burning epistle to his legislative representative upon the iniquity of making him (Jones) pay the bill of a lot of people he never heard of. And so with the Trade Associations. Once it is pointed out to them that the proposed bill means no more special reduced rates for the convention of Shoelace and Collar-Button Buyers, immediately they call emergency meetings and get all heated up.

Why, who ever heard of such a thing as this bill? Nothing more nor less than an attack on the Shoelace and Collar-Button Trade, and a body-blow at local business into the bargain! Why weren't we better informed? Why weren't those railroad reformers more careful? Couldn't they see that the measure was going to be a boomerang? And so they pass resolutions, and a lot more of the people's representatives are loudly called on to down the obnoxious bill.

So it goes. The railroads create a fine public sentiment with very little work, and for them the way is clear. Usually, the bill proves to be an addled egg. If, on the other hand, the bill becomes a law, they are able to say with a fine air of detachment: Well, these new rates to commuters are of your representatives' own making. Go after them, why don't you?

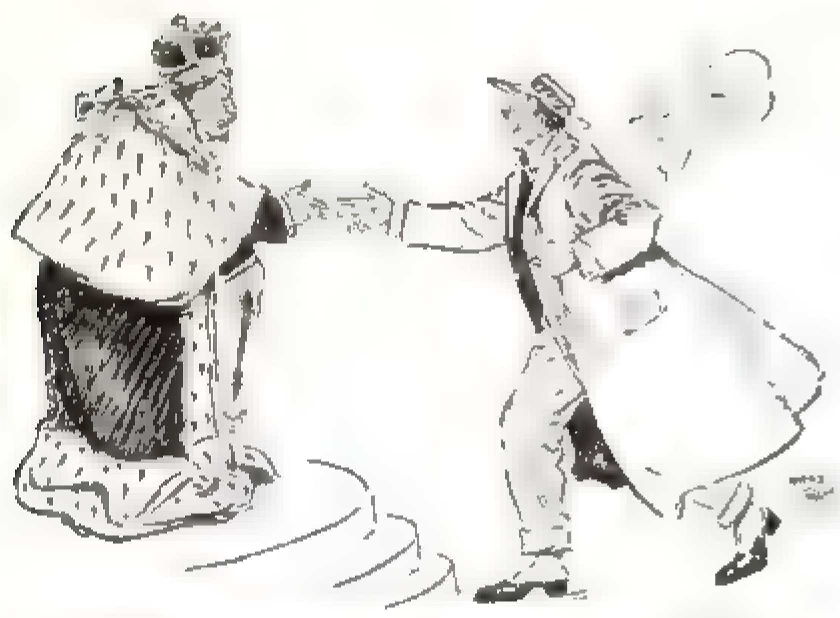
But for all this, we confess to a certain skepticism. We cannot close our ears to the persistent question: What if the two-cents-a-mile bill does become a law? What then? What will the railroads *do?* Will they really take away Jones' commutation ticket and charge the Shoelace and Collar-Button Buyers the same price as an individual traveler? Will they make good their threats? We wonder. And a still, small voice—not the voice of conscience—says, Nay, nay. For a good many years it has paid the railroads to give Jones that commutation ticket and, with special rates, to encourage the assembling of the Shoelace and Collar-Button Buyers. There is no sufficient reason to believe that it would not continue to pay them to do these same things under the new conditions. Furthermore, even if the railroads made good their threats, we have an idea that Jones and the Shoelace and Collar-Button Buyers would raise a howl compared to which the clamor resulting from the Federal investigation of railroads would be as but the cooing of a sucking dove. And nobody knows this better than the railroads.

The trouble is, Jones forgets how many of him there are, or rather he is prone to be a little suspicious of the rest of the family.

The Coming Parliament of Man

As Seen from the Capitals of Europe. III—Rome

BY WILLIAM T. STEAD



The Notion Which Prevails in Some Newspaper Offices

ROME, once the capital of the pagan world, Rome, still the capital of the Catholic world, is, of all the cities of Europe, that in which can best be studied the play of the rival forces which will come into action at The Hague. The position of Italy is peculiar. Many years ago, with Germany and Austria, she became a member of the Triple Alliance. But she entered into this alliance, not from love, but from calculation dictated by the instinct of self-preservation. Germany desired the support of Italy in case she were attacked by France and Russia. For Italy the *quid pro quo* was an insurance against being attacked by her old enemy, Austria, whose transformation into an ally gave her security on her northern frontier. But it was with the Triple Alliance as it is usually with unions based on calculation rather than on affection. Italy, without seeking a divorce from her Austro-German husband, consoled herself by an agreement with the French Republic. The situation is perfectly understood and tacitly tolerated. Neither in Berlin nor in Vienna is the rôle of complaisance much relished. But they cannot help themselves, and must perforce be content.

The Italians make no disguise of their sympathies with the French, and rather relish an opportunity of showing their Austro-German partners that the Alliance in no way limits their liberty, excepting in the case of a war arising, which would compel them to support their northern allies in the field. At Algeciras, for instance, where Germany and France contended with each other over the *corpus vile* of Morocco, the Italian representatives preserved an attitude of perfect neutrality. Germany resented it, and somewhat ostentatiously proclaimed the fact by the Kaiser's telegram to the Austrian Foreign Minister. The Kaiser's displeasure, however, in no way daunted the Italians. It may, indeed, have incited them to a still more significant exercise of their independence. Almost on the same day on which I arrived in Rome, a telegram from Vienna was published in all the papers, announcing that an agreement had been arrived at that at The Hague Conference the three powers were to demonstrate the solidity and the unity of the Triple Alliance by acting as a unit on all questions that were to come up. There was to be no more neutrality, as at Algeciras. Italy was to fall into line, and the three powers were to march as one.

The significance of this hint was unmistakable. But it was thrown away upon the Quirinal. I had the honor of being received by Signor Tittone, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, the day after my arrival. Signor Tittone is a shrewd and cautious Italian, who has the reputation of inscrutability. "You never can get anything out of Tittone," they told me. But I found him frank and outspoken. Signor Tittone is familiar with England and English statesmen. He had had the advantage of meeting, the previous day, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the Viceroy and Vicereine of Ireland. The King's cousin, the Duke of Abruzzi, had just been received with enthusiasm in London, and the King of England was about to pronounce, in sonorous terms, the strong ties of sympathy and affection which unite England and Italy. The moment was propitious, and I arrived at the Foreign Office in the very nick of time. Signor Tittone received me with the utmost cordiality, and replied to my questions without reserve.

The Situation is Perfectly Understood and Tacitly Tolerated

"Italy," he said, "would energetically second the initiative which England intended to take at the conference in favor of a limitation of international armaments." He entirely concurred in the contention of the British Foreign Minister that it was beyond the power of any one state arbitrarily to forbid the discussion of a question which all the other powers regarded as of supreme importance. It was difficult, of course, to devise measures which could effectively secure the end in view. But the more difficult the question, the more necessary was the discussion. On that point Italy associated herself absolutely with Great Britain and America.

This was good hearing. Because, if the Triple Alliance is to act as a unit, we shall hear no more of the opposition of Germany to that discussion of armaments to which her Italian ally is publicly pledged. Not less satisfactory was the hearty enthusiasm with which Signor Tittone welcomed the prospect of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman appearing at The Hague as the first British plenipotentiary. "That would be a great step," said Signor Tittone. "It would transform the whole character of the conference. If he were to consent to go, then I or some other minister would also go. A conference of ministers would be a much greater thing than a conference of diplomatists or international jurists."

The delegates nominated for The Hague are Signor Tornielli, the present Italian Ambassador in Paris, and Signor Pompili, the present Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Signor Pompili, whose acquaintance I first made in 1899, when he represented Italy at The Hague Conference together with the veteran Count Nigra, is entirely in accord with the views of his chief as to the importance of dealing with the question of armaments. Italy's finances are in a flourishing condition. Her credit on the Bourse is even better than that of Germany. But the country is poor. The need of money for the improvement of railways and the development of education is great. Every penny saved off armaments would be a penny appropriated to the social and intellectual amelioration of the condition of the people.

I found everywhere in Italy only one opinion. Italy is for peace. All Italians are for peace. Even the Irredentists, who sigh for their Italian-speaking brethren in Trieste and Fiume who are still under "Austrian bondage," do not propose to deliver them by force of arms. In a single-handed fight, Austria could whip Italy, and the Italians have no desire to challenge her to a combat. There are possibilities of a collision if the Ottoman Empire were to go to pieces on the expected death of the Sultan. But the sick man has been so unconscionably long in dying that the contingency of a sudden division of his inheritance hardly crosses the mind of his neighbors. Italy would be delighted to reduce her army, to lighten the cost of her navy, and no one would be better pleased than she if the building of naval leviathans were to be imperatively forbidden. But when I ask why this cannot be done, they reply, as everybody in Paris and in London replied, by one word: "Germany."

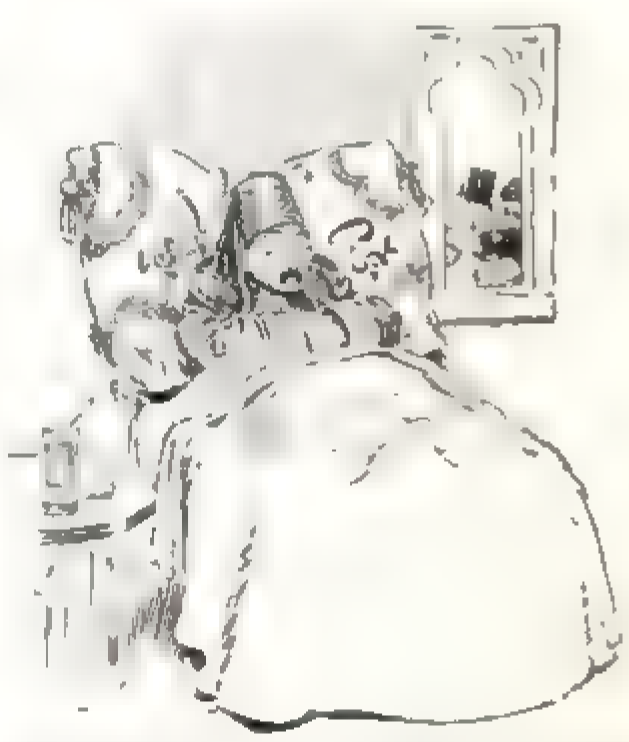
A distinguished diplomatist, with whom I lunched just before leaving Rome, expressed in vigorous terms the almost universal conviction: "Why are we all groaning under armaments which none of us want, but which all of us must endure? Why are we ground down by taxation, crippled in our finances, embarrassed at every turn for want of the money needed for social reform? Why? I will tell you why. It is because the Kaiser of Germany blocks the way. Let him change his policy—that is all that is needed. He is only one man, but his refusal to consent to an arrest of armaments makes him the scourge of the whole world."

If highly-placed statesmen can speak with such vehemence, it is not difficult to realize the intensity of feeling that found expression in the general election which was held recently all over Germany. Upon the issue of that election, or, rather, upon the effect of the result of that election upon the Kaiser's action, the whole of Europe hung for weeks.

I had the good fortune to be received by the King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel II, in the Quirinal, and by his mother, Queen Margherita, in the Margherita Palace, where she holds her courts since her husband's death. Cardinal Manning long ago laid down the law that it was a kind of *lèse-majesté* to interview sovereigns, ambassadors or princes of the church. There is a certain dignity that doth hedge around a sovereign which bids the interviewer avaunt! Kings and Kaisers may, however, from time to time, for purposes of their own, stoop from their thrones to take the world into their confidence; but the notion which prevails in some newspaper offices that "interviews with Kings" can be ordered by the half-dozen by cable, and dispatched by return, finds little favor in European courts. I have five times had long conversations with Russian Czars, but have never published an interview with either Alexander III or Nicholas II.

The King of Italy spoke his mind on the subject with characteristic directness. I had remarked that I was not interviewing him, to which he replied: "If you had been, you would not have seen me. I don't like interviews. There are many honorable men in your profession. But there are some who are very much the reverse. If you allow them to say anything, they put into your mouth all kinds of nonsense which you never said or thought. You may contradict it, but it is no use. They persist that your contradiction is formal, and that you said what they invented, after all. Pah!" he said with an expression of disgust; "no more interviews for me!"

Victor Emmanuel reminded me in many ways of the Emperor Nicholas II. Both sovereigns have extremely intelligent heads, graceful bodies and very short legs. When they sit in the saddle they appear to be men of ordinary stature. But when they dismount they are at once discovered to be below the average height. The Czar is taller than the King, who is the smallest sovereign in the world. But Victor Emmanuel has the advantage over the second Nicholas in vigor and snap.

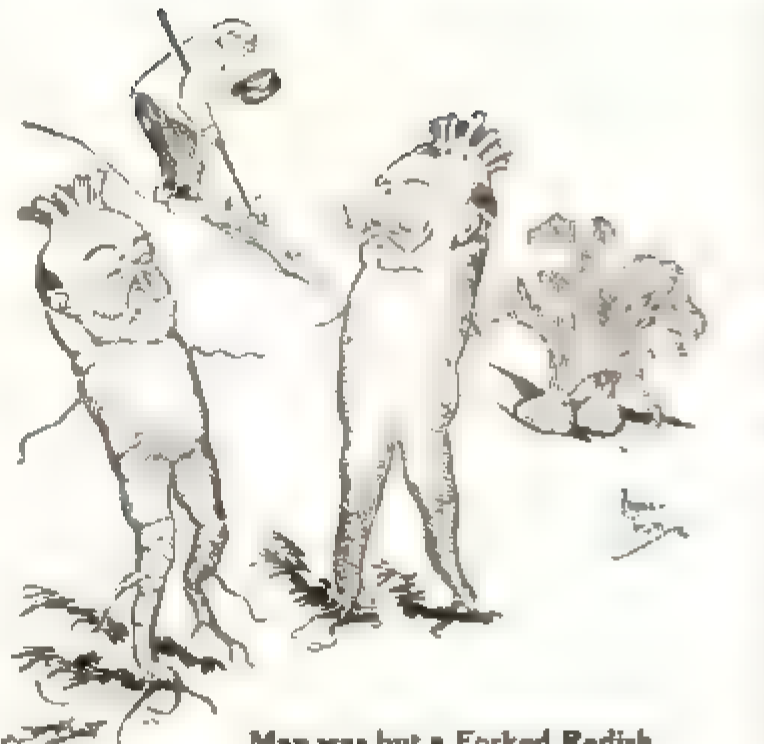


The Sick Man Has Been so Unconscionably Long in Dying

The two sovereigns are not unlike in their temperament. The Czar is so sympathetic and so kind-hearted that he cannot bear to give pain to any one by disagreeing with him. The King is so absolutely faithful to his conception of the rôle of a constitutional monarch that he refuses to speak upon political affairs to any but his ministers for the time being. One of his former prime ministers, who ventured to disregard the royal signal that he was trenching upon forbidden topics, told me that it was months before he was forgiven. It is curious to find everywhere the evidence of a revival of the faith of the people in Kingship.

In America, President Roosevelt, being only first citizen of the Republic, acts with more independence and expresses himself with more vigor than any Emperor in the world, save one. In Russia, the one lamentation of every one is that there is an autocracy without an autocrat. In Italy, the complaint of the opposition is that the King fails to realize his responsibility as a moderating force in the realm. In England, the Liberals are helpless against the House of Lords, without the consent of the King to use his prerogative to enable the Commons to prevail over the hereditary House. Only in Germany, where they have the modern kingship *in excelsis*, is there any disposition to resent government by the governor or leadership by the ruler.

Both King and Czar, however far they may fail in satisfying the exigent demands of their subjects, have alike succeeded in attaining the summit of domestic felicity. It would be impossible to say which sovereign has married the more beautiful woman, or which is more absolutely devoted to his wife. Model husbands and fathers, they both rejoice to forget the affairs of state in the simple joys



Man was but a Forked Radish

of family life. The Montenegrin Queen has, however, a keener interest in public affairs, is more sympathetic and approachable than the Anglo-German Empress. No doubt there is less pressure of terrorism upon the Italian court than that which confines the Imperial court to Tsarskoe-Selo or Peterhof, but, even when all allowance has been made on that score, it is impossible not to be impressed by the different degrees of enthusiasm that are excited by the wives of Victor Emmanuel and Nicholas.

The rule in both courts is "early to bed and early to rise." In the fresh cool of the morning the King loves to rush in an automobile through the vast expanse of the Campagna. In the afternoon he receives visitors. He is the most accessible of monarchs, spending four or five hours every day in receiving all sorts and conditions of men, but when night comes he shies at the additional corvée of holding receptions for fashionable society. He retires to rest at the time a ball would be beginning, and in summer-time is off in his automobile when the last dancers would be making their way home.

On the subject of my mission, it would have been impossible to have found any man more cordial and more enthusiastic than the King. He expressed himself in the warmest terms as to the value of all efforts made to promote the cause of peace. Peace, which some derided as Utopian, seemed to him to be becoming more and more the normal rule of the life of nations. The expedition to Pekin and the pacification of Crete are instances of the growing ability of nations to act together in coöperation without quarreling, and the very immensity of modern armaments affords a guarantee against a sudden intemperate appeal to arms. With the English proposals for an arrest of armaments and the limitation of the size of battleships he was heartily in accord. And also with regard to the other proposals, for a peace budget and the making obligatory of special mediation, I was delighted to find the King most sympathetic.

In a previous letter I referred curiously to the revolutionary effect of the introduction of aeroplanes in warfare. On that subject I found the King was most keenly interested. M. Santos-Dumont had preceded me by about three weeks. He had been received by the King, to whom he had unfolded the hopes which he entertained of the conquest of the air.

The Italian military engineers who are studying the question declare that in a very few years the sky will be full of aerial machines, whose advent will entirely destroy the value of all the enormous plants which nations have invested in the appliances of war on land and sea. To the practical and economical Italian mind, it seems something akin to madness to invest ten million dollars in a monster ironclad which a couple of aeroplanes, costing each no more than a first-class automobile, might put out of action, even before she had left the dock.

When waiting for my audience with the Queen-mother, I met in her antechamber a deputation of aeronauts, who were waiting to show her Majesty the latest model of airship. The President of the Italian Aeronautical Society told me that he had not the slightest doubt that the aeroplane was on the point of achieving a decisive success.

The triumph of the aeroplane in the immediate future appeared to him so certain that the only danger he dreaded was the formation of a gigantic government syndicate composed of all the great powers which might deny to all but themselves the right to build and use aeroplanes. If such a syndicate were formed, he felt sure that the monopoly created in the name of international law would be used to prevent all progress in aeronautical science.

The alarm expressed by the Russian Government in 1898, and the five years' interdict placed on the dropping of projectiles from balloons by The Hague Conference show that this Italian expert's fears are not altogether without foundation. At the same time, the sentiment to which Queen Margherita gave the liveliest expression, that it would be a monstrous outrage on civilization to cripple invention and retard progress in the art of flying merely because of the fact that the art of war as at present practiced might become impossible, is so very widespread that it may baffle the utmost efforts of Emperors and Kings. The King and Queen had heard all about the Wright Brothers, whose progress is watched with liveliest interest.

The widowed Queen of King Humbert is the head of a court which is in closer touch with the fashionable world than the court of the King, her son. Queen Margherita is a fair-haired woman, of pleasant aspect, of keen intelligence, and with a deeply religious temperament. She is mistress of many languages, and speaks them as if they were her own. She is interested in everything and everybody, and is a centre of all that is best in Italian life. Nor does the physical world suffice to satisfy her scientific spirit. Of psychical and metaphysical affairs she is a devoted student, and is as much interested in telepathy as she is in aeronautics.

The more one sees of Kings and Queens, of Emperors and Empresses—and by seeing I mean getting to know them closely by intimate conversation—the more the differences made by distinctions of rank and station disappear. I have always found them exceedingly human, with much less "side" than the petty gentry in a provincial town, and much more general interests in affairs than ordinary people. After all, the great things of life—love and parentage, health and disease, friendship and death, the sense of duty and the infinite outlook into immortal life—these things affect all alike. Wise old George Stephenson, who had seen many of the great ones of the world in his time, declared in his old age that man was but a forked radish, and that if it were not for their clothes it would be difficult to distinguish one from the other.

And as it is with Kings, so it is with Popes—especially with Pius X, the most human and accessible of all the successors of St. Peter. Cardinal Sarto, who is said to have spent all the night before his election in tears, praying that the triple crown might not be placed on his head, only consented to be Pope on the urgent representation that his refusal would entail such a prolongation of the conclave as to be equivalent to a sentence of death upon its older members. Rather than be responsible for the killing of so many of his brethren, Cardinal Sarto consented to exchange the golden glories of St. Mark's for the more imposing chair of St. Peter. He left behind him the memory of a prelate devoted to the cause of the people and of a pious, evangelical bishop who, in appearance, reminded Mr. John Redmond of a simple Irish parish priest.

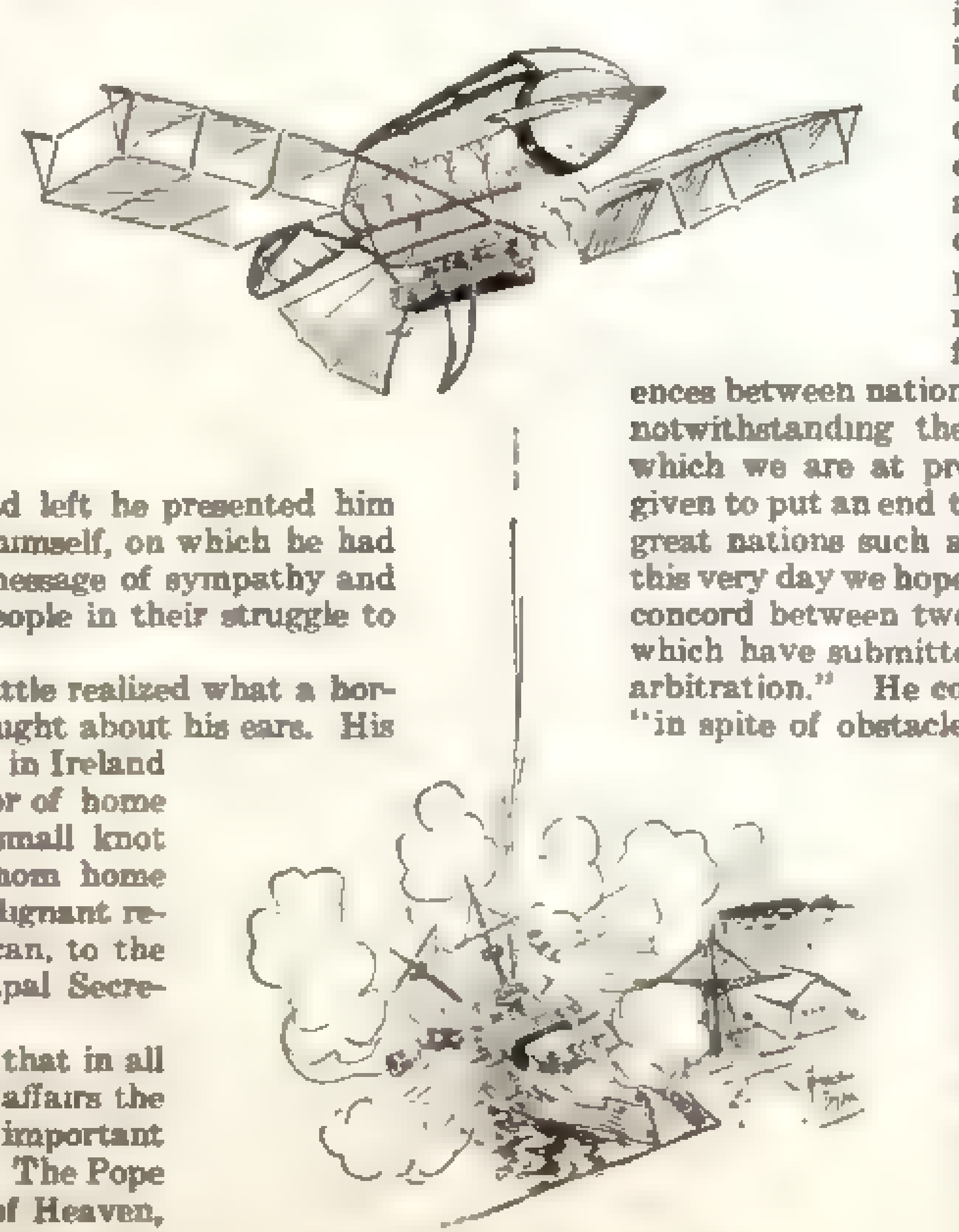
No greater contrast can be imagined than that between Leo XIII and his successor. Leo, a courtier, a diplomat, a scholar and a statesman, who occupied the Papal throne for more than a quarter of a century, has been succeeded by Pius, who is pious and little else. Queen Margherita was enthusiastic in her praises of his humility and simplicity and the evangelical fervor of his piety.

And every one who spoke to me of the Pope spoke in the same sense.

Mr. Redmond, the leader of the Irish nationalists, who had an audience of two hours with the Pope, was touched to the heart by the affectionate simplicity of his manners. "I was ushered into his presence," Mr. Redmond told me, "through stately corridors and splendid antechambers, escorted by Papal guards and Papal chamberlains. But all the pomp and glory stopped when we reached the Pope's room. The door was flung open, and, instead of finding the Pope on his throne, surrounded by ecclesiastics, waiting for me to kiss his foot, as some people used to say, I found, standing almost on the threshold, a dear, old priest, all alone, the like of whom I have seen in many an Irish village, who would not even let me kiss his ring. He grasped both my hands, and then, putting an arm round my neck, led me to a chair, where we sat and talked for nearly two hours."

The Pope was full of loving sympathy for the Irish, and before Mr. Redmond left he presented him with a full-length portrait of himself, on which he had written with his own hand a message of sympathy and encouragement to the Irish people in their struggle to achieve self-government.

The Pope in his simplicity little realized what a hornets' nest his message had brought about his ears. His message, published everywhere in Ireland as a Papal declaration in favor of home rule, angered exceedingly the small knot of Tory Catholic peers, to whom home rule is a thing accursed. Indignant remonstrances reached the Vatican, to the no small discomfort of the Papal Secretary of State.



Might Put Out of Action, Even Before She Had Left the Dock

Now, it is well to remember that in all political and in most personal affairs the Secretary of State is a more important person than the Pope himself. The Pope may be the keeper of the keys of Heaven, but the Secretary of State is the keeper of the keys of the Papal apartments, the keeper, in most mundane affairs, of the Pope's mind. It was so when Cardinal Rampolla was Secretary of State to Leo XIII. How much more must it be when Merry del Val is the Secretary of State to Pius X?

Leo, at least, could read and talk French. He had been a man of the world, familiar with courts and statesmen. Yet even Leo XIII could not see those whom Rampolla deemed it judicious to keep from his presence. Pius X, although he sees every one who desires to be presented, is very much at the mercy of his young and ambitious secretary with regard to all those who wish to have a private audience. After the scandal occasioned by the Pope's indiscretion about home rule, Cardinal Merry del Val became more of a Cerberus than ever. It was probably owing to this cause that I had not the pleasure of a "good, square talk" with the Holy Father.

Cardinal Merry del Val is a hybrid—half Spanish and half Irish. He was educated in England, speaks English perfectly, and was selected as the representative of the late Pope on the coronation of Edward VII. He is able, but narrow, ambitious and hard-working, but without much idea of the value of time. He and his master have become involved in a feud with the French Republic which at present absorbs all their attention. In the opinion of many good Catholics in France, and not in France alone, it would have been better for the Church if they had not been so zealous in their intervention. As Monsieur Combes, the late Prime Minister of France, somewhat cynically confessed the other day, the Pope had played into his hands from first to last, and had rendered possible and easy the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in France. The situation, it must be admitted, was difficult, but the freethinkers and Freemasons never, in their most sanguine dreams, had ventured to hope that the way would be made so smooth for the accomplishment of their designs as it was by the successor of St. Peter.

The Pope, who is as a little child in the simplicity of his religious belief, probably imagines that, after the necessary period of tribulation, the Church will triumph as she triumphed over Bismarck, and as, in still earlier days, she triumphed over Barbarossa. There is a striking picture in the Academy of Arts at Venice which represents Barbarossa kneeling at the feet of the Pope at the entrance of St. Mark's. Cardinal Sarto never entered his cathedral without passing the spot that witnessed that supreme triumph of the Papacy over the red-bearded Frederic, and the associations of St. Mark's may have encouraged him to risk the heritage of St. Peter.

The Hague Conference is a very sore subject at the Vatican. When the Czar issued his rescript on armaments in 1898, a copy was sent to the Pope, as well as to all the other sovereigns, with whom the Czar maintained diplomatic relations. But when the time came for the issue of invitations to the conference, no invitation was sent to the Pope. This was due to the fact that the then Italian Government, through the mouth of Admiral Canevaro, bluntly declared that if the Pope were invited Italy would stay away. This settled the question. The Dutch Government was informed that no invitation must be sent to the Pope, and the conference was held without a Papal delegate being present. The Queen of Holland wrote asking the Pope for an expression of his "valuable moral support."

The Pope wrote back, saying that "We consider that it comes especially within our province not only to lend our moral support to such enterprises, but to coöperate actively in them." He recalled the fact that in the past the Papacy had done much to "terminate peacefully the most acute differences between nations," and that "even unto us, notwithstanding the abnormal condition to which we are at present reduced, it has been given to put an end to grave differences between great nations such as Germany and Spain, and this very day we hope to be able soon to establish concord between two nations of South America which have submitted their controversy to our arbitration." He concluded by declaring that, "in spite of obstacles which may arise, we shall continue, since it rests with us, to fulfill that traditional mission, without seeking any other object than the public weal, without envying any glory but that of serving the sacred cause of Christian civilization."

Notwithstanding this letter, which was sprung upon the conference at its last sitting, the conference refused to allow the Pope to adhere to the conventions which it had drawn up. For two or three days the conference was held up by a controversy at the close of the deliberations as to whether the Pope and the Transvaal might be allowed to adhere to the convention. England wished to keep out the Transvaal. Italy to keep out the Pope. The two powers made a deal. Each supported the other's protest, and it was decided that no powers should be allowed to adhere to the convention excepting those whose adhesion met with the unanimous assent of all its original signatories.

The Pope in wrath withdrew his Nuncio from Holland, and the post remains vacant to this day. When a second Hague Conference was proposed, the Dutch Government, which is very Roman Catholic in its sympathies, anxiously inquired whether the Pope might not be invited this time. It was thought that perhaps a compromise might be effected by asking the Pope to be represented when arbitration and mediation were under discussion, and to be absent when armaments came up. It was hinted that the Italian Government was no longer hostile to the presence of the Papal delegate. The hopes of the Vatican rose high, only to be rudely dashed to the ground.

Whatever might have been arranged if the Pope had not quarreled with the French Republic then became impossible, for the Italian Government had every reason to keep on good terms with France. If Italy had withdrawn her veto, France would have probably taken it up. It was easier for Italy to stand by the old precedent than for France to take up a new and more hostile attitude to Rome, at the very moment when Italy waived her objections. Whatever may have been the argument employed, the result was indisputable. When I called upon Signor Tittone, I found that there had been no change in the attitude of the Italian Government, and, as a result, when I subsequently called on the Russian Ambassador I found that there was to be no invitation to the Pope.

In these circumstances the Pope could either sulk and ignore the conference altogether, or he might rise superior to his offended dignity and appeal from the Chair of St. Peter to all peoples that on earth do dwell to seize this great opportunity to make a great onward stride in the direction of progress and of peace. Pius X may even yet remember to quote the words of his predecessor: "The authority of the Supreme Pontiff goes beyond the boundaries of nations; it embraces all peoples, to the end of federating them in the true peace of the Gospel. His action to promote the general good of humanity rises above the special interests which the chiefs of the various states have in view, and, better than any one else, his authority knows how to incline toward concord peoples of diverse nature and character." The Supreme Pontiff may, therefore, take a sublime revenge upon those who have closed the doors of the conference in his face by appealing to all the children of men to insist upon using the Parliament of Man for the service of the Prince of Peace. Although locked outside the conference, he would still be more potent than any of those within its doors. For he would have evoked a spirit to whose will even the mightiest of potentates must bow. Will he do it or will he not? For answer, I fear you must inquire of Merry del Val.

Despite this little unpleasantness, the relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican—I beg pardon, I ought to have said the "sentiments," for there are no relations—are more friendly than they have ever been since the famous breach of the walls of Rome on September 20, 1870. Outwardly the two powers sit scowling at each other like two ugly china dogs. But behind backs they are in constant friendly communication.

The Italian Government had put itself in rather an illogical position by its refusal to allow the Pope to participate in the work of The Hague. But if Pius X were left free to act upon the promptings of his simple but fervent faith in his Master, he could easily compel even his worst enemies to admit that outside the conference, by his influence and the might of his puissant voice, the Holy See was still capable of rendering immense service to the cause of civilization and of peace.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of papers by Mr. Stead upon the positions and relations of the nations who will be represented at the forthcoming Peace Conference at The Hague.

The Senator's Secretary

"I WOULD put Harriman in the penitentiary for the Chicago and Alton deal," said Uncle Shelby Cullom, Senator from Illinois, in clarion tones, after he came out from a talk with the President. Whereat there were loud and tumultuous cries, shouts and ejaculations, for, as is well known, Uncle Shelby has been putting people in the penitentiary in great numbers during his forty years of public life—or keeping them out, as the case may be.

Uncle Shelby has been a veritable scourge. He has fared up and down through Illinois and through the corridors of the Capitol at Washington, and woe unto any man who wanted to get in the penitentiary who fell across him. If he really wanted to get in Uncle Shelby would help him—help him to the last gasp, provided his help would have any effect on the politics of Illinois. Aggressive, militant, but withal so conservative that he could walk over a piano keyboard reaching from the Capitol to the White House and never strike a note. Stern, uncompromising, but combining with these qualities that spirit of politic discrimination that, at times, may unbend a trifle, especially when there were affairs back home that might need adjusting.

You bet Uncle Shelby would put Harriman in the penitentiary. He made the announcement, didn't he? And he made it, too, on a most timely occasion, after he had heard what the President had to say, after he had a syllabus of the opinion of the country and his own State, particularly, after the discussion had been going on for months and when there was no danger this threat might be considered too radical. Put him in the penitentiary? Surely! Incarcerate him in the deepest dungeon to be found, chain him to the wall and bastinado him sixteen times a day. Out upon Harriman! Everybody says so, and, after everybody says so, it is eminently safe and proper for that leader in these reforms, Uncle Shelby Cullom, to say so, too.

No Uncharted Sea for Uncle

"I contend," says Uncle Shelby, and so on, full of fierce threats against these business bandits. He contends. He always contends—after the rest of the world has contended, and he knows which way the wind is blowing. Uncle Shelby Cullom is the greatest contender, after the event, we have in our midst. Nobody can catch Uncle Shelby on an uncharted sea. He knows every bearing, every shoal, every reef before he casts loose. That is the reason he has been in office for forty years, and that is the reason he will stay in office until he dies. Put Harriman in the penitentiary? Certainly! To be sure! But issue no proclamations about it until the returns are all in from the back counties.

Militant Uncle Shelby! Militant as a dish of batter, but always with his toga on straight and sewed securely to his vest. The world has been waiting for Uncle Shelby's pronouncement on this case. It has only been before the country for a year or two, and thus Uncle Shelby feels free to speak. And, for the matter of that, Uncle Shelby may need something from the White House for the grand, old State of Illinois, or for some Cullomite in grand, old Illinois, which is one and the same thing.

Charge of the Railroad Brigade

The tempest about the President and the railroads has about subsided, and the railroad presidents and other high financiers who thought to get a rise out of Colonel Roosevelt are now looking for a soft place to get off. President Mellen, of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, came along as a sort of a vicarious sacrifice for the rest, and he had an extended conference with the President, lasting exactly thirty-five minutes. It seems to have been the opinion of the railroad presidents that, if they called at the White House, the President would beat them over the head with a chair, or commit mayhem or something else uncomfortable. Much to the astonishment of Mellen and Stickney and Yoakum and the rest, there was no assault and battery in the President's private office. They came out unscathed. They also came out unsatisfied, for the President put out no statement of what he is doing or intends to do, at their request. It will be some time, as it looks now, before there will be another attempt to "scare" the President. It is one of his constitutional defects that he does not scare, even when a phalanx of high financiers light out after him, with blood-curdling yells, beating tom-toms and a screaming, sizzling, made-to-order panic.

One of the men who came to Washington to see the President was Governor Deneen, of Illinois. He came to talk about the very Chicago and Alton deal of Harriman's which excited such wrath in the bosom of Uncle Shelby Cullom, after due process of consideration and contemplation. Deneen had an engagement from three to four, one afternoon. Just as he was leaving, President Roosevelt told him to hold on a minute, for Secretary Taft was coming over at four, and he thought the two men should know one another. Taft came. Deneen was presented. They told one another it was a fine day, and Deneen left.

Next morning there were hair-raising headlines in many of the papers: "President Calls Deneen to Washington to Ask Him to Support Taft for President." Then there were acres of details, which proved the President had decided to come out for Taft, and that he wanted Deneen to get the support of Illinois for Taft. All of which was interesting, but none of which was true. The Taft boomers, who put out the story, forgot that Theodore Roosevelt is too good a politician to show his hand thus early in the game. The idea that the President would come out for anybody fourteen months before the convention and thus give all the forces of opposition a chance for assassination of his candidate's chances never appealed to the shouters, who saw the visit of Deneen merely as a peg to hang a story on.

Mr. Roosevelt may be for Mr. Taft. If he is, he will say nothing about it until a few minutes before the convention meets. There is no doubt the President will be in control of the next national convention of his party, but he will not start a signal smoke until the braves are in camp in the convention city.

Moreover, Deneen has a few thoughts tucked away in his own bosom. He has an idea the lightning may strike him and he is not pledging his friends to anybody just at the present moment.

The Deneen story started Representative Burton off at a tangent up in Ohio. Burton is one of the ablest men in Congress. He is a student and he has his district, part of the city of Cleveland, tucked away in his pocket. Still, when he emitted a war-whoop and allowed he would go out and take the State of Ohio away from Foraker and Dick, he cut out a job that will keep him very busy.

Out in O-h-i-o

So far as Taft is concerned, his one great item of strength in Ohio is that he is from Ohio. The folks out there are intensely proud of Ohio and they want to see another Ohio President in the White House. It would not be unlike the Ohio spirit to say to Foraker: "Oh, yes, we are for you and with you, and we admire you very much, but here is a chance to get another Ohio President, and we guess we shall have to be for Taft just this time, not because we love you less, but because we think an Ohio man ought to be in the White House."

If Foraker wants to beat Taft he will have to reckon with a fine article of State pride, provided it appears, in the future, that there is any specific sentiment for Taft. There will be plenty of general sentiment. There is plenty of it now. Still, general sentiment does not go far in getting delegates. The control of a State delegation is the most specific thing on earth.

There was a mass meeting of secretaries of Senators the other day. Most of us have

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been left here holding the sack while our esteemed bosses have gone off junketing to the sunny Southern seas. An epidemic of desire to "inspect" the work on the Panama Canal broke out about a month before Congress adjourned, and the Caribbean has been speckled with parties of American statesmen since March 4. The secretaries have been left behind to chase up postmasters, write letters about claims, and distribute documents and garden seeds, while our lords and masters are cavorting around Colon and Panama, Havana, San Juan and other points in the near-equator belt, all of which shows good sense on the part of the statesmen, for the weather in Washington in March is not the kind any sane person would pick out to remain in and enjoy.

Representative McKinley, of Illinois, the perpetual Christmas tree of the lower house of Congress, took one party. The Government provided, in a measure, for another, and Secretary Taft impressed the Mayflower and took another. All these patriots were possessed of an overwhelming desire to go to Panama and see what is doing. They were also possessed of a desire to get a vacation that would cost little, and away they went in squads and platoons.

McKinley puts himself down in the Congressional Directory as a "farmer and banker." He is all of that. He is also owner of a string of trolley roads in Illinois that would take quite a bite out of a parallel of latitude if placed endwise and extended alongside. He has so much money that any bills that do not have yellow backs are beneath his contempt. He is lopsided carrying around gold certificates and, contrary to the precedents of men in similar case, he takes a lot of joy spending the same. When things were dull during the early winter McKinley could be depended upon to pop in and liven them up by giving a dinner where they served champagne in steins, and the terrapin was as free as copies of the Horse Book.

He took one collection of statesmen to the Isthmus during the Christmas holidays, and was so pleased with the results that he organized another convocation for March. This included Speaker Cannon and some of the leaders of the House, Mr. McKinley not being so profligate with his wealth as to forget that future favors in the way of committee assignments will come from Uncle Joseph for two years more, at least.

Secretary Taft's wanderlust is official. Whenever the President has nothing else on his mind he frames up a trip for Taft. He is the great American traveler. This time Taft went on the Mayflower, and he took along Senator Kittredge, of South Dakota, who is to be chairman of the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, Representative Burton, of Ohio, Representative De Armond and a few others. This was a purely official junket. Taft had to go. It was policy to have Kittredge go. De Armond helped Taft on his Agricultural Bank for the Philippines, and Burton is the man who is supposed to go to the front for Taft and get Ohio for him, as against Foraker and Dick, which is a job that will require many junkets as compensation.

They all went to Panama, incidentally. They looked and were feasted, and they came back with glowing accounts of the work that is being done and the prospects for success. So far so good. That is what the junkets were arranged for. Next winter, when the real serious business about the canal gets under way and Congress is expected to rise up on its hindlegs and inquire, "How about it?" there will be a number of sturdy patriots, with a lively recollection of favors extended, who will be on the spot to tell how satisfactory everything is and to push through the appropriations.

There will be some other junkets this summer. It is a barren vacation that does not produce for the Rivers and Harbors Committee and the Immigration Committee and the Irrigation Committee a trip to some part of the country for "inspection." And, from my viewpoint and that of the other secretaries, it is all wasteful and unnecessary, principally because the secretaries are not included.

I have packed the cedar chests an indulgent Congress provides for members and Senators. I am on the last round of errands at the departments. Most of my postmasterships are straightened out. The pension bills are ready to be put in again at the next session. The whole thing is cleared up, and I am leaving Washington for home, and my Senator will follow me as soon as he gets back from his trip to the tropics.

Washington is as dull as a country village on a summer day. The President is getting ready to go to Oyster Bay and take his vacation. When we get back next winter Presidential politics will be in full swing. It has been an interesting, but not a conclusive, session of Congress.

"In my opinion," said my Senator before he sailed, "we have done pretty well. Not much fool legislation was enacted. The President was held fairly well in check. While we were all fussing around we had the main thing in mind, which was to let the tariff alone, and we won't touch it next session. All's well that ends well, and, if you do this work I am leaving to you as I want it done, I think I can allow you two weeks' vacation this summer."

Which was kind of him, inasmuch as the Government pays my salary in the way of clerk hire for the Senator and clerk hire for his committee, and every Government employee is entitled to thirty days' leave.

YOUR SAVINGS

The Securities Savings-Banks Invest In

SINCE the savings-banks of most States are regulated by law in the safe investment of their deposits, it is interesting and helpful to see just what kind of investments these banks make. The nearer the investor gets to the average savings-bank standard the greater will be the safety of his money.

In this connection it might first be well to say that there are two kinds of savings-banks: mutual and stock savings-banks. A mutual savings-bank is one that is conducted solely for the benefit of the depositors. There is no capital stock to be bought and sold or to increase or decrease in value. It is really a sort of philanthropic trust for the thrifty poor. Most of the mutual banks are in New England and the Eastern States and comprise the most conservative institutions. Hence they are the safest.

A stock savings-bank, on the other hand, is like any other commercial bank, in that it is conducted primarily to make money for the stockholders as well as for the depositors. Many of these banks do a general banking business and thus take risks. They are to be found in the Western and Southern States.

Savings-bank laws are not the same for all States. Some States have stricter laws than others; some have no savings-bank laws at all. The States that have savings-bank laws are: Connecticut, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Kentucky, Missouri, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Wisconsin. In the other States there are either no restrictions upon the deposits of savings-banks or such slight limitations as to give the depositor practically no protection.

If your State has not sufficient safeguards about its savings-banks you can send your earnings to another State where there are safer laws. In New York City, for example, the big savings-banks receive deposits from all over the country, and some from all over the world.

The most rigid of all State savings-bank laws are in New York. Their investments afford a safe guide for the average investor who wants absolutely the highest class of security. Being of such high quality they do not yield as much income as some other less restricted investments, and for this reason the New York banks do not pay as large an interest as the banks of other States which have a larger field for investment.

New York savings-banks are permitted to invest in only three kinds of securities: Governmental bonds, which include the bonds of the United States and the bonds of States, cities, towns, villages and school districts; real-estate mortgages, and railroad bonds of the highest class.

Having defined these three classes, the law puts further safeguards about them.

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No municipal bonds (of cities outside New York State) can be purchased, for example, except those issued by a city having a population of at least forty-five thousand people, which has been incorporated at least twenty-five years, and which is located in a State admitted to the Union before 1896. In addition, the total bonded debt of these municipalities must not be more than seven per cent. of the entire value of the taxable property in the community. The cities, too, must be in States that have faithfully paid the principal and interest of their bonds since 1861.

The law on real-estate mortgages is equally strict and may be safely followed by the investor anywhere. It provides that the investment must be in mortgage on property located in New York State and, what is more important, on property which has been appraised, or examined as to its true value, by a direct representative of the bank. The bank cannot lend more than sixty per cent. of the value of the property if it is improved—that is, if it has a house or something built on it; and not more than forty per cent. of the value if it is unimproved—that is, if it is just a piece of ground.

No less safe are the regulations concerning investments in railroad bonds. All these bonds must be mortgage bonds, which are the highest type because they are a direct claim upon the railroad property. They must be in railroads that have regularly paid for five years at least four per cent. dividend on the capital stock; and whose capital stock is at least one-third the amount of the entire bonded debt of the road. When a railroad meets these requirements it means that a certain amount of stock has been sold and the proceeds (the money derived) expended on the property, thus giving some security for the bonds.

New York savings-banks are forbidden to invest more than twenty-five per cent. of their assets (the deposits) in railroad bonds, and not more than ten per cent. of the assets in the bonds of any one company. No trustee of a savings-bank can share in the profits of an investment made by the bank with which he is connected, nor is he allowed to borrow the bank's money for his personal or business use. Thus the evil which nearly wrecked the big life insurance companies in New York cannot be repeated in savings-banks.

Borrowing on Collateral

A still further safeguard refers to loans, a process by which many banks often lose money. The New York savings-banks can only lend money on collateral (the security put up by the borrower), which the bank itself is authorized by the State laws to purchase. The borrower, too, must put up ten per cent. more than the market value of the collateral. If a man, for example, wants to borrow ninety thousand dollars from a savings-bank, he must put up one hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds.

New York savings-banks make a point of buying registered bonds, which were explained last week. This makes them safe from loss by robbery or dishonest employees. Only a short time ago the cashier of a savings-bank at New Britain, Connecticut, got away with more than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds. They were coupon bonds mainly, and he was able to sell them easily and without fear of detection. If they had been registered he could not have sold them. This cashier had free access to the bonds of the bank. In New York at least two representatives of the bank must be present when bonds are taken out of the vaults. Often there are two combinations to open the vaults and each one is known to a different person.

Practically one-half of the funds of New York savings-banks is invested in real-estate mortgages. The remainder is in bonds of the United States, cities, towns, counties, villages and school districts of New York and of New York State; in the bonds of other States and their larger cities, and in railroad mortgage bonds.

Let us see what these specific bonds are, for they comprise about the safest New York investment the average investor can make. The bonds of the following New York cities appear most in the reports of savings-bank securities: New York, Rochester, Schenectady, Buffalo, Jamestown, Elmira, Syracuse, Yonkers, Binghamton, Troy, Albany. The New York county bonds most generally held are: New York, Albany, Kings, Queen, Ulster, Erie, Westchester, Richmond, Rensselaer, Dutchess and Oswego; while the New York villages represented are: Flushing, Saratoga, Fredonia, Nyack, White Plains and Plattsburg.

The State whose bonds are most represented among the savings-bank securities is Massachusetts. Other States whose bonds may be found in the lists are: Texas, Rhode Island, Indiana, Maryland, Minnesota, South Carolina, North Carolina, Tennessee, New Hampshire, Maine, Ohio, North Dakota, Wyoming, Pennsylvania, Idaho, Utah, Delaware, and also the District of Columbia.

The list of cities, outside New York State, whose bonds are legal for New York savings-bank investments is: Portland, Maine; Manchester, New Hampshire; Boston, Cambridge, Fall River, Holyoke, Lowell, Lynn, New Bedford, Somerville, Springfield, Worcester, Massachusetts; Providence; Bridgeport, Hartford, New Haven, Waterbury, Connecticut; Camden, Hoboken, Newark, Trenton, New Jersey; Allegheny, Erie, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Reading, Scranton, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania; Wilmington, Delaware; Baltimore; Cincinnati, Dayton, Ohio; Indianapolis, Indiana; Detroit, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Des Moines, St. Louis, Omaha, Los Angeles, Oakland, Louisville, San Francisco, Kansas City, and Columbus, Ohio.

The railroad bonds which come within the restrictions of the New York laws and which are to be found most in the savings-bank securities are: Boston and Maine, first mortgage; Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg, first and consolidated mortgage; Central Railroad of New Jersey, general mortgage; Chicago and Alton, first mortgage and refunding mortgage; Chicago and Northwestern, consolidated and first mortgage on main and all branch lines; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, consolidated and first mortgage on main and branch lines; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, first and consolidated mortgage on main and branch lines; Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, "The Rock Island," first general and refunding mortgage on main line and branch line; Delaware and Hudson, first mortgage on main line and consolidated mortgage on branch line; Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, "The Lackawanna," consolidated and first mortgage on main and branch lines; Illinois Central, first mortgage on main and branch lines; Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, first mortgage on main and branch lines; Louisville and Nashville, unified (or consolidated) mortgage on main line, first and general mortgage on branch lines; Manhattan Railway Company, first mortgage; New York Central and Hudson River, first and consolidated mortgage on main line, and some of the branch roads; Pennsylvania, general and consolidated mortgage on main line, first and general mortgage on branch lines; St. Paul, Minnesota and Manitoba, consolidated and extended mortgage (an extended mortgage is one that has run out and been renewed); Michigan Central, first mortgage on main and branch lines; Buffalo Creek, consolidated mortgage; Fonda, Johnstown and Gloversville, refunding mortgage; Genesee and Wyoming, first mortgage; Montgomery and Erie, first mortgage; Cairo Railroad, first mortgage; Missouri Pacific, first mortgage; New York, New Haven and Hartford, first and consolidated mortgage on main line and some branch lines.

The State law specifies that the savings-banks may also invest in the mortgage bonds of the Maine Central, the Morris and Essex, and the United New Jersey Railway and Canal Company.

In Other States

Massachusetts ranks second after New York in the security of its savings-bank laws. The banks of that State are permitted to invest in United States Government and District of Columbia bonds; in the bonds of New England States, and also the bonds of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa; in the bonds and notes of any county or town in Massachusetts or any other New England city or town; and in the mortgage bonds of the following railroads: Fitchburg Railroad, Old Colony, Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation, Boston and Maine Railroad, Concord and Montreal Railroad, Maine Central, Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn, New York Central and

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Simply send your name and address, no references required. Just add in your request the name and address of the nearest hardware dealer, druggist or cutlery store to you — enclose ten cents in stamps to pay the costs of sending you a trial razor, and it is yours by return mail. Pay if it is the best razor that ever touched your face, return it without hesitation if it is not.

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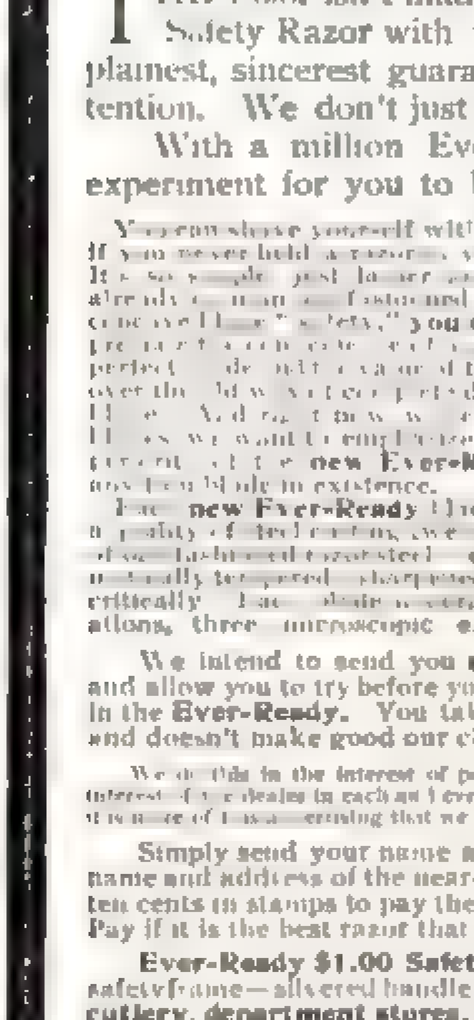

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Massachusetts sanctions savings-bank investment in street railway bonds. The companies must be located in the State and must have paid at least five per cent. dividend on the capital stock for five consecutive years. This State also permits savings-banks to buy bank stock and to lend money on personal credit—that is, to individuals who do not put up collateral, but who get two or more friends or business associates to be responsible for the payment of the debt. The banks may also invest in savings-deposit bank-books.

Most of the savings-bank laws of the other New England States are patterned after those of Massachusetts. New Hampshire legalizes investment in street railway bonds; in bonds of telegraph and telephone companies, and in first mortgage bonds of other corporations located in the State. Maine permits investments in the first mortgage bonds of completed railways in all New England States, and most of the middle Western States, and in the bonds of Central Pacific, Union Pacific and Northern Pacific railroads. Other legal securities of Maine are: street railway, water company and other corporation bonds (the latter must be in Maine), and in dividend-paying railroad stock.

Connecticut legalizes practically the same railroad bonds as New York.

In Iowa, Indiana, Michigan, New Jersey, Kentucky, Ohio and Wisconsin the savings-banks, in addition to investments in Government, State, municipal and railroad bonds, are permitted to lend money on promissory notes just like other commercial banks. This often puts the depositors' savings to some risk. In Michigan there may be investments in the first mortgage bonds of steamship companies doing business on the Great Lakes and connecting waters.

Missouri is more strict than the abovementioned States. Here savings-banks are permitted to invest in the usual governmental and State and municipal bonds, and also in the bonds of cities of twenty thousand population and more in the following States: Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Colorado and Texas. Investments are legal in the first mortgage bonds of steam railroads completed or operated wholly or in part in Missouri, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Texas and Ohio, and in the Central Pacific, Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, Pennsylvania, New York Central, and West Shore railroads. The Missouri (and Nebraska) savings-banks can only lend money on collateral security.

In Pennsylvania there is the usual restriction about Government and State bonds, but the savings-banks may invest in the bonds of any city, town, county or village in the United States without restriction of any kind.

Getting On in the World

Steps and Missteps on the Road to Fortune

A Girl and a Schoolhouse

IN THE year 1883 we moved into a new town, sixteen miles from the nearest village, five miles from neighbors on one side and nine on the other side. My husband worked in the logging camp the first winter. In the spring, when he came home, we had just twenty-eight dollars to live on for the summer; we bought groceries with that. But after a few days I commenced to think about where the next supply was coming from.

We, of course, had no rent to pay and no wood to buy, but neither did we have any way of working where it would bring in any money.

"Jim," I said one day, "we have got to think of some scheme to earn some money."

"Right you are, my girl, but I don't know what it will be."

I thought the matter over a few days, and then said I believed I had a good scheme.

"Well, let's hear it," he said.

"You know," I explained, "there are three families here in this settlement, and they have twelve children. Well, we can build a schoolhouse."

"Why," he returned, "I'd like to know how. We haven't a cent of money to build it with and no carpenter to do the work."

"That is just where my scheme comes in," I answered. "We are nine miles from one school and five miles from the other. Let us organize a district and borrow the money from the State and build a schoolhouse. You have got a saw and a hammer and Mr. H. has got a square, and the money we get will help along all summer."

"If you can make any such scheme work," he said, "I'll help. But I don't believe you can."

So I wrote to the county superintendent, and got a school code and studied up how to organize a school district. Then we organized one, had a meeting and elected the officers, Jim as school clerk, and called a meeting for the purpose of making a loan to build a schoolhouse.

We borrowed seven hundred dollars from the State to build it with. The job of building we left to Jim, with the understanding that the three settlers were to work on it, too.

We got our money from the State and built the schoolhouse. Seven hundred dollars isn't so very much money, but it went quite a long way to help us, there in the woods, to pay for groceries and other necessary things.

The people of the other districts had old log schoolhouses, and when they heard about my idea of borrowing the money from the State to build a frame house they said the idea of a green country girl, eighteen years old, trying to take a hand in running the town business was foolish. One of them even came to my house and said to me:

"Of course, Mrs. B., we would like you to have a schoolhouse here; but don't think for a minute that you will ever be able to get it the way that you are trying. Don't be so mistaken that you think that you can borrow from the State."

As it happened, our draft had just come the day before, and I went to the trunk and got the pink slip of paper and handed it to him.

He read it and said: "Well, well! I never thought that you would get it."

The next summer four other district officers came and consulted me and borrowed money to build them a schoolhouse.

Of course I taught the first year of school. —*B. S. F.*

Why He was Promoted

A BUSINESS firm once had in its employ a young man whose energy and grasp of affairs soon led the management to promote him over a faithful and trusted employee. The old clerk felt deeply hurt that the younger man should be promoted over him, and complained to the manager.

Feeling that this was a case that could not be argued, the manager asked the old clerk what was the cause of all the noise in front of their building.

The clerk went out, and returned with the answer that it was a lot of wagons going by.

The manager then asked what they were loaded with, and again the clerk went out and returned, reporting that they were loaded with wheat.

The manager then sent him to ascertain how many wagons there were, and he returned with the answer that there were sixteen.

Finally he was sent to see where they were from, and he returned, saying they were from a city twenty miles to the north.

The manager then asked the young clerk to be sent for, and said to him: "Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?"

The young man went out, and returned, saying: "Sixteen wagons, loaded with wheat. Twenty more will pass to-morrow. They belong to Smith & Co., of A——, and are on their way to Cincinnati, where wheat is bringing one dollar and a quarter a bushel."

The young man was dismissed, and the manager, turning to the old clerk, said: "My friend, you see now why the younger man was promoted over you." —*W. P.*

Shivers' Panatela

"It can't be done."

"You can't do it."

"It won't come out that way."

These words have a familiar sound to every progressive business man as he meets them every day.

During a recent week I received and filled nine hundred and seventy-eight orders for cigars, all from individual smokers. To fill these orders required one hundred and thirty-three thousand eight hundred cigars. Of these orders eight hundred and sixty-seven were repeat orders, that is, orders from men who had previously bought cigars from me, and of the one hundred and eleven orders from new customers twenty-six were recommended by my old customers. So, you see, I am "doing it." The reason I am "doing it" is because I send cigars much better than my customers expect to receive.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to any responsible man, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, within ten days.

In ordering please enclose business card or give personal references, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

I manufacture these cigars literally by the million, and sell them to the individual smoker, by the hundred, at **wholesale prices.** The fillers are long, clean, clear Havana of good quality. The wrappers are genuine Sumatra. They are **hand-made.** They are the ten cent quality of the dealers, and could not be sold through the usual channels to the trade under $50.00 per thousand. The only reason that I can sell them at $5.00 per hundred is **repeat orders**—it is because the selling cost is practically eliminated.

I manufacture other cigars than my Panatela. If, for any reason, you think that a Panatela wouldn't suit you, and you are open to conviction, let me send you my catalogues.

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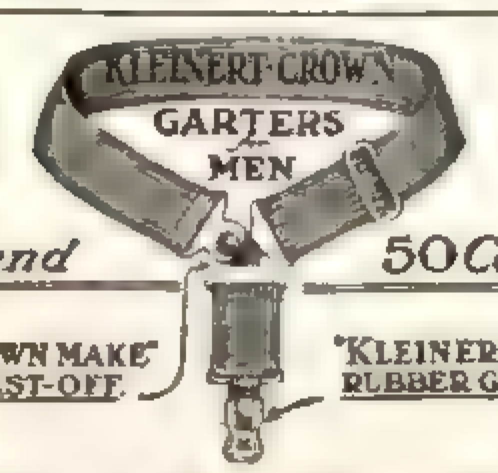

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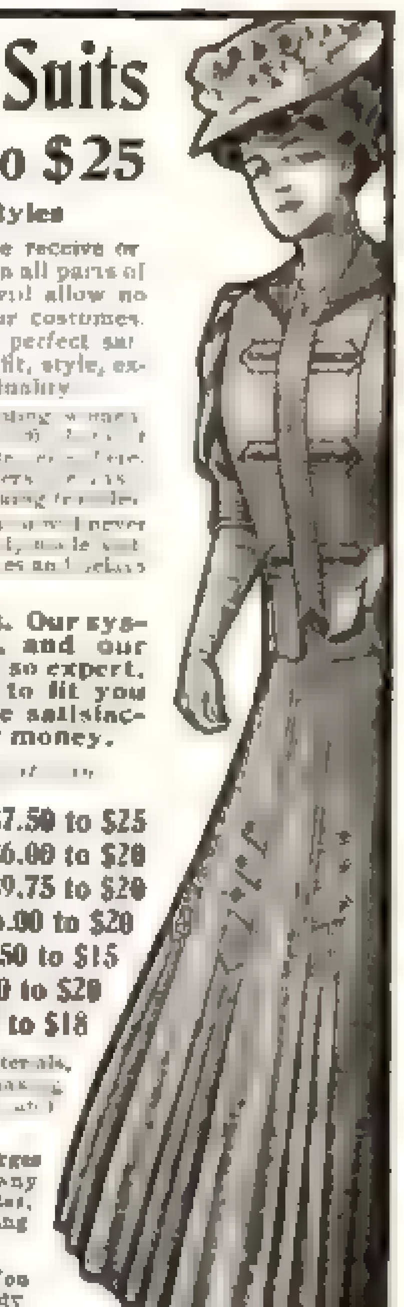

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Our prices include materials, linings, trimmings and making [illegible] garment complete and ready to wear.

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Write Now While You Have Our Address Handy. Ask for Summer Catalog No. 38 [illegible] **free** [illegible] return mail to any part of the United States. If possible [illegible] you prefer, as this will enable us to send you a full assortment of just the samples you wish.

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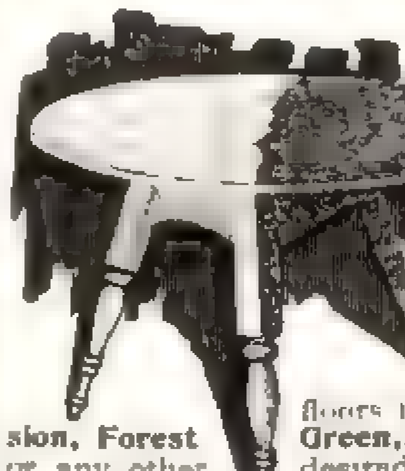

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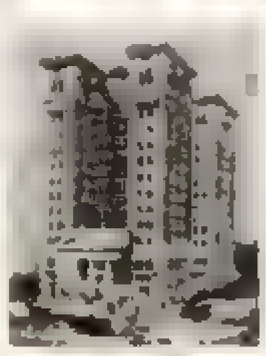

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Assets Over Forty-Two Million Dollars

Sense and Nonsense

Tickee No Good

MRS. A——, a young matron whose well-regulated household had suffered at the hands of her servants, hired a Chinese boy, who was untrained but bright. As the proper manner of receiving a visitor could not impress itself on his mind Mrs. A—— decided on a practical demonstration of her instructions. Explaining that she would be a visitor and that he was to answer the ring, she presented herself at the door with her card.

Sing, with a gracious smile, appeared, tray in hand, on which she placed her card, and he bowed her to a seat. Mrs. A—— dismissed him, glowing with pride at her words of approval.

The following day a summons by the bell gave Sing the much-planned-for opportunity. The visitor rustled her silken way into the reception-room, after placing her card on the tray of the smiling boy.

Sing himself hurried to the kitchen, where he made a careful comparison between the card just presented and that of his mistress, which he had concealed unobserved. Decided as to his course, he appeared before the visitor, and said a few words which caused a sharp retort and a hurried exit.

Intuitively Mrs. A—— felt all was not well below, and hurried to inquire:

"A caller, Sing?"

With determination written on his stolid face he silently handed her the card of the late visitor.

"What did you say, Sing?" anxiously inquired Mrs. A——.

"Me lookee this," he replied, "me lookee that," indicating the two calling cards. "No samee—me tellee lady—not at home. Tickee no good!" —*W. I. S.*

Weather-Wise Allison

RENOWNED for his caution in speech and for his constant refusal to make predictions, Senator William Boyd Allison, of Iowa, walked out of the Capitol with Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, the other day.

"Why," said Allison, as they reached the terrace, "it is raining."

"So it is," replied Spooner, casting a wise eye at the sky; "but I think it will stop; don't you?"

"Well," said Allison circumspectly, "it always has."

And Echo Answered Andy, Here!

HANNIS TAYLOR, member of the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission, and Minister to Spain under President Cleveland, was in Raleigh when President Andrew Johnson came there to speak to the old friends of his boyhood whom he had left as a tailor's apprentice.

It was Johnson's first visit to Raleigh since he left as a boy, and he was expected to make a tremendous speech. He didn't. He was introduced as the former tailor's apprentice of Raleigh who had become President, and started in. He rambled around, stopping every few minutes to raise his hands above his head and exclaim: "Where are the friends of my childhood? Echo answers, where?"

He made this observation half a dozen times. Then an old man who sat in the front row arose and said: "Oh, hell, Andy, we're all here. Go on."

The Epitaph of Clyde Fitch

THE press-agents of New York lately organized a club, and invited Clyde Fitch to be the guest of honor at their first dinner, on the score that, as author of forty-four plays in eighteen years, he was their most constant employer and patron.

Mr. A. Toxen Worm, who made Mrs. Patrick Campbell famous, remarked in his speech of introduction: "Mr. Fitch has about a hundred of us working for him all over the country."

Mr. Fitch took the opportunity to make a very earnest heart-to-heart speech about himself, in which he told the press-agents that he was, popular report to the contrary notwithstanding, by no means a dude and, least of all, flippant. He took his work with the utmost seriousness, he said, and would die fighting. He roasted the critics as people who thought they could write his plays better than he, and said that the criticism to which he attached most value was that of the astute press representative. "If I am ever asked who I want to write my epitaph," he concluded, "I shall answer: 'A press-agent.'"

This inspired an actor present to draw on his menu a tombstone. The emblem was a musical instrument known as a lyre. The inscription was as follows: "Here CLYDE FITCH, a sincere dramatist, lies for the first time in his life. He had a hundred press-agents."

Had the Honor of Licking Him

ARCHIE ROOSEVELT, next to the youngest son of the President, goes to the Friends' School in Washington, which is one of the larger of the private schools and has as students many of the children of the best-known people at the Capital.

He is a lively and disputatious youngster, and he has had some conflicts with his schoolmates of the usual boy kind.

"Jack," said the mother of one of the boys in young Roosevelt's grade, "do you know Archie Roosevelt?"

"I used to," Jack replied.

"Used to! What do you mean? Don't you know him now?"

"Not since I had the honor of licking him."

All the Food Elephants Need

SENATOR NEWLANDS, of Nevada, was soaring in debate one day lately, soaring so high he hit the ceiling. He realized he was getting a trifle flowery, and, to excuse himself, said: "Indeed, Mr. President, perfervid oratory may be pardoned, for this subject furnishes all the food eloquence needs."

That sounded pretty good to Newlands, but he was a bit abashed when he read in the Congressional Record next day that he asserted his topic "furnished all the food elephants need."

Fur Coats and Pumpkin Pies

DR. J. H. GIRDNER, of New York, who writes about and practices medicine and is a celebrated character of the metropolis, has a big fur coat he sometimes wears that looks like ready money. He also has a passion for pumpkin pies and he buys them in a bake-shop on Columbus Avenue.

During one of the cold snaps of the winter he went into the bake-shop wearing his fur coat, and asked for a pumpkin pie.

"Twenty cents," said the girl, handing out a pie.

"Here," protested Girdner, "what's that for? I always pay ten cents for pumpkin pies."

"Not in this shop when you wear a coat like that," replied the girl.

Something in His Way of Talking

WHEN James G. Blaine was Secretary of State, under Garfield, there was a man in Baltimore who had some scheme he wanted to work through the State Department. He thought one good way to get along was to flatter the Secretary, and he visited Washington about once a week and poured the oil all over Mr. Blaine.

Then Garfield was shot, Arthur succeeded him as President and Frelinghuysen came in as Secretary of State. The Baltimore man kept up his tactics, but, of course, turned his batteries of salve on Frelinghuysen.

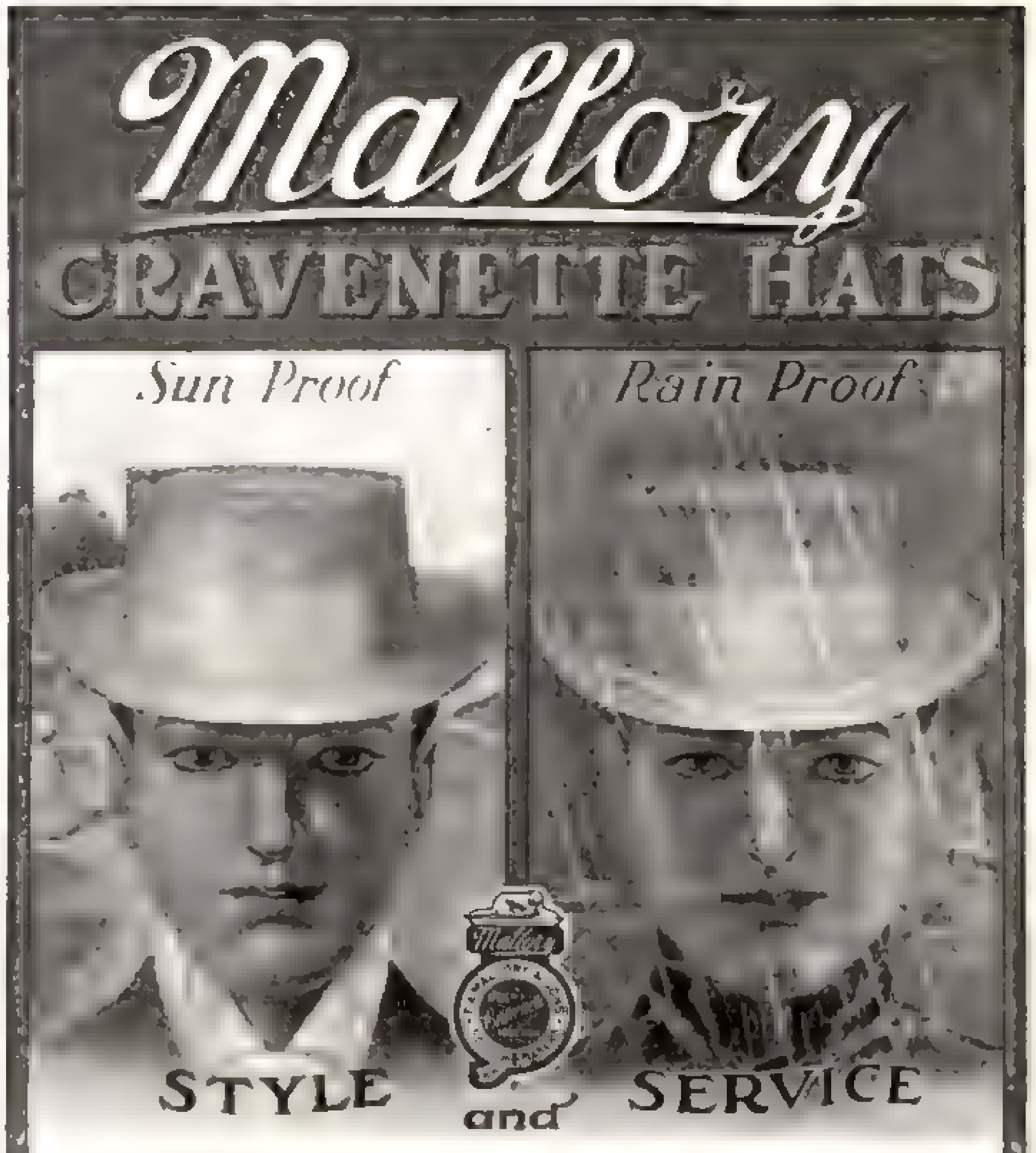
One day Frelinghuysen met Blaine and said: "Blaine, I don't see how you stood that Baltimore man. He is the most effusive flatterer I ever knew. He puts it on too thick."

"I suppose that is so," Blaine replied; "but, do you know, I rather liked his conversation."

Washing Eagles

COLONEL JAMES GRIGGS, Representative in Congress from Georgia, was walking along the main street of Atlanta on the occasion of his first visit there and saw a sign on a window reading "Eagle Laundry."

"Gosh!" said Griggs, turning to his companion. "I didn't know anybody could make a living washing eagles."



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Automatic Sash Lock
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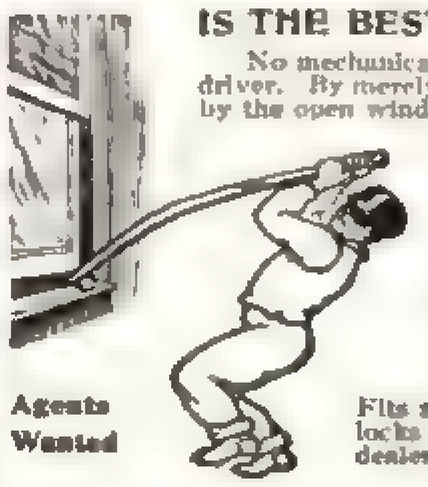

No mechanical skill required to fit it to any sash—the only tool necessary, a screwdriver. By merely shutting the window, IT LOCKS AUTOMATICALLY. You can sleep by the open window without sacrificing security, as it locks the sashes securely at any desired point when open from top or bottom or both. You can not forget to lock your window; it is always locked when open or shut.

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IN THE OPEN

Murdering Mating Ducks—Basket-Ball and Hockey Chances—Too Much Rooting

IF YOU saw a man lashing the blossoms off fruit trees, you would conclude him to be either crazy or desirous of destroying the fruit crop for that year. If he were ruining his own orchard, people might merely stare in wonder or in pity, but, if he assailed the orchard of any one else in such destructive manner, he probably would land in the local jail before he had been at work long

Now, killing wild ducks in the spring is, in effect upon the birds, similar to threshing the fruit trees of their blossoms: one destroys the crop of ducks, the other destroys the crop of fruit. Springtime killers of ducks keep out of jail because wild fowl are no man's property, and the National Government has not yet been put in control of our migratory game birds as it should be, and as, sooner or later, it will be.

Some States have succeeded in making laws prohibiting the shooting of wild fowl in the spring, and in many other States a strong sentiment is working to the same end. Happily an intelligent appreciation is extending through the land of the great harm done by the selfish men who persist in spring shooting. People who do not think twice are apt to look upon protective measures for wild fowl as being merely the voice of sportsmen protesting against the slaughter that they may have the better shooting for themselves in the autumn. This, of course, is absurdly untrue; and, moreover, protection of ducks is not a subject with which sportsmen only should be or are concerned. Sportsmen happen to be the most active workers in the cause, because, as a rule, the sportsman is a bit above the average citizen in the matter of intelligence; but the protection of wild fowl is a subject which, for purely commercial reasons, should interest many different kinds of people.

Long ago the inhabitants of Maine discovered a live deer to be worth to the average citizen several times in hard cash the value of a dead deer; so, primarily because it touched their pockets, the Maine Legislature made sound protective laws and the Maine citizens saw that they were respected.

Wild fowl touch a very great many points of this country, and wherever they touch they are a marketable article which gives occupation and profit to many, both through the actual marketing of the ducks as well as through the general business of supplying means of transportation, guides, lodging, etc., to visiting sportsmen. Long Island now offers a practical illustration of the business folly of merciless duck slaughter in the great numbers of its unoccupied baymen who formerly made good, steady money by caring for and boating and housing the sportsmen who have now abandoned their former haunts because of the scarcity of the birds.

When Ducks are Mating

The serious objection to shooting ducks in the spring is because that is the time when the birds have mated, or are mating and are on the way to their nesting grounds. The average wild duck will raise ordinarily during the season from eight to sixteen birds, so that every female killed in the spring means not only loss of that one duck but of the brood she would have mothered. It does not take much intelligence to appreciate that that kind of killing leads in the course of time to extinction. And, furthermore, spring ducks are not good eating.

In several sections of the country where spring shooting has been abolished an immediate increase in wild fowl has resulted. Over and again it has been proved by careful observation that, if unmolested in the spring, the ducks are able to sustain the slaughter of the autumn. In a word, the natural increase of spring repairs the loss by the autumn shooting.

It seems quite impossible that a humane or intelligent person would deliberately kill birds at the time Nature has allotted for the propagation of their species. It is so unfair! so unworthy a man! so unsportsmanlike! Some men persist in spring shooting simply because they say others shoot ducks at that time, therefore why deny themselves? Others again ask the use of the sportsmen of a few States giving up duck-shooting in the spring when other near-by States permit it. Then there is the other selfish reason that, if the birds are allowed to pass North unharassed in the spring, it only means an increased number for the South to slaughter all winter. But such arguments will not stand analysis the fact is that the increase of birds wherever they have been given spring protection is eloquent and sufficient evidence of its wisdom and efficacy. Then, too, several of the Southern States already prohibit the shipment of ducks beyond State lines, and other of the States are endeavoring to enact similar laws.

Laws, however, are of little avail unless local sentiment backs them up; and that is why the important thing for you and for me and for all of us is to educate our neighbors and arouse a more general sentiment against the killing of wild fowl in the spring. If the entreaty not to kill God's creatures during their natural breeding season is not sufficiently appealing, then there is the other economic argument that a live duck is worth more than a dead one to any given community.

The protection of our wild-bird life, the conservation of our forests and the preservation of our wild animals on our national forest reserve-refuges are three subjects that should be taught along with the A B C's in every schoolhouse.

The Dollar-for-Dollar Bill

A bill has been introduced into the New York Assembly which should serve as a model for every State in the Union. It is known as the Dollar-for-Dollar Bill, and provides that the State shall contribute to every town working its highways under the money system one dollar for every dollar that the town raises for the care of its roads. This is a common-sense provision and should naturally be a popular one, because it would put more money into the country for the care of the highways; but it will probably fail to pass, and the reason for its failure should be understood by the citizens of the Empire State and by other States with their highway systems in such chaotic conditions as they are in New York.

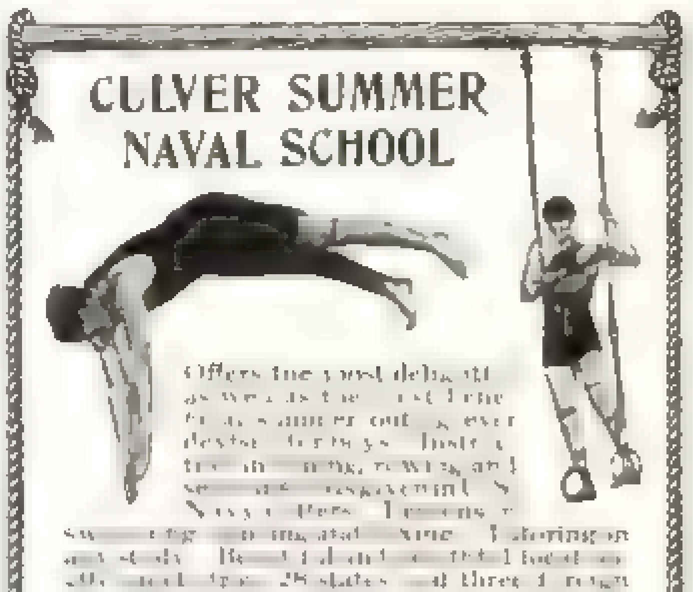
The highway system of New York provides for no trained men in the different communities to receive and to expend such money should the State vote it; there is no permanency in the office of the State Engineer, and there are no men of adequate experience among the highway commissioners or on the local town boards. Under such conditions there could be no hope of the money being expended advisedly, and therefore the bill will be opposed by the thinking taxpayers who realize that the mere voting of money in no sense assures the building and the proper up-keep of a highway.

There has been a great deal of good-roads enthusiasm in New York State and some fifty millions of dollars of a bond issue voted for the improvement of the highways; yet with such an amount of money to expend and with roads in crying need of attention, the State has thus far failed to organize a permanent department built on up-to-date lines for the proper care of the roads after they are constructed. That is why the taxpayers are opposed to voting any more money for road improvement, and that is why this Dollar-for-Dollar Bill, which in principle is excellent, will probably fail to become a law.

The lessons of New York State should be taken to heart by the other States where the good-roads movement is beginning to get under way. There is no element in our domestic economy which we have so shamelessly neglected as good roads, and, if now there is to be an intelligent forward movement, the first step is certainly to organize a competent head for the expenditure of the taxpayers' money. It is not a forward step to waste money by throwing it on the highways at the instance of inexperienced State and local boards.

The increased popularity of basket-ball pretty generally over the country during

Schools and Colleges



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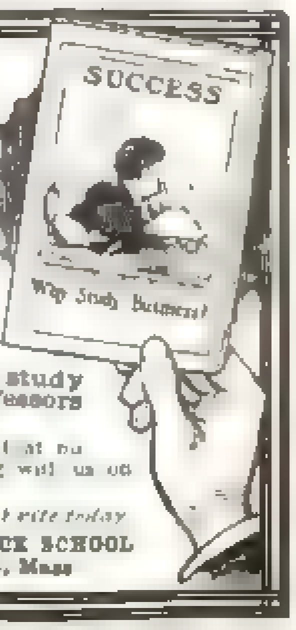

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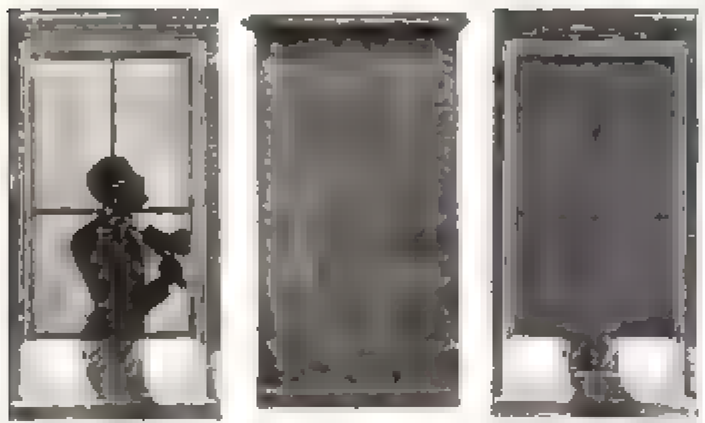

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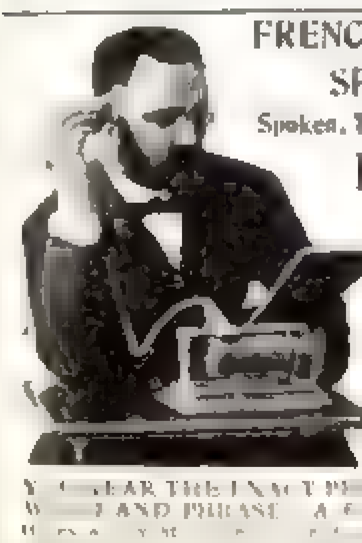

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THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
802 Metropolis Bldg., Broadway and 16th St., New York

the season recently closed was rather a cheerful sign, because basket-ball is one of the very best of winter games for boys and young men. In some directions, particularly in the East, there was a tendency to rougher play than is desirable, which inspired unstinted and sweeping condemnation from those who view the game with unfriendly and non-understanding eyes.

The more active the play, naturally the more opportunity there is for an unpleasant feature to be emphasized where officials are negligent. Vigorous play will not hurt any boy so long as it is clean play. It is the foul play always that results in harm to the player, and in criticism of the game, and that is why results would be more satisfactory if professorial critics devoted some energy and a little influence toward helping the good element wipe out the bad.

Those having the rules in their care must now make such revisions as will give no excuse for criticism next season.

Not the least admirable quality of the game is the premium it puts on team spirit and the all-round physical development it gives the player. The very rules tend to encourage this spirit, and the star is the man who knows how to help his team most effectively rather than he who has playing to the gallery in mind. What lacrosse is outdoors, basket-ball is indoors, and both have the elements to make them the most desirable among our games.

Foul Play in Hockey Games

Hockey is another winter game which has a great deal to commend it and in which the rougher element has been allowed to go to shameful length. The last season games among the colleges showed much improvement in respect of laws and in choice of officials, but outside of the college league the play was not so commendable. This, no doubt, is because the rinks figure so largely in the so-called club teams, and many of the rinks are mere commercial enterprises.

With the college games, however, there is a closer association and a very much better spirit which should, now that the season is over, result in a coming together and a revision of rules that will rid this very good game of its objectionable features. Some of these features have degenerated to such foul roughing as to destroy the pleasure of the spectator, and if continued will bring the game itself into disrepute and to final abandonment.

Hockey players need to be taught that hard play does not mean foul play. A game may be vigorously contested on perfectly clean, legitimate lines and none will complain, because it is well in these days of breakfast foods and pneumatic tires that our boys have vigorous play to shake up their blood against the daily attacks of incipient effeminacy.

The Trouble at Columbia

Recently the *alumni* of Columbia met to compose a memorial to President Butler, setting forth the deprivation Columbia undergraduates suffer from being deprived of football, their most popular and wholesome game; and along with the memorial went a prayer that football be restored.

We indorse the prayer of the *alumni*, but we feel that the undergraduates of Columbia have done little to enlist our sympathy. Football has been abolished now for an entire year at Columbia, and at frequent intervals during that period the undergraduates have been loud in their spoken and written protests against losing the game; yet actually in all that time the undergraduates have shown not the slightest activity in the game itself.

It would be more convincing of their sincerity had they given evidence of a genuine interest in football by developing class teams. There is no edict against the undergraduates playing among themselves, yet there has been no practical evidence of a desire to do so; all of which appears to support President Butler's contention that there are not enough men at Columbia who really care to play the game to warrant his reëstablishing it.

It seems as though the Columbia undergraduates are going a long way toward corroborating the frequently uttered criticism of there being too much rooting and not enough playing at American colleges—too many men standing along the side lines and not enough playing the game.

—"FAIR PLAY."

What Is "Style" Anyway?

If you're any like myself, you want your clothes to look well *always*—not just when they're new.

To be really "stylish" a suit must *stay stylish*.

A suit that *holds* its shape, *will* show its style.

And a suit that *does not* hold its shape, *can't* show its style—and that's all there is to it.

I've studied this shape-holding problem a lot, and I've found it is purely a matter of "*shrinkage*."

All fabric fibres—wool in particular—will shrink.

Just a little dampness will pull it out of shape.

So, of course, unless this "shrink tendency" is overcome before the cloth is made into clothes, [illegible] stays—in the clothes—and to make trouble.

And, no matter how much you pay for a "nobby" suit, if any of the "shrink tendency" stays in its fabric, the first damp day will be a signal for "Good-bye Style."

All cloth comes from the mills unshrunk.

Weavers don't shrink cloth because they sell by the yard and shrinkage means lost length.

Therefore, shrinkage is "up to" the clothes makers.

If they don't overcome it in the fabric—it will show up in the clothes—on your back.

Most clothes makers *try* to shrink their fabrics—and do shrink them *some*.

But how to take *all* the "shrink tendency" out of cloth is known in only one place in the world.

And that place is the great Kaufman Tailoring Establishment in Chicago.

Every [illegible] cloth that comes to the Kaufman Establishment is treated by the Kaufman "*Pre-Shrinking* Process"—and this takes *every* bit of the "shrink-tendency" out of the Kaufman Garments.

And this is why Kaufman Garments—guaranteed—$15 to $18—*hold* their shape—and show their style *always*.

This is why Kaufman Garments never "pucker"—never "hump"—never "curl"—never "sag"—never "puff"—never "tighten"—never "draw."

Wearers of Kaufman Garments always look well dressed—regardless of weather—because of the Kaufman "*Pre-Shrinking*" Process.

Other clothes makers cannot use this process because it is controlled by the Kaufmans who will not permit its use outside their own establishment.

Kaufman Garments wear best—because "*Pre-Shrunk*" fabrics do not wrinkle and [illegible].

Kaufman Fabrics are as "[illegible]" as any because weavers make each season the same checks, stripes and plaid effects in moderate priced cloths as in fancy money stuff.

And Kaufman styles are as up-to-date as any because the Kaufmans follow the same fashion plates used by all clothes makers each season. The Kaufmans are content with small profits, so you get Kaufman Garments guaranteed for only $15 to $18 the suit or overcoat.

Why, then, should you pay $35 or more for *uncertain style*, when you get *style certainty* for less money? Our prices range from $10 to $25. Most people can be suited in Kaufman Garments $15 to $18.

"The Well Dressed Man in 1907" is shown in the new Kaufman Style Book. Ask Kaufman Dealers for it or—write to Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago.

Look for the clothes marked—

This Garment Made and Guaranteed by
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Kaufman Garments $15. to $18.

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conform in style, fit and fabric to the most exacting demands of Fashion. At the opera, ball or dinner—wherever faultless evening dress is required particular men wear Wachusett Dress Shirts because they are recognized as the acme of style, comfort and durability.

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(1907 make)

THE delicate work of producing a uniformly keen shaving edge cannot be done by hand-sharpening, however expert. No man ever writes his name twice precisely the same — how can he put precisely the same microscopic sharp edge on thousands of razors? The new Gillette blades are sharpened, not by hand, but by machinery — regularly, evenly, with relentless certainty and uniformity.

The steel itself is made largely by machinery; the tempering is done by automatic machines seeming to have almost human intelligence, combined with an unvarying uniformity, possible only to mechanism.

In sharpening, the grinding, honing and stropping machines are accurately set to always bevel and sharpen precisely the same width of edge. They are set automatically to give each edge precisely the same fixed number of abrasions, the pressure of the edges on the sharpening machines is also mathematically unvarying by automatic device.

The machinery making possible this uniform long-wearing edge is Gillette machinery — invented, perfected and patented by the Gillette interests. Without these machines no razor edge of Gillette keenness could be made that would survive the wear of twenty or more stropless shaves.

To produce uniform shaves, even with a uniform razor blade, requires proper care of blades, thorough lathering and proper stroking. With these details watched, there is hardly a man who cannot get twenty perfectly satisfying stropless shaves from one blade.

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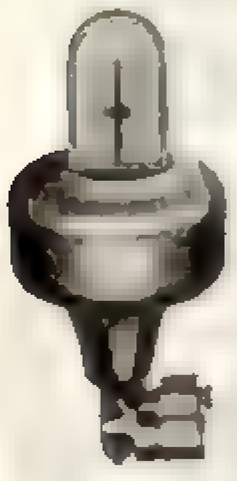

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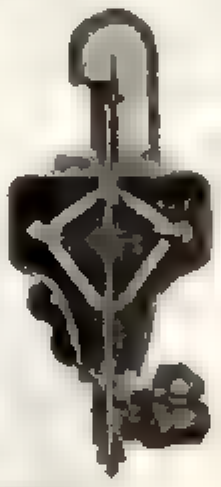

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Trading in Profits

(Concluded from Page 8)

proposed bond issue, property, real, personal and mixed, of every name and nature —and on pledge of the whole it advanced, on short time, enough money to exercise the options and set the concern going; for doing which favor it exacted a commission in cash and stocks that made poor Piker look like a copper cent. Thus the options were exercised and the deal was saved—for the moment. But it was all in pawn to the affluent house. Unless promptly redeemed it would be hung up in the show-window for sale at a bargain.

We need not follow the story in detail. In order to raise the money to get their concern out of hock it was necessary to sell the bonds. In order to attract buyers for the bonds the enterprise must wear a prosperous face; a good market must be made for the stock. X——, in an honest but misguided enthusiasm, had induced friends and relatives to go into the scheme. Here was the crucial alternative of raising the money or letting all go to wreck. In that necessary "making a market" for the stock X—— authorized the publication of balance-sheets which, as they say of historical novels, were "founded on fact." He connived at the payment of a dividend that was not earned. He did other things that he should never have done. The market was "made"—not, as it turned out, for the benefit of X—— and his friends, but for the benefit of the superior skimmers who had intervened at the eleventh hour.

X—— got no profit whatever. The profit went to those who had never had anything to do with the business. And the tragedy wasn't that X—— lost his money, but that he soiled the record of forty years.

When one is concerned exclusively with the profits it is often wiser to scuttle the ship than to navigate it. A famous "industrial" reorganization of a dozen years ago had its inception in the alarming discovery that the captain was boring holes in the bottom. He confessed, on the stand, that he had gone short of the stock to the extent of forty thousand shares. A valiant rescuing party from Wall Street threw him out and took command. Soon after the reorganization, small stockholders were rather disquieted to learn that their rescuers had admitted the old, piratical captain—whom they had so bitterly denounced while they were fighting for control—to full brotherhood in their heroic band. The simple fact was that he knew more and faster ways of skimming profits than they did. So they forgave him and took him to their arms. That ship hasn't actually gone down, but she sails in a most peculiar fashion.

All rules have their exceptions, but the rule that gambling leads to theft is generally recognized by business men. They know that nearly all defalcations are due to gambling. They do not want employees in positions of trust who are addicted to the exclusive pursuit of profits—that is, to speculating. Reputable brokers commonly refuse to "trade" for bank clerks, lest the clerk rob the bank and so involve them in a scandal. But the employer is made of the same human ingredients as the employee. If speculation is a destructive acid to the latter it cannot be beneficial to the former. A Western wholesale house that had descended to the second generation forbade its clerks to gamble. When the house failed it was discovered that the partners had been seeking unearned gains in the wheat-pit. The office force included men who had been faithful employees of the house for twenty years or more; had looked to it as their "bread lord" and served it well a good share of their lives. As always happens in such cases, some of these men, in middle age, had to begin over again, taking less responsible positions elsewhere, dragging down their families to harder, narrower ways of living—through no fault of their own, but solely because their employers gambled. Gambling with their own money, the employers were amenable to no written law. All the same, they robbed their clerks of something the latter had earned. The clerks should have made a rule forbidding bosses to gamble.

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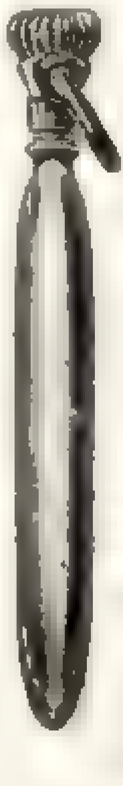

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Nufangl Trousers are ideal for summer wear. Being made without straps or buckles, they fit comfortably and smoothly around the waist and do not constantly require to be "hitched up." The secret of the perfect fit of the

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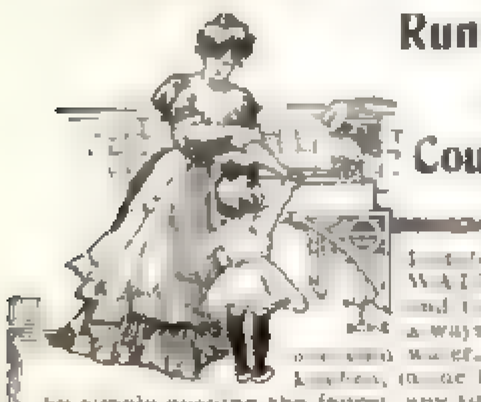

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"FROM CRITTURS TO PEOPLE"

(Continued from Page 7)

at last I had quit arguing altogether, then I decided mighty quick.

One night I read her a story about a woman and two men—one I had heard from a Swede on the docks. My voice got lower, and now I could not keep out the feeling. I finished—and for a long time we were quiet.

Then I asked her to marry me.

"I—can't do that," she said at last. And now where was the fun in her voice? It was just enough music to be heard. "You must see why. Between you and me there's too much difference. You must wait till you know more people. I'm not" Her hand was cold as it came lightly over mine, but her voice was quiet. "You must feel it. Don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I've felt it all along."

"I'm afraid you—don't see what I mean," she said.

But I thought I did. And I cursed the woods that night.

· · ·

Queer how quick things sometimes happen. The next day old Dad rushed into my room! His square, leathery face was red and excited; he took a quick look around, put his head into the bedroom, came back and fell into a chair.

"Thank Heaven she's not here yet!"

I jumped.

"Who?" I shouted. "Dad! Great guns! Who's been marrying *you?* What ——"

"Nobody marryin' *me*," he said with a wise, cold grin. "Oh, no! I'm after the woman that's after you."

"Oh, that's it!" I had to laugh. "That why you came—eh?" I sat down like a heavy lump. "Well, Dad—I'm mighty glad to see you—old man—mighty glad—mighty ——"

"You look it," he said. "I'm glad to see you, too. To be honest, Bill, I'm—I'm—well—kind of proud of you. I mean—I was—'cause I thought you had sense. Now *you* be honest. What's she done with you?"

"Said she couldn't marry me!"

"What?" He leaned over and took a long look at my face. "The—durned—loon!" he whispered. But then he grinned. "It's a trick," he said. Up he jumped, went out, and brought in his big yellow grip. "Where can I sleep?" he asked.

Of course, I couldn't make him see it. For three days and nights he wouldn't even leave me. Already he was getting sick of the town, and cross as a hungry bear is when suffering from a toothache. He kept trying to make me go back. But then, by good luck, he took a great shine to Kiddy, and the Kid liked Dad. Dad told him yarns in big doses. And, the first thing I knew, Dad had written to Kiddy's town to find his folks and send him home. But the mother had died and the father had gone 'way West—no one knew where.

It was April now, and the whole city was alive with all of her music. Old Dad hired the Kid "to blaze the trails," and he saw the whole town with Kiddy's squirrel eyes.

One night he came in at ten o'clock.

"Hello!" I said. "What's happened?"

"Tricks," he growled, and went to bed.

For about a week his face had that same look. Sometimes he would smile and chuckle, but then catch himself with an angry growl. I wasn't noticing him much now, because my life felt like an empty hole, and I was trying to work hard—to find something to live for. But when I did notice him, I asked him what was wrong.

"Up in the Park," he growled, "we've found a crittur—and I can't tell whether she's a snake, or a mocking-bird, or what."

But in another week his face had changed again. Now he looked angry *all* the time.

"These nice city birds don't seem to think much of you, boy," he said one night; and he gave a savage laugh.

"Didn't I tell you de reason she ——" growled Kiddy.

"Shut up!" snapped Dad.

"Say," cried the Kid, "you jest come wid me!" And out they went.

I tried to go on writing. But it was bad work I did. There isn't any use trying to write New York stories when you feel busted; because then the story's bound to be a sad one; and people hate that kind—and so do I.

After an hour I stopped. I lay down and shut my eyes, and I had the old dream about a big, glad life chuck-full of her music. I dreamed hard.

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PORK AND BEANS

The Name on the Can and the Woman Who Knows

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Knows Van Camp's have the highest Quality within the range of the possible—a delicate deliciousness which once tasted is never forgotten—nutritive powers which place Van Camp's among the most healthful of foods.

She insists that the name on the can must be Van Camp's,—Because—she knows that Van Camp's stands for *Best*.—

And she has sound, substantial reasons behind her knowledge.

For Van Camp's experience and skill make Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce so irresistibly good—so richly nutritious—that the brand to use is not a matter of selection, but a matter of course—Van Camp's.

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Then with the beans goes just the right proportion of tomato sauce, so piquantly delicious that it makes you hungry to think about it—and a spicy slice of the juiciest, tenderest pork you ever ate, to give exactly the right degree of appetizing richness.

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If *you* don't know, it's because you never in your life tasted Van Camp's Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce.

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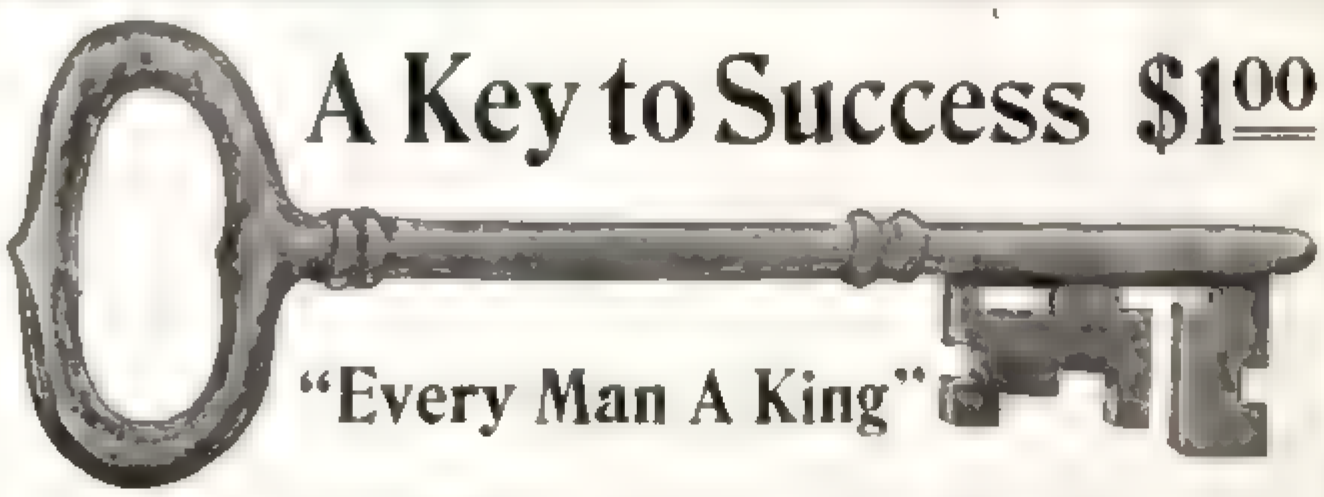

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He knows how to make the most of his abilities, how to back up his knowledge "for all there is in it." He has the right view, he has confidence in himself and knows how to meet men and carry his points. Knowledge without confidence, ability without forcefulness, is like steam without pressure.

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If you are willing to risk a dollar on so important a matter as your future, ask your bookseller for this book, **"Every Man A King,"** by O. S. Marden, or send us $1.00 (with 10c for postage) and we will forward the book by mail prepaid. We will willingly return your money if you are not satisfied with your bargain.

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And all at once into my dream broke the harsh, low voice of old Dad:

"Don't talk to me—girl! I know what *you* want an' I know what Bill wants. You say he's too good for you? Too big for you? Why didn't you tell me that reason before—'stead of wastin' time! Too good for you? I say he needs you! Bill's been all busted up—jest by you. You've been all busted—jest by Bill. Yes, you have—you look it! Now go in and tell him so. Kiddy and me is out for a walk. Go on in!"

"I won't! I'm going home! Good-night!"

It was *she!* And I got to the door just in time!

. . . .

Queer how glad she could laugh—so low. She was in my arms. And that's about all I need to write.

. . . .

Dad was happy, too. He took Kiddy back to the woods for a visit—to find the thundering big wolves and bears to match the yarns he'd been telling.

And we began being married. Since then a year has gone by, and every night and every day has been full of her music.

"The best thing in New York is a woman—an' I got her!"

YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT

(Concluded from Page 11)

wear and tear on the furnishings, the breakage, and the food that goes to their immediate family and friends, make their maintenance more expensive than that of a white servant of any nationality.

No—the answer to the problem is further to be sought. First of all, there should, in each State, be an adequate law, adequately enforced, for the control and direction of employment agencies. An incident of the futility of trusting "intelligence offices," as conducted in Pennsylvania, is shown in the case of a friend of mine, who had engaged a young girl at one of the best-run and presumably reliable offices in Philadelphia. During her first week of service the new maid was discovered stealing some of the family silver. She was dismissed, of course, and the mistress hurried to tell the manager of this most trustworthy agency, who said that she was very sorry that such a thing could happen to one of her patrons, and that the girl could find no future position through her. Two weeks later my friend happened again to be in that office, and found that her ex-maid was about to be engaged by another servant-hunter. My friend crossed the room and said that, in common justice, she could not allow her to engage a maid that she knew to be dishonest. The "hunter," with a word of thanks and a haughty "good-morning," left the room, while my friend stayed to enjoy the discomfiture of the directress.

Even more important than laws is, however, the rôle of the employer. She must come to understand that servants are human. This does not mean that they should be excused from performing duties that they are paid to perform, but it does mean that they should be allowed, when not on duty, the natural, healthful relaxation without which the employers themselves would not be able to exist. Under that heading comes the granting of about two hours in the afternoon which they may spend as they please, if their work is done, and permission to have company in the evening from the time all the household work is finished until a reasonable hour, say half after ten. Remarkable as it seems, some women do not allow a minute for a servant to rest, and, if the girl's prescribed work is finished a little early, the mistress will find fresh work to occupy the idle minutes.

This practice has, of course, trained many servants, otherwise excellent, to prolong their work unnecessarily. On the other hand, a servant, to gain more resting time, should never neglect her work. With a little care she can be trained to attain a useful medium.

Women will realize in time that the only way to solve the servant problem is to teach their daughters to keep house—and themselves to learn in the teaching. Nine out of ten servants, treated in a businesslike way when they first go into service, would turn out good servants, and, under a proper legal control of the employment bureaus, the tenth could never get a place.

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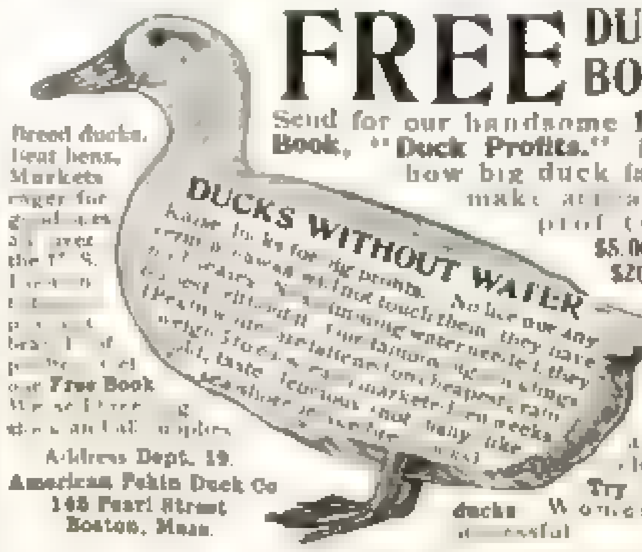

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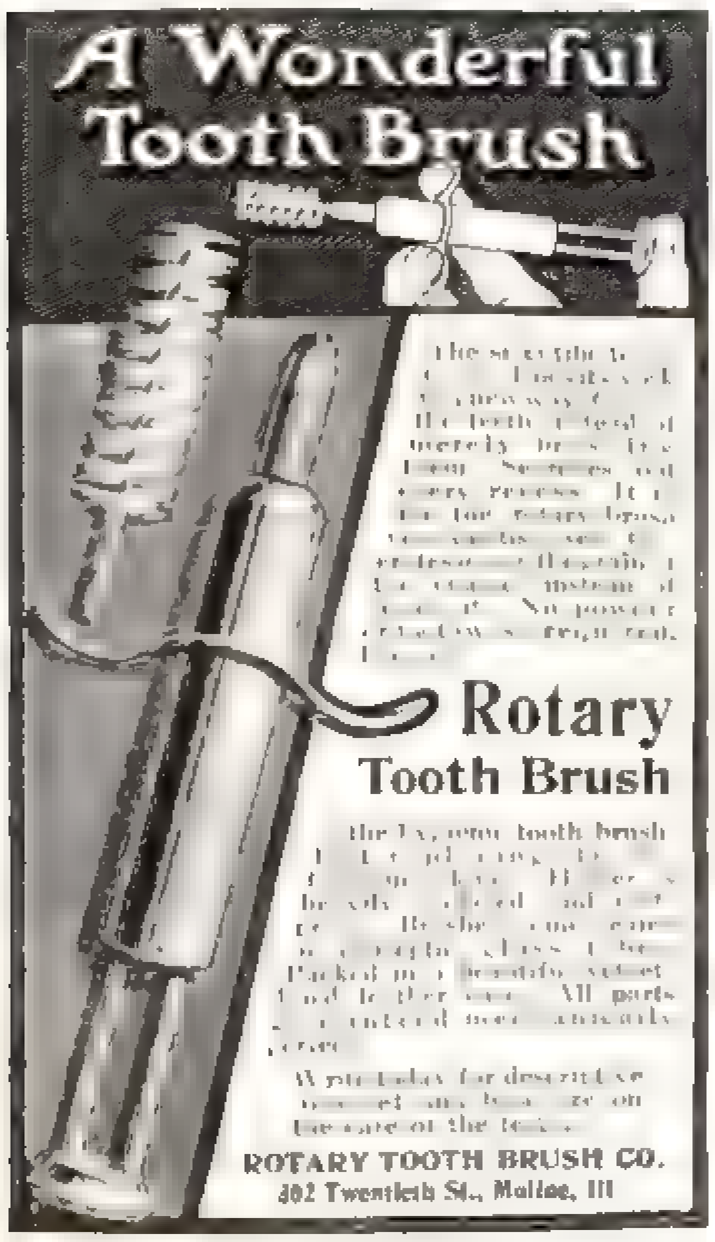

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AN APOSTLE TO THE CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 12)

Sodden faces they were for the most part, denied light from the beginning, with the chambers of the skull too low and small to house anything upright or noble. It was the jury which Dagget, the prosecuting attorney, had carefully selected to make a successful issue of this one case, which was likely to be heard of by the stockholders of the Gloriana and the knitting mills at Mt. Pisgah—heavy contributors to campaign funds besides the numerous smaller woolen mills and such that used less child labor, but were most jealous of what they did need.

Dagget merely wished to be reëlected public prosecutor, and the backing of these corporations would be necessary to him. But he was a man who would pursue, in an apparent extremity of personal rage, any issues likely to attract attention. He had the round, bullet eye of the fighter, injected now, and protruded till the turgid white showed all around the red-brown iris. His ire was on draft, like lager beer, and as ready to froth up when the spigot was opened.

He stood, teeth bared, chin drawn back, eyes bulging, till his pugnacious countenance bore a ludicrous resemblance to the terrier faces one sees on cane and umbrella handles, contesting with slow-spoken old Cannon:

"No, sir, we don't claim that the woman was down here with your client when the actual kidnaping was done. What we do claim, and what we're going to prove, is that she harbored and concealed the children after they were stolen, and interfered with the officer when he attempted to take them back into the custody of this court." His voice rose with the rip of a buzz-saw, cutting across the treble shout with which Vadia, Mart Luth and Janie greeted the appearance of Pap John.

The prosecution opened by putting the father of the kidnaped children upon the stand. Croucher was sober; he looked well; the fact that the little ones with him plainly shrank and feared his hand or eye had no weight with those who listened. The fellow gave his statement with such rancor, he answered Cannon's questions upon cross-examination with so plain a resolve to make every word tell against the Overholts, that an unprejudiced court would have checked and reproved him.

The deputy sheriff followed with his description of how Cornelia had "sassed" him while in performance of his duty, and his inference that she herself had attempted to hide the children. Lacking witnesses, Cannon finally put Cornelia on the stand, unsworn, that she might tell the story free from Dagget's interferences. It was plain to see that he did this unwillingly and without hope, but the poor wife had whispered to him:

"Fer mercy's sake, squire! Ricollect what I told ye Doctor Maness said. Don't let 'em git Johnny up thar an' werry him he'll never live through it—look at his color, an' the way he sets in his cheer! I can stan' hit—call me." Lacking Pap John's native eloquence, the old woman relied mainly on Cannon's questions, and thereby told only such facts as concerned pap's taking of the children from Gloriana, the recovering of them by Croucher and the sheriff. The fact that the Overholts originally had peaceful and legal possession of the children, at the hands of their mother, was not brought out. Even had the squire recollected the paper which the dead woman gave, it is doubtful if he would have introduced it, so hopeless, so perfunctory was his conduct of the case. Yet the figure of Alexander Barr, standing with folded arms back of the prisoners, seemed to disturb the judge, and when twelve o'clock came, and the testimony was all in for both sides, Doak pushed back his chair, looked about him and said:

"It's dinnertime. I am going to give this court a recess till after dinner. I'll tell you what I'll do with it—after dinner. Gentlemen of the jury, don't talk about this case to anybody. You-all are dismissed till one o'clock."

He rose, the jury and spectators got up, and there was a general emptying of the courtroom. Cannon had asked that the Overholts should be taken to the hotel for a meal, but they shrank from such publicity, and Cornelia began feeding the children

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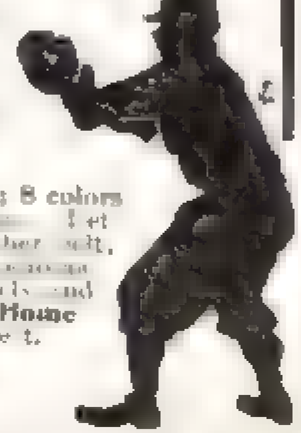

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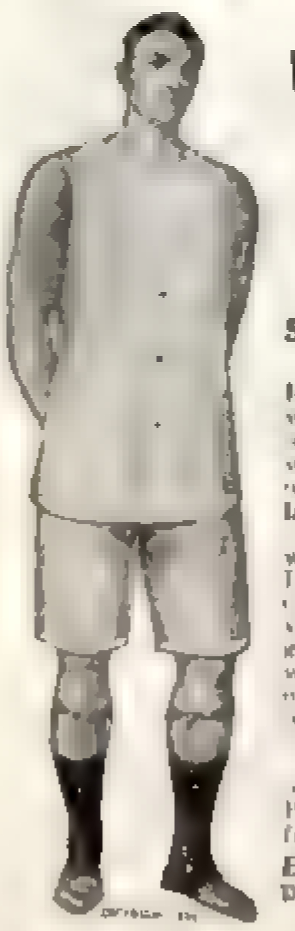

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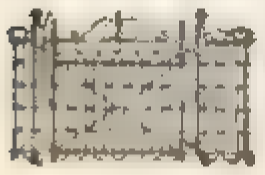

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from her basket. Left almost entirely alone in the big, bare, dirty, unimpressive room, where such impressive things were happening, John Overholt sat with bent head for so long that his wife thought he was asleep. But Barr, who had been talking with Doak in an anteroom, now stepped forward, touched the old man on the shoulder, and whispered:

"I don't know what the judge intends, Mr. Overholt, but he says he'd like to speak to you in there. It seems to me very irregular. But — well, go in and see what he has to say. It — it may do some good. Remember, I'm right here, and I'm going to go my full length for you."

The bewildered old man got to his feet, looking about for Cannon who had gone to his dinner; he stumbled toward the small apartment which Barr had designated, and Cornelia, pausing to put the children in the care of Swick's wife, crept anxiously after him. Doak was there, walking up and down.

"Looks like there must be a way to fix this trouble you folks are in," he began cheerily. "I don't know either of you personally, but Overholt's a good name and well respected, and I don't want it on the docket of my court with a criminal conviction against it. I won't have it — that's all," and he smiled upon them so cordially that the simpler Cornelia fancied their troubles were at an end.

"Now, this kidnaping is a plain case." A slight frown gathered upon his Honor's brow. "I understand that you do not deny the actual fact that you came down and took away these minor children from Croucher, forcibly, and without his consent, nor do you claim that they are not his children."

"But he ain't fitten to have 'em," broke in Pap John. "He wants to hire 'em to the mill ——"

"I understand that — I understand how you feel about it. But the law is the law, and you've done these things — am I right?"

"I reckon so," answered Pap John.

"Well, then, you don't deny it to me — why do you deny it in my court? Do you see what I mean? I want you to withdraw your plea of 'not guilty,' and plead 'guilty' on this charge — submit. I have no wish to punish you for an illegal but well-meant act. I'll suspend sentence and you people can go home."

"But I thort the jury was the ones to — to say. They'll have to decide the case, won't they?" questioned Pap John in a bewildered tone.

Doak looked annoyed. "Oh, the jury's going to find against you — they'll bring you in guilty," he said carelessly. "The point is that you would save me and yourself a great deal of trouble by pleading guilty and not leaving it to them. When the jury has brought you in guilty they'll expect a tol'able severe sentence from me, and they have some right to do so. Of course, your lawyer can appeal — and if Cannon's got any testimony to bring in this afternoon the upper court may reverse me; but all this time there would be a heavy sentence hanging over your head. You people meant no harm. I know a good man when I see one, and I know a good woman. I've got an old mother about your age, Mrs. Overholt, and the sight of gray hair in distress always sets me studying about her. I want to help you-all out."

"And if we plead guilty?" inquired Pap John, not without a strong distaste for the word. "If we plead guilty — then you'd give us the keepin' of the children?"

The complaisant judge sprang up with a muttered word. "Certainly not!" he rapped out sharply. "You're doing mighty well to get off easy for this offense."

Pap John winced; but he looked into the broad face of the man before him, not lacking intelligence, but hardened by greed, blinded by the low cunning of the petty politician, and despaired of making clear his feelings toward the children.

"Johnny," urged Cornelia in a stricken whisper — "Johnny, don't ye go ag'in' the jedge. Do what he says."

"Your wife's right — you listen to her, Overholt. The women always have the best judgment when it comes to the last," said Doak, pausing before the two terrified old people.

Pap John shook his obstinate gray head. "I ain't guilty of kidnapin' an' I ain't a-gwine to say that I am," he replied mildly. "Ef they is sech a thing as a crime that would surely be one — for an innocent man to call hisself guilty. Why, Py Croucher left his wife, ag'in an' ag'in, to

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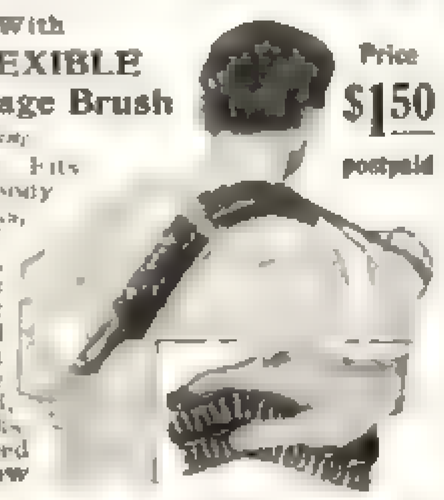

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git along best she could, and me and Cornely fed 'em an' kep' 'em from starvin' when the pore soul was down and couldn't work. He'd done desarted wife and chil'en for good befo' this baby was bawn. He hadn't nary right over the chaps. They' mammy give 'em to me on her deathbed, and she give me a written paper with 'em, an' Doc Maness an' Preacher Blaylock witnessed the same. They're mine." He lifted his head, the big chest came up. His voice strengthened; it rose. "They're mine! Hit may not be law, but hit's God's truth. Py Croucher kidnaped 'em when he tuck 'em from me fust—come up while me and Cornely was abroad, and stole 'em—drove 'em off with a hickory to hire 'em out in the cotton mill!"

"Squire Cannon said that, did he?" asked the judge in a startled tone.

"No, he never," put in Cornelia feverishly. "We showed him the paper befo' Py stoled the chil'en—when he was jest a-threatenin'—but ——"

"Where is it?" questioned Doak sharply. "Have you got it with you? I'd like to see it."

Pap John drew out his big wallet and extracted from it the folded sheet. Doak carried it to the window and studied it for some time. In its crude way it was a perfectly regular document; had Barr been eliminated, the judge would have suffered no qualm of uneasiness in disregarding it as worthless; but with the Canadian championing Overholt against the interests of his own company, with Carter Beaumont in the field eager to exploit as campaign material any lapses of an opponent, already publicly criticising Doak for neglect of his judicial office to run after the Congressional nomination, he did not quite dare. Suddenly he turned to the old couple with a clearing countenance.

"See here, Overholt!" he cried with an air of blunt kindliness. "There's another way of looking at this whole business." The old people fixed their eyes upon him dumbly. "This paper's no account," twisting it between his fingers. ("The very words Squire Cannon said," breathed Cornelia in her husband's ear.) "No, it's nothing; but why in the world should you come down here and kidnap those children—commit a crime—lay yourself liable to arrest and imprisonment" (the two old faces before him whitened pitifully; Cornelia's trembling hand groped out for her husband's, found and grasped it with an assurance of faithful love), "when there's a perfectly easy, natural way to adjust this thing—if it's as you say?"

"Yes—yes?" whispered Pap John.

"You declare that this man Croucher has no natural affection for the children; that he came and got them—and only the three older ones at that—because he could hire them to the cotton mill. That left you the three little ones—nothing more than babies—of no value to either you or him ——"

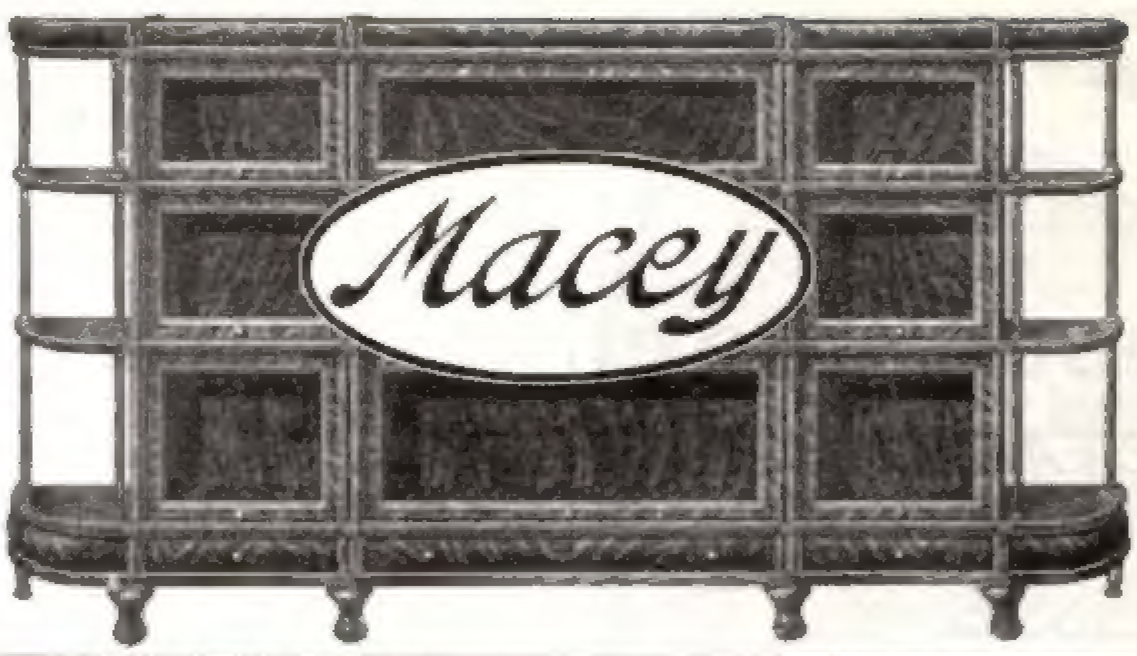
The look of bewilderment and pain deepened on the old faces. Pap John's lips parted and he made a movement to speak, but Doak stopped him imperatively.

"No manner of account to either of you. Now, why not just throw these three infant children on to his hands—shove 'em on him and make him take 'em and support 'em?—he's their father and has got to do it. If he wants his children, as he says he does, and has the feelings of a parent—as I suppose—that settles it. Neither you nor any other man would have any right to interfere."

Again Pap John would have spoken, and again Doak sharply motioned him to silence, and went on rapidly:

"But if it's as you say, and Croucher only wants the older children to make money out of them, you'll settle the case that way; for it will cost more to keep those three helpless infants than all the other three can earn. If he cares nothing for the children but what he can make out of them—and, mind, I don't say he does; that's your statement—but, if he does, then he'll certainly squeal mighty quick, and be glad to have you take the whole family as you did before. Now there's a clear course for you; just plead guilty as I advised you, hand these other three children over to their father—force him to take them ——"

"Name o' God, Judge!" The old man's hand wavered up to his mouth and came away again helplessly. "What—what—I reckon I don't rightly sense what you air a-sayin'. Fight Croucher with the bodies of my little chil'en—the baby that ain't



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slep' nowhar but in my arms for five months! Cost him too much—feed 'em an' clothe 'em—do you reckon Croucher'd do either? What would a man like Py care for lettin' a baby die for vittles when he wanted the money for liquor?"

Doak backed toward the door, rising anger in face and manner. "My suggestion was unofficial," he said. "It was kindly meant."

The old man still trembled in the chair into which he had sunk. He moaned, struggling at the collar of his shirt, gasping and looking piteously past Doak at the open doorway, in which Barr's face now appeared. The judge eyed him malevolently. It was plain he thought Pap John was working up a scene.

"Throw 'em back on him—my pore little he'pless babies—for to sicken him out! Oh, Lord! What would anything be to me when I'd come down to the settlement in the spring to get my chil'en—an' find six little graves for to satisfy myse'f with?"

Again he plucked at the collar of his shirt. With a muttered word the judge opened wider the door. Barr ran forward, caught at the neckband and, with a quick, dexterous twist, unbuttoned it; he and Cornelia, supporting the big shoulders, eased the tall form gently to the floor.

"Get him down," said the Canadian. "I know these seizures—my father had them. Open the window. Has anybody got some whisky?"

Doak was still at the door, the sheriff with Swick's wife and the children crowding through so that he could not get out of the room.

Pap lost consciousness but for a moment, then, lifting his gray, sunken face, he turned eyes of dumb anguish to the judge, a look that fastened itself upon the folded paper in Doak's fingers.

Doak's black brows met above wrathful eyes, as he said in a low tone of concentrated anger:

"You'd better make your man shut up and behave himself, Mr. Barr, or it'll be worse for him. That's all put on, you know. He'll gain no sympathy from me by it."

The voice was audible to none but Barr, and the Canadian asked as low, "What are you going to do now?"

"I am entering my court, sir," returned Doak with dignity. "I shall resume this case in just five minutes. That man is perfectly able to be present."

At the end of man's mercy comes the mercy of God. In that one instant of unconsciousness Pap John's soul of love had grazed the portals of All Knowledge—he guessed now the value of the document Doak held in fingers which threatened every moment to be busy with it. His lips moved; did they shape themselves into the word "paper"?

Perhaps a touch of that intuition which had illuminated Pap Overholt reached the phlegmatic, practical Canadian. Obedient to an obscure impulse, he leaned forward and laid his finger upon the folded wisp of paper.

"I see," he faltered—"I see you—you have it."

A better man than Doak might have betrayed himself—a weaker one certainly would. Doak opened the sheet and looked at it grimly for the few moments which, it is to be presumed, he permitted himself to shape a new course; then, with a keen glance into Barr's impassive face, and without another word, moved with his usual slow, ponderous tread into the courtroom and ascended to the bench. John Overholt stumblingly followed him, helped to his chair by the sheriff and Alexander Barr.

The courtroom was fuller than it had been, and no Southern audience, with its quick response to an emotional appeal, could gaze upon the spectacle unmoved. Moreover, many of them only now learned that these little ones in the old man's undisputed possession were also Croucher's children, and the father's position began to take on, to their understanding, the aspect of a thing which needed some explanation. The jury filed to their station, wiping mouths on backs of hands, ostentatiously picking teeth, to show that they had just been through the glory of a hotel dinner.

Doak looked sourly about him, the dignity of his mere bodily presence augmented by a controlled anger. Cornelia pressed, shivering, close to her husband, breathing broken words of comfort, as that harsh, searching voice, keen-edged with cold rebuke, cut through the expectant silence with:

"The case of the State *versus* John Overholt has taken a peculiar turn. I am surprised and displeased at the treatment this court has received at the hands of the defense. The public money has herein been wasted, and the judiciary used with something like ridicule. I have here under my hand a piece of evidence—came to me by mere chance—and I'll never know, Cannon, why you didn't make it your sole defense, nor why you, Overholt, didn't meet my bench warrant with it in the first place—a piece of evidence which entirely changes the face of this matter. It is a paper ——"

A paper! The old people timidly lifted their heads and gazed. Barr looked about him, startled. He was not a man whom the universe of the Invisible often touched; but he began to realize that he had here been moved by an unseen hand.

"A document perfectly legal," the judge went on, "entirely competent in a rude way, duly witnessed and signed by the dead mother of these children, giving them to the custody and care of John Overholt, with the statement that the father, Pyriton Croucher, had deserted her more than a year before, and thus lost all rights over his offspring."

Cannon inadvertently glanced at Cornelia, then hastily averted his gaze, looking unutterably foolish.

"This leaves me no latitude in the matter," Doak concluded. "Gentlemen of the jury, you will not be asked to return a verdict. I am obliged to dismiss the case. There is no case."

The twelve sodden faces gaped upon him, comically bewildered. Poor puppets! They were helplessly at fault as to the hand that plucked their strings. But, presently, they began to rise dubiously and stumble out.

Aghast, dumfounded, Croucher relaxed his hold upon the three children. Instantly Vadia—old enough to surmise the general intent of the judge's speech—leaped up, dragging Mart Luth and Janie with her, and fled to the old man, all three of them clamoring, "Pappy, oh, Pappy!" They swarmed upon him, they clutched his arms, his clothing, patting him, and exclaiming, sobbing, laughing, in a very frenzy of relief and joy. Finally, they flung themselves down at his knees, and, with the three younger ones, baby Darius, little Lorena and brave Penny, simply clung to him.

A moment Croucher hung on uncertain foot, gazing with fallen jaw. He had kept sober for the occasion. Under the stress of this discountenancing turn his nerves cried out for their customary support. Where was the laughing, daredevil gipsy who had herded the children down the mountain with a stick to hire them to the cotton mill? This shamefaced fellow, slinking out of the courtroom, was more kin to the man who had blubbered in the crook of his arm at Pap Overholt's wagon-wheel.

Old Cannon, ludicrously chapfallen at the abrupt success of his own case, stroked a lean jaw and abundant whisker with doubtful fingers, perhaps reflecting that it is even possible to be too cynical, and that a man in a hard-waged fight should gladly accept any good weapon.

The gray shadows had left Pap John's countenance. The red of the winter apple glowed again in his cheeks, down which happy tears frankly ran. He had tried to face defeat like a man; success—sudden, unexpected, overwhelming—he met with the simplicity of a child. His eyes brightened, his great chest heaved; the smile he lifted to those about him brought moisture to the eyes of those who met it.

Cornelia looked up, and grateful sobs swelled in her throat. She felt a very worship of thankfulness to Barr, the judge—anybody, anybody who had helped to this blessed end.

Then Pap was on his feet; the men were coming up with outstretched hands to congratulate him. Alexander Barr started the handshaking; but there was never a Southern audience yet—certainly not a rural one—that did not love to vent its enthusiasm by clapping, stamping, shouting and shrill whistling.

And it was amid this cheerful din that Fletcher Doak came stepping weightily down from the judge's bench to congratulate the man upon whose good-will he now depended to keep silence as to his Honor's first curious utterances concerning the paper that had saved the day.

(THE END)

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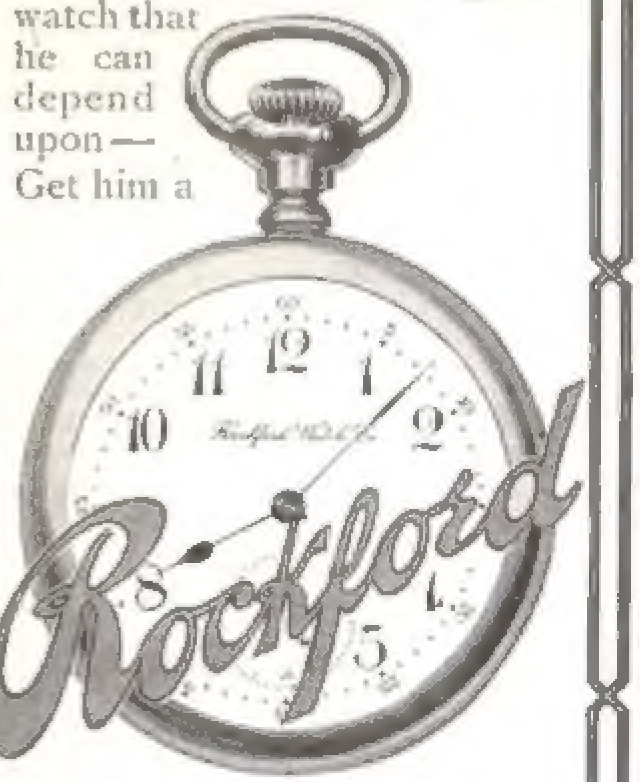

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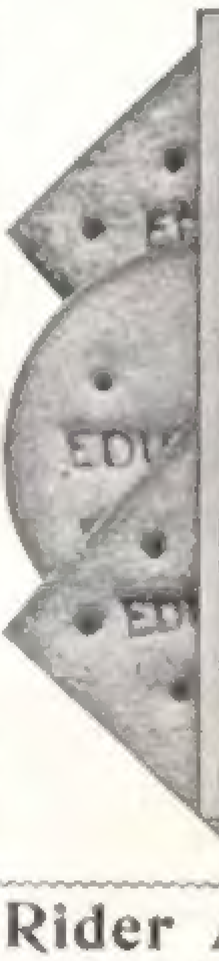

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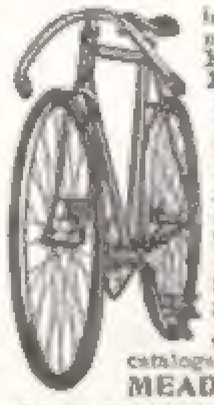

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PLAINLEY—Who tells him.

Act I

SCENE—In front of Biggenough's private Automobile stable. Biggenough discovered in shirt-sleeves. Inspecting a worn-out tire; and a bill for gasoline.

Bigg :—Tires, tires, tires! It beats the deuce how these tires go to pieces! And Gee Whiz,—What a gasoline bill! If this keeps on, I'll have to buy a rubber plantation and an oil well. And that infernal brake ——

Bluff :—(Entering) Hullo, Biggenough. How are you getting on?

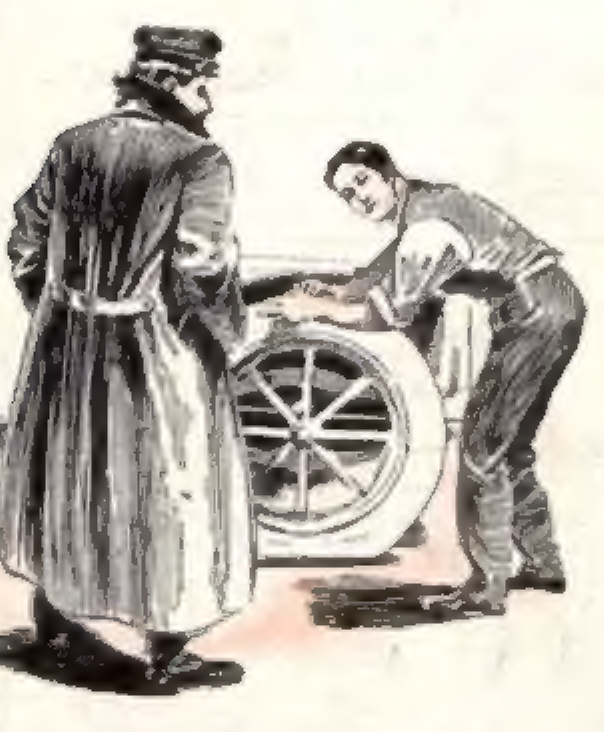
Bigg :—Do you see me getting on anything?

Bluff :—I mean how are things going?

Bigg :—They're going to the devil, mostly. (Shows bill) Look at that bill. Straight to the devil!

Bluff :—O, I wondered where you got your gasoline.

Bigg :—Eh? What?



Bluff :—It has such an unholy smell.

Bigg :—I tell you tires are no joke. They've cost me three hundred dollars so far this season. My car plays the very dickens with tires.

Bluff :—I thought you had a splendid car.

Bigg :—It's splendid all right, but the splendor comes high. I'm not running a mint.

Bluff :—Why, you told me you got a lot for your money.

Bigg :—I guess I did:—a lot of trouble.

Bluff :—You said the car loomed up like a house.

Bigg :—It looms up like a poor-house about now. Why yesterday going down Cupp's Hill my side of the road was so wet and slippery my brakes wouldn't hold me. I just slid and coasted the whole way down,—barely missed hitting a trolley car; And then at the bottom of the hill, I was taken in for exceeding the speed limit.

Bluff :—That was tough.

Bigg :—That wasn't the worst of it. They pinched Plainley at the same time on the same hill.

Bluff :—Plainley the air-cooled Franklin crank?

Bigg :—Yes, we were both fined in the same breath: the same amount; for the same offense.

Bluff :—That's funny.

Bigg :—Not so blamed funny for me. He was going up hill and I was coming down.

Bluff :—No wonder you're sore.

Bigg :—There he is now. I'll bet he's coming around just to rub it in.

Bluff :—Well, I'd like to talk to him. His Franklin people have been making some fearful cracks in the papers lately. I just want him to show me.

(Enter Plainley—The Franklin dealer, in his Type D. Gets out of his car.)

Bluff :—(to Plainley) Say now—What's all this rot I read in the papers about Franklin horse-power and Franklin luxury, and Franklin this, that and the other? What's this Type D you brag so much about, any way?

Plain :—There it is. (Shows the car.)

Bluff :—Gamey-looking car. How much?

Plain :—Twenty-eight hundred.

Bluff :—What's the power?

Plain :—Twenty Franklin horse-power.

Bluff :—There you go again. Same old gag. Why can't you talk sense? What's the difference between Franklin-horse-power and any other horse-power?

Plain :—The difference is what it does.

Bluff :—Well, what does this type D do?

Plain :—Carries five people 45 miles an hour—on the level.

Bluff :—What's on the level? the road or the statement?

Plain :—Both. That is actual speed on a level road.

Bluff :—Look here now—That's an awful break of yours, in your advertising—to call that type D better than a five-thousand-dollar car. I'll pass you with a Big Ben Bow car any day. Here's a hundred-case note that says so. (Peels a bill off his roll.)

Plain :—(Strips a note from his own wad.) In a good five-thousand-dollar car on a smooth level road you'll sometimes pass me; but on average roads I'll overhaul you nine times in ten. And in a day's run—say from here to Hopetown—take five people (with Mrs. Bluffington in the tonneau) in any car that five thousand dollars will buy, and I'll get there first. If your money has anything to say to that, you're on.

Bluff :—I certainly am. We'll try it to-morrow. (They hand money to Biggenough.) But if you think my wife is scared at a little speed, that's where you drop your watermelon and find a couple of lemons.

Plain :—No, I don't mean that at all. I'll tell you presently just what I mean.

Bluff :—I hate to take your money. It's like robbing an orphan fund.

Plain :—You'll feel easier tomorrow night.

Bluff :—But man alive! You claim the earth for twenty-eight hundred dollars. It isn't in reason.

Bigg :—O, he claims the whole Solar System and the Milky Way.

Plain :—But I don't water it. I will take five people out on the road in my type D and give them more mileage; more safety; more luxury, more everything you want in a motor-car than you'll find in any five-thousand-dollar car you can shake a stick at except a Franklin.

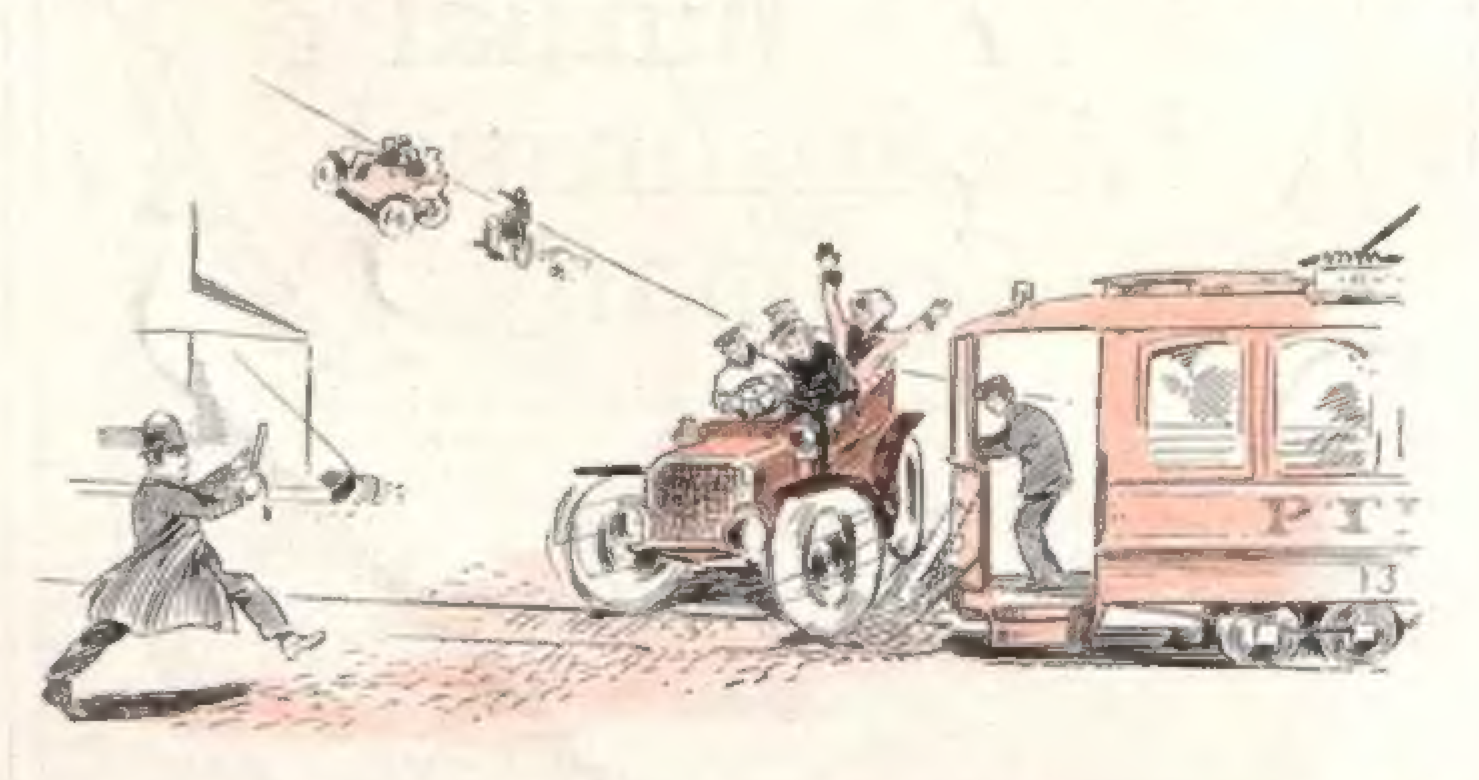
Bluff :—Hold on! One thing at a time. If your Type D has such a deuce of a lot of power, why don't you call it a "thirty" or a "forty?"

Plain :—Because it isn't. The engine is small.

Bluff :—Then how do you get so much out of it?

Plain :—By keeping the cylinders cool; by saving compression; by not overweighting the car; by not bumping the power out of it on rough roads; by ——

Bluff :—Wait a minute. How do you pretend to cool your big cars without water?



Plain :—We don't pretend. We do it. Our six-cylinder thirty was driven over four thousand miles across America in fifteen days without over-heating. No water-cooled car big or little was ever driven that hard, and that long. We cooled the same car well enough to go back and take the Chicago to New York record away from the water-coolers. And 500 miles of that run was made without a fan.

Bluff :—Well, how do you do it?

Plain :—We let seventy per cent. of the burnt gas out through the auxiliary exhaust before it has a chance to heat up the cylinder.

Bluff :—But your power and your compression go out through that same valve.

Plain :—No they don't. The valve doesn't open till the explosion is all spent. And on the compression-stroke that outlet is completely covered by the cylinder itself.

Bluff :—How about your other thirty per cent. of dead gas?

Plain :—That goes out through the main exhaust on top of the cylinder. And it's so cool, you can hold your hand over it. This valve is never burnt. We lose no compression that way. The cylinder is so cool it takes in a big charge. And you can see there isn't much heat left to get rid of. It's easy to get rid of that from the outside of the cylinder right into the air. Here's the point: Franklin air-cooling does the work because we give it mighty little work to do.

Bluff :—I just guess you *have* to.

Plain :—You guess right. We do a lot of good things because we have to. We had to refine our engine down till now it gets more work out of a gallon of gasoline than any other engine ever built.

Bluff :—The water-coolers don't have to.

Plain :—They think they don't. They're like the fighters that think they don't have to train, till they find they're licked.

Bluff :—O, don't be so cockey. You haven't licked everybody yet. Where do you come in on the big races?

Plain :—We don't come in. Franklins are not racing cars. I'm talking about touring. You can't have real fun touring in a car that is too heavy to be handy. And if you have all the water-cooling contraptions to carry, your car has got to be heavy.

Bluff :—What does your Type D weigh, any how?

Plain :—Only 1900 pounds. And there isn't a stronger car made. Look at that drive-shaft. That stands a strain of 154,000 pounds and keeps its shape. Yet it's only ¾ of an inch square and weighs only 8 pounds. The drive-shaft on Biggenough's car is 2 inches square and weighs 40 pounds; but it won't stand the strain that mine will. Same way all over the car. Look at his brakes. They wouldn't hold his car yesterday. It is too heavy.

Bigg :—O, well, that was an accident.

Plain :—Exactly. And the heavier your car, the more likely that sort of an accident is to happen. And the worse when it happens. That trolley car would have damaged your car a lot worse than it would mine. We *had* to make the strongest kind of a car; and we did. Your weight doesn't give you a single point on me in strength or safety, but just the other way. And when it comes to economy, I fancy you know by now what it costs to move a heavy car around.

Bigg :—Well, I rather guess I do. (Shakes his fuel-bills and tire bills in the air.) I'm getting these infernal bills every half-hour all day.

Bluff :—And he dreams of 'em nights, after he retires.

Bigg :—Yes, drat 'em! With the accent on the tires.

Bluff :—But another thing, Plainley. You put up a big talk about luxury. I'd like to know where you have it on Biggenough's car for luxury.

Bigg :—Well I should remark! The upholstery in my car is the finest stuff ever put into an automobile. I took my wife out on the avenue Wednesday, and she said it was like riding in a palace car—except where the trolley tracks cross, and on that patch of cobbles up by the bridge.

Plain :—Are the trolley tracks still there?

Bigg :—There? Of course they're there, confound 'em!

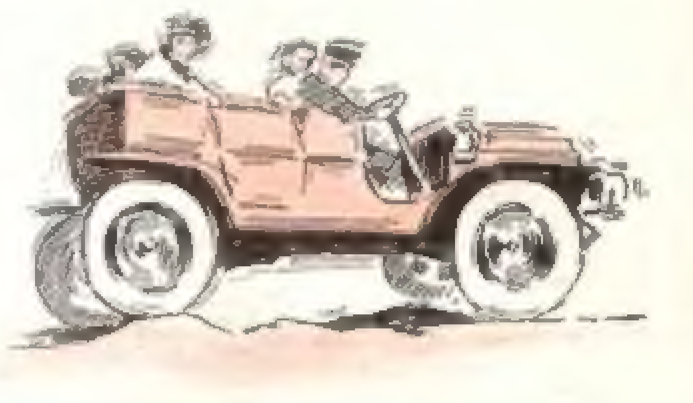
Plain :—And the cobbley patch?

Bigg :—Certainly, and it is an outrage in a civilized town that ——

Plain :—Never mind the outrage. You can cuss the tracks and the cobbles till you're black in the face. They are *there*. And so are the rough spots out on the country roads. The point is: What do you do about it?

Bigg :—O, the rough places slow my engine up a little, of course; and I ease up a bit anyway when my wife is in the tonneau. I don't mind it, but she feels the bumping some.

Plain :—Of course she feels it. And it gives her a lot more discomfort than she ever lets on to you. In a steel-frame car the metal sends every shock shivering through the whole machine, and up your spine. It knocks the power out of your engine; and for comfort's sake you can't use even what power you've got.



Bluff :—Well, you can't help that on any car.

Plain :—But you just *can* help it. The wood-sills in my Type D with the full springs all around, simply side-track that whole business. They save your engine-power and they save your feelings so that you can use your power with comfort. That's the best part of luxury, too—comfort. And you can't get it in any car but a Franklin. That's one reason why I'll beat you to Hopetown tomorrow if you carry Mrs. Bluffington. I know you won't torture your wife on the Hopetown Pike.

Bluff :—The proof of the pudding is the chewing of the string.

Plain :—Yes. That beats chewing the rag. (To Biggenough) And if you'll go, Biggenough, I'll take you and your wife as two of *my* passengers, in Type D. And I'll guarantee she never feels a bump.

Bigg :—If you make good on that I'll sell my car and get your blamed old Type D.

Bluff :—And if you beat me to it, I'll buy a Type D myself.

(Curtain)

Act II

SCENE—Sales-room of KEENE & PLAINLEY'S FRANKLIN AGENCY. Plainley, Bluffington, Biggenough and Type D discovered. Biggenough hands money to Plainley, who holds it up.

All :—(Pointing to the money) Hear that!

(Curtain)

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